Liberty

NOV. 6, 1943
10c

Book: GOD IS MY CO-PILOT
By Col. Robert L. Scott

CLARE BOOTHE LUCE writes on America's Foreign Policy

KINSEY
SINCE 1892
50 YEARS
Golden Anniv
A BLEND PRODUCED IN STRICT ACCORDANCE WITH FORMULA AND METHOD DEVELOPED UNDER MY PERSONAL SUPERVISION, FOR A HALF CENTURY
J. G. Kinsey
SINCE 1892
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Linfield, Pennsylvania
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SECOND HUNTSMAN: Best shot of the day. I say that even if Dick here does have a "dead eye" at one hundred yards.

THIRD HUNTSMAN: Speaking of good shooting that's something we all can learn. Good hunting, you know, means real help to the government in overcoming the meat shortage. We can't afford to miss our shots.

NOW—THE GAY 90'S SPEAK UP:

MR. GAY 90'S: One thing you can count on, Kinsey never misses. It was that way in my day and it's that way now. The man responsible for Kinsey's better taste, Mr. J. G. Kinsey, America's oldest living distiller, is still supervising the blending. So depend upon getting the same quality that made this whiskey famous in the gay 90's.

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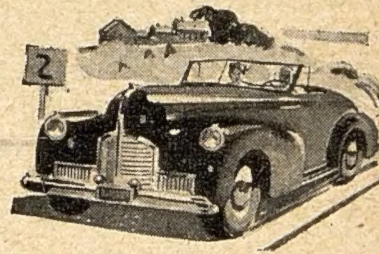
"ENJOY THIS DISTINGUISHED WHISKEY, SIR"

"I was one of the guys who helped prove that we could build synthetic tires like that."

"Me and my old jalopy back home took part in that 80,000,000-mile road test months before Pearl Harbor."

"Sure!" said the sergeant, "I picked up a set down at Kelly's Service Station. He said it was a test B. F. Goodrich was making. Those tires were more than 50% synthetic rubber—Ameripol, I think they called it.

"Well, it turned out that a lot of other people with cars had been in on the test, too—and all together we rolled up 80,000,000 miles. I guess we got a few things started in the synthetic line."



We're no longer building those early passenger car tires in which approximately half the rubber was synthetic. In today's tires, under the Government Rubber Program, more than 99% of the rubber is Government synthetic —"GR-S."

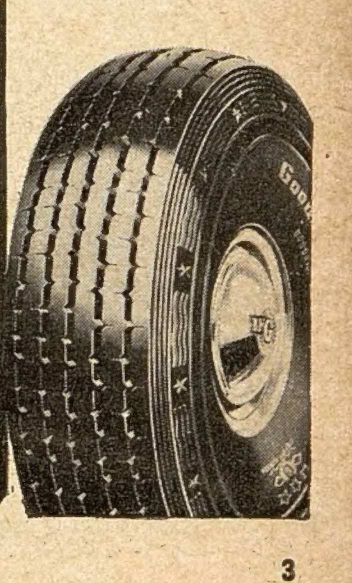
But the 80,000,000-mile road test gave us a three year head start in testing tires made with synthetic rubber—under actual driving conditions. It was of vital importance to the whole synthetic rubber program.

Can you get synthetic tires today? Perhaps, if you qualify. But our fighting forces still need every ounce of rubber they can get. Help them by making your present tires last!

In war or peace

B.F.Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER



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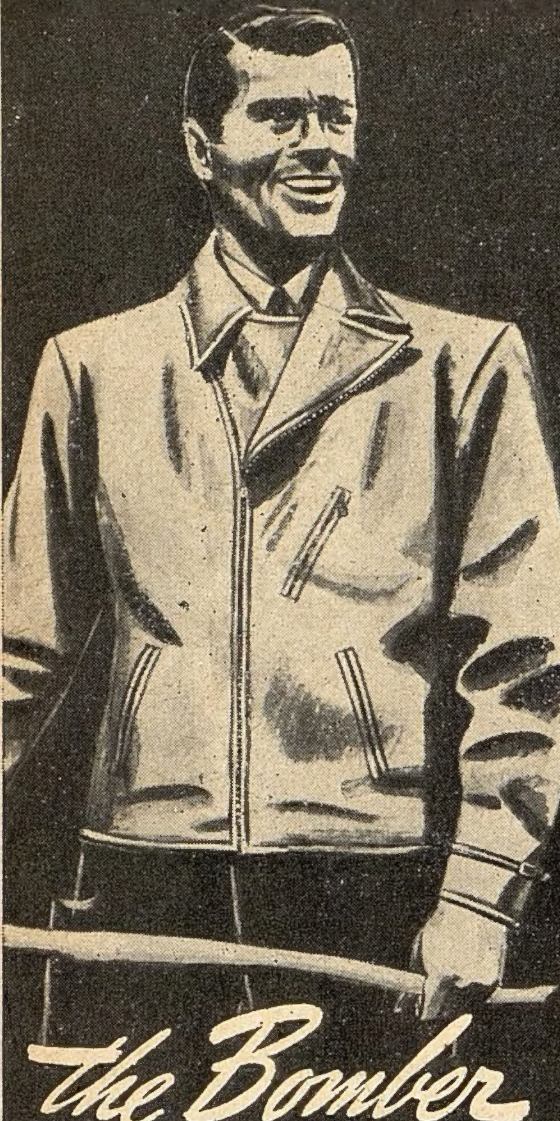

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LEE WAGNER, CIRCULATION MANAGER

Meet Fanny-Rosa, Miss duMaurier's Most Captivating Heroine!

Fanny-Rosa Flower, beautiful, tantalizing, devil-may-care, brought a quality that was new to the household of the prim, correct Brodricks. She not only inflamed the heart of Copper John's son, but influenced the fortunes of the family for both good and evil. Fanny-Rosa is a major figure among other fascinating characters in Daphne duMaurier's newest and finest novel.

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The story of "Hungry Hill" is centered in the bitter struggle between two Irish countryside families—the self-righteous, progressive, and smug Brodricks and their sly, improvident, and vicious neighbors, the Donovans. A quarrel in which a Donovan shoots down Copper John's father starts a feud which is to last for generations. Into this tense and dramatic setting walks Fanny-Rosa Flower, the green-eyed, careless beauty, bringing a wild, irresponsible charm that finds a target in the heart of Copper John's son John—and throws a new and disconcerting element into the lives of the staid Brodricks. The romance of Fanny-Rosa and John creates a combination of opposing temperaments that leads to an absorbing and suspenseful climax.

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VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

WAC MUST MEAN "WOMAN ALWAYS CORRESPONDING"

PITTSBURGH, PA.—Sgt. Lewis C. Owen's letter (August 14 Vox Pop) reminds me of a feud I had via your column not so long ago. I am "Pittsburgher" and the other girl was "Luscious Lola." Our argument concerned, Who is tops —Northern or Southern girls?

Since joining the Army I've found that each and every girl is grand. And every one of them is as equally proud of her home town as I am.

I'd like to see Sergeant Owen, W. J. Hunter, and all the other pro-and-coners shake hands and just vent some of that rage on our enemies. It's not Pittsburgh or El Paso or Harlan any more—it's our big home—America.

Guess I ought to know, because I write to eighty soldiers, sailors, and marines. And they're "All for one and one for all"—North, East, South, and West!—*W. A. C. Cpl. "Pittsburgh."*

VERY FEW BAD BOYS

CROSSWICKS, N. J.—In the article Salvaged Soldiers, by Sidney Shalett (October 2 Liberty) why didn't the author make it clear that these rehabilitation centers are within the camps and forts? He gives the impression that these camps and forts are made up entirely of bad boys.

Our three sons are in the service and one in a fort specified in this article. I am hoping none of my friends draw the conclusion that our oldest son is being detained in a rehabilitation center.—*Ruth G. Gary.*

On page 25, column 3, the article read: "Pickett, a vast post-Pearl Harbor training center, where a wide variety of tough war jobs are being done . . ." Though we thought this sufficient explanation of the fact that the rehabilitation center was just one of the units in the camp, we sincerely regret any misunderstanding the statement may have caused.

DOUBTS OF STALIN

DUBOIS, PA.—I have read with much interest the article Russia and the Postwar World, by Eduard Benes (August 21 Liberty), but I looked in vain for any reason to believe that Stalin now is any different from the Stalin who had his Communist agents sabotaging our war industries until Russia was attacked by Germany.

If there is anything to prove within reason that Stalin and the Communists can be trusted, I believe you will do our country a service by publishing it. —*Lewis R. Thompson, M. D.*

WE'LL TAKE A CHANCE

TROY, N. Y.—With all the efforts that are being made to raise money for war purposes, I am surprised that no one had advocated one of the easiest and what I am sure would be one of the most popular—namely, a Victory Lottery.—*Mrs. W. E. Roberts.*

BRIGHT, SHINING STARS

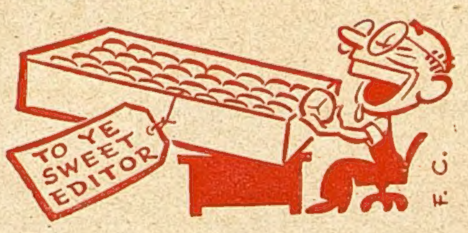
BALTIMORE, MD.—I read Barbara Caldwell's letter (October 2 Vox Pop), and I agree with her in wanting stories about movie stars, so I second the motion!

Give us stars! Especially Donald O'Connor.—*Dolores Franckewitz.*

FROZEN MARSHMALLOWS

TANANA, ALASKA—In August 14 Vox Pop I note a letter from (Miss) Jackie Krasne regarding the lack of marshmallows in the United States. Tell her that she just does not look in the right places for them.

The Tanana Commercial Company of Tanana, Alaska, has them all the time, and they are fresh and delectable. To prove it, I am sending under separate cover a package for the Vox Pop editor, and if Miss Jackie will send me her street address I will send her a box.



The address is for shipment of marshmallows only.—*P. S. McLain, Tanana, Alaska.*

The Vox Pop editor gratefully acknowledges the marshmallows, which have met their destined end. If Mr. McLain wants to send another box we promise to forward it to Miss Krasne.

NAZI INHUMANITY

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I read Paula LeCler's Let Them Wear Lace! (September 11 Liberty.) It's incredible that the Nazis could so cruelly freeze the French to death, using French rationing to do so. The newspapers related recently that an American Flying Fortress dropped six cartons of chewing gum over Paris for French children. Couldn't the Army drop a little food and wool?

I am taking all the wool and old clothes I can spare to the Committee of French-American Wives, 22 East 47th Street, New York, from where they will be sent to French people who have escaped to North Africa. I can only hope that some of this stuff will be smuggled into France.—*Charles K. Elliott.*

WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS

ALASKA—Vox Pop had a letter from Dean G. Kratz (September 4 Vox Pop) stating that he enjoyed Mr. Saroyan's ignorance of sports. He had better check his own ignorance.

Any track and field man knows that hurdle races can and have been run both morning and afternoon of the same day. They have to be run like that to qualify men for the finals.

We are two old track and field men and have seen the 220-yard low hurdles run many times with the qualifying heats in the morning and the finals in the afternoon, so we feel well qualified to correct Mr. Kratz.—*Pfc. Thomas C. Kenyon, U. S. Army, Raymond Blowin, U. S. C. G.*

BONDS OF MATRIMONY

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—As a patriotic gesture, how about clergymen making it a rule to accept only a war bond as a fee for performing the marriage ceremony? I have tried it and it has proved popular.—*(Rev.) John B. Strate.*

TAKING THE FUN OUT OF LIFE

CHICAGO, ILL.—The article Everything from Now On Is Pain (October 2 Liberty) is quite interesting but does not go into the subject as deeply as it might.

Washington should give serious consideration to more heavily taxing all nonessentials, such as liquors of all sorts, including beers, wines, soft-drink beverages, etc., jewelry, cosmetics, night clubs, taverns, candy, pleasure travel, dinners costing in excess of two dollars, theaters, all forms of amusement, etc. It would seem that, by more heavily taxing all nonessentials and luxuries, substantial returns would result and the burden on essentials would be eased.

Your magazine would render a great service to millions of taxpayers by urg-

We kept this secret 25 years

It is, in principle, an amazingly simple device. It is considerably smaller than a bass drum, light enough so one man can lift it, and it looks rather like an overcomplicated fan.

Yet, connected to a plane's engine, it can hoist a plane more than *seven miles* up, where few planes in the world can fly without its help.

And it belongs to America!

It is the turbosupercharger. Driven by the engines' once-wasted exhaust gases, it crams precious oxygen into the carburetors to give American bomber and fighter planes full fighting power as they fly through the sub-stratosphere—out of sight, almost out of reach of any enemy.

For 25 years the development of the turbosupercharger, and the materials and ways to build it, have been the secret of General Electric engineers and scientists, and of the Army Air Forces engineers who worked with them. They kept on when there seemed little prospect of success. Tremendous difficulties had to be overcome—for one end of the device operates at 67 below zero, the other, only inches away, operates at temperatures up to 1500 degrees, and the whole spins at speeds greater than 20,000 revolutions a minute!

It was a tough job, but it was done. Today all turbosuperchargers for U.S. planes are made either by G.E. or according to G-E designs. And these turbosupercharged planes are making history.

The story of the turbosupercharger is one more proof that America can count on her scientists, working with military men, to provide our fighting men with every advantage that new and better war equipment can give. And *you* can depend on these same scientists, after the war is over, to work with the same industry and enthusiasm to develop new and better products for peacetime living, and to find ways to make these products cost less so that everyone can enjoy them. *General Electric Co., Schenectady, N. Y.*

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Hear the G-E radio programs: The "G-E All-girl Orchestra" Sunday 10 p.m. EWT, NBC—"The World Today" news, every weekday 6:45 p.m. EWT, CBS.

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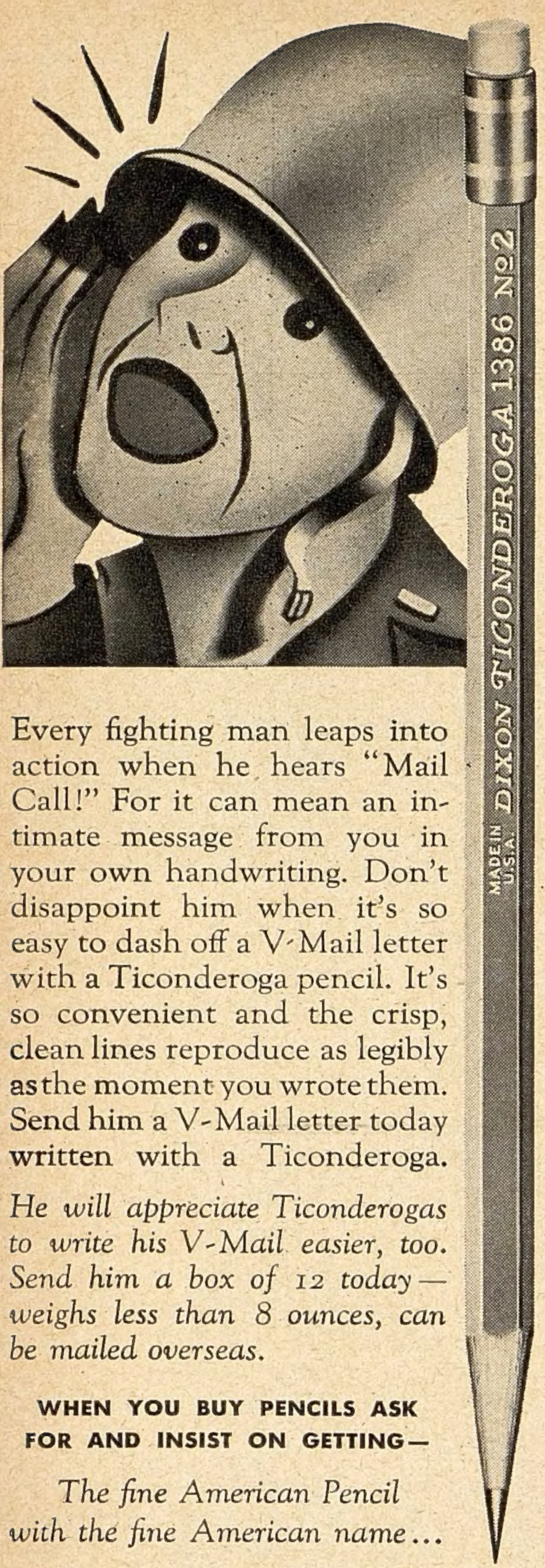

Every fighting man leaps into action when he hears "Mail Call!" For it can mean an intimate message from you in your own handwriting. Don't disappoint him when it's so easy to dash off a V-Mail letter with a Ticonderoga pencil. It's so convenient and the crisp, clean lines reproduce as legibly as the moment you wrote them. Send him a V-Mail letter today written with a Ticonderoga.

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ing consideration at Washington of the suggestions submitted.—*C. W. Merrikin.*

OUR ORCHID GARDEN

New York, N. Y.—You deserve orchids in tremendous quantities for your condensation of Albert E. Idell's Centennial Summer.—*David A. Bader.*

Denison, Tex.—I've thoroughly enjoyed all your book condensations, especially Mr. Lincoln's Wife and Centennial Summer.

Were these two stories filmed, and I the casting director, I'd have Cooper and Lupino in Mr. Lincoln's Wife; and, of course, Monty Woolley would be a sure thing as Mr. Rogers in the latter. —*D. Kretsinger.*

Philadelphia, Pa.—I wish to tell you how much I enjoyed the story Minnie Loved a Sailor, by Olga Rosmanith (October 2 Liberty). I would like to see more that would do one as much good.—*Mary T. Dwyer.*

IT'S A SAFE INVESTMENT

Tucson, Ariz.—Here's a new slogan to sell war bonds. Don't say "Buy Bonds." Say, "Invest in America!" And then, of course, do it.—*Mrs. Richard Cousins.*

AND THIS ANSWERS THEM ALL

Somewhere in the Pacific—This letter is to Sergeant L. C. Owen, Buddy Kineannon, Sergeant Speed Thornton, Gene Mear, Big-City Nell—or, for that matter, to any one interested in the Texas-Kentucky feud. (September 25 Vox Pop.)

I like to see every one proud of his native state, but not to the point of being silly.

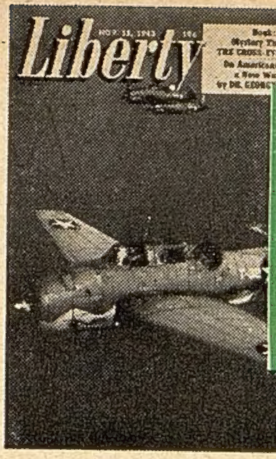
I have seen quite a lot of these United States and I know it is truly God's country. I am in this fight for all the forty-eight states and our allies. Let's cut the barroom bragging and live the brotherhood of man.—*Roy L. Sturrock, C. M. C.*

CHECK AND DOUBLE-CHECK

Baltimore, Md.—I am a traveling man and enjoy Ted Shane's brain-blitz puzzles no end. Whenever I can *complete* one *correctly* I mail it to my girl friend, who is a government employee at Camp Holabird.

At lunchtime her friends try to guess correct answers as my girl asks them from the completed puzzle I send her.

She checks *me* the following week, so I must keep on my (mental) toes.
W. V. A.



NEXT WEEK

✓ **DO AMERICANS WANT A NEW WORLD?**

By George Gallup

What do the American people expect in the postwar world? A timely article, based on nation-wide polls, by America's ace opinion-caster.

✓ **LITTLE DAVID, PLAY ON YOUR HARP**

By Eleanor Mercein

A new adventure for Clarence, the dusky hepcat in khaki—in which he outwits the Nazis, saves his major's life, and almost loses his heart to an Arabian lady of color.

✓ **BANZAI NIPPONOMICS**

By Walter B. Pitkin

Some startling facts and figures on how Japan expects to win her war against the democracies.

✓ **MUST WE DRAFT LABOR?**

By Alfred Toombs

How will we fill our shortage of workers? Will Uncle Sam have to stop asking and start demanding? Here are the pros and cons on the most controversial subject of the day.

✓ **WHAT MAKES 'EM DIE FOR ALMA MAMMY**

By Bill Stern

The famous sports writer and commentator tells some seldom-told tales about some of football's most fabulous trophies and mascots.

✓ **THE NAVY ISN'T KIDDING**

By Keith Ayling

Here's bad news for Hitler and Tojo! The absorbing story of the Navy's aviation training program which is turning out sky warriors keyed to knockout pitch.

✓ **THE CROSS-EYED BEAR**

By Dorothy B. Hughes

Liberty's Book Condensation
The ad said: "Wanted: A beautiful girl. One not afraid to look on danger's bright face." Lizanne answered it and stepped into the sinister circle of the Cross-Eyed Bear. Only hardened mystery addicts should read this after dark.

As Smooth as a Waltz

The full, fine flavor of Schlitz is loved all the more because it is neither harsh nor bitter. Brewed with just the *kiss* of the hops, America's most distinguished brew achieves the smoothness so greatly desired by those who want fine beer without bitterness.

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JUST THE *KISS* OF THE HOPS

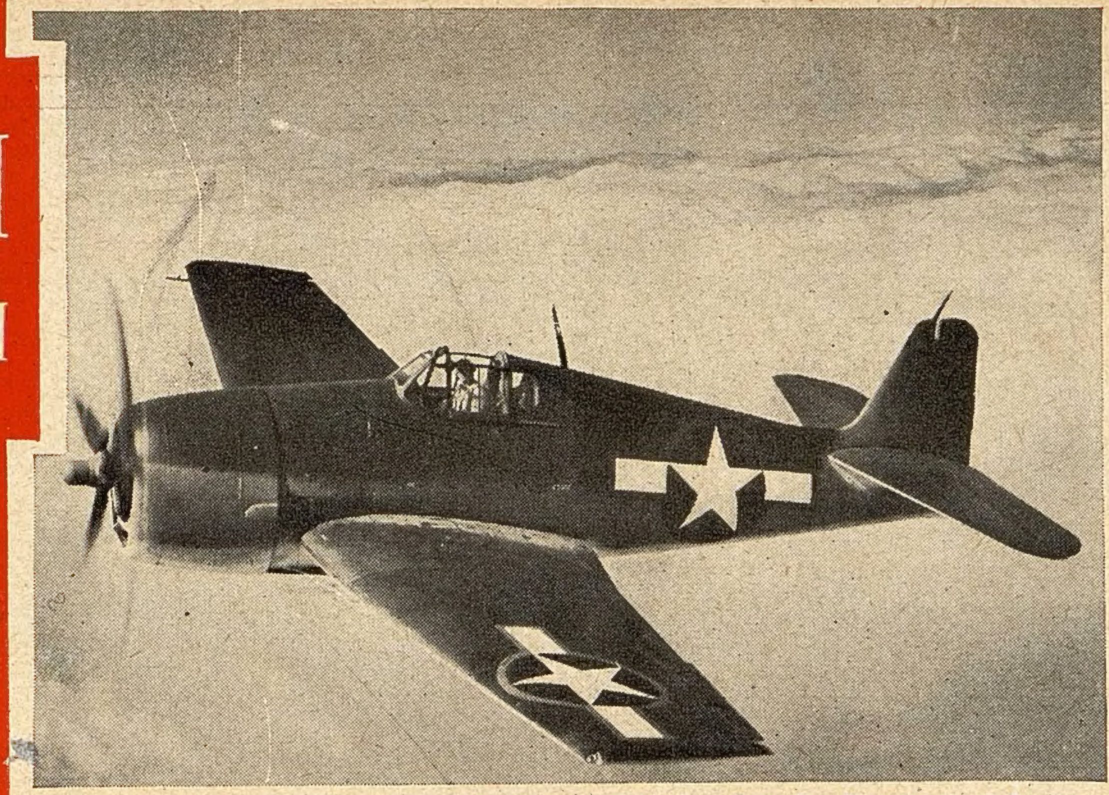
..none of the bitterness

Schlitz

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH



"Something that will go upstairs faster." That's what the Navy asked for—so Grumman produced the "Hellcat" fighter—fast, tough, and maneuverable.

Mission Completed

There are so many thrilling stories of Flying Fortresses just being able to get back to England by the skin of the teeth after completing bombing missions over Germany and occupied Europe that it's difficult to make a selection. But here is one of the many that bring a lump to the throat in testimony of what fine crews are doing with fine planes.

With First Lieutenant Woodrow W. Thomas of Baltimore, Maryland, at the controls, a Fortress had two of its four engines knocked out by flak while the plane was over Kassel, Germany. That's a long way from England to have two engines go out. The Fortress dropped 3,000 feet before the pilot could bring it under control, and from then on it was nip and tuck, because the remainder of the bomber formation was high above and returning fast to England. Two Focke-Wulf 190s attacked, and both were shot down. A third Focke-Wulf roared in on the tail, but fled when a stream of bullets poured from the Fort. Then the flight instruments went out and haze blocked the view of the horizon.

Pilot Thomas and his crew gritted their teeth and struck out at slow speed and low altitude for England. Gasoline was running low. The ship itself was badly crippled. Miraculously there were no more flak or attacks.

Nearing England, the Fort was picked up by a Spitfire escort and soon a landing field came into view. But the field was under repair, which prevented landing there. Pilot Thomas spied a pasture near by and made for it, and just then No. 4 engine coughed—out of gasoline. The Fortress landed quickly, knocking down a high-tension line, smashing through a picket fence, skidding onto the turf, and ending up against a tree. But the crew of eleven got back safely—which is another demonstration of the benefits of American planes built to "take it." The mission was completed.

Chutes Branching Out

Usually one thinks of parachutes only in terms of carrying pilots and crews safely to earth, but this is only one of many uses for parachutes in this war. Everything from mail to jeeps can be dropped from airplanes, and the chutes vary in size from two and a half feet in diameter to the giant size from forty-eight to ninety feet in diameter. The cost ranges from thirty cents to $1,000 and the material is chiefly rayon or nylon, although good ten-ounce burlap parachutes have worked well.

The safety record of parachutes has been extraordinarily good. In fact the whole performance during the war has been so good that there is talk of commercial applications after the war, such as the rush delivery of machine parts to factories that have no airfields, or newspapers to small towns, or equipment to repair crews in remote areas. Heretofore the parachute has been notable chiefly for safety or rescue purposes. Perhaps it opens up another commercial possibility after the war.

Knocking Out Germany

In 1942 the Royal Air Force destroyed 7 per cent of German war machinery with 37,000 tons of bombs. When 40 per cent of German industry is destroyed by an estimated 220,000 tons of bombs, Germany will be knocked out of the war.

This is the thesis of Francis Vivian Drake in his new book Vertical Warfare (Doubleday, Doran & Co., $3), one of the more important aviation books of the present war. Those readers of this page who have noted previous comments about bombing Germany out of the war, and who are eager to read more, will find Drake's book highly informative—and convincing.

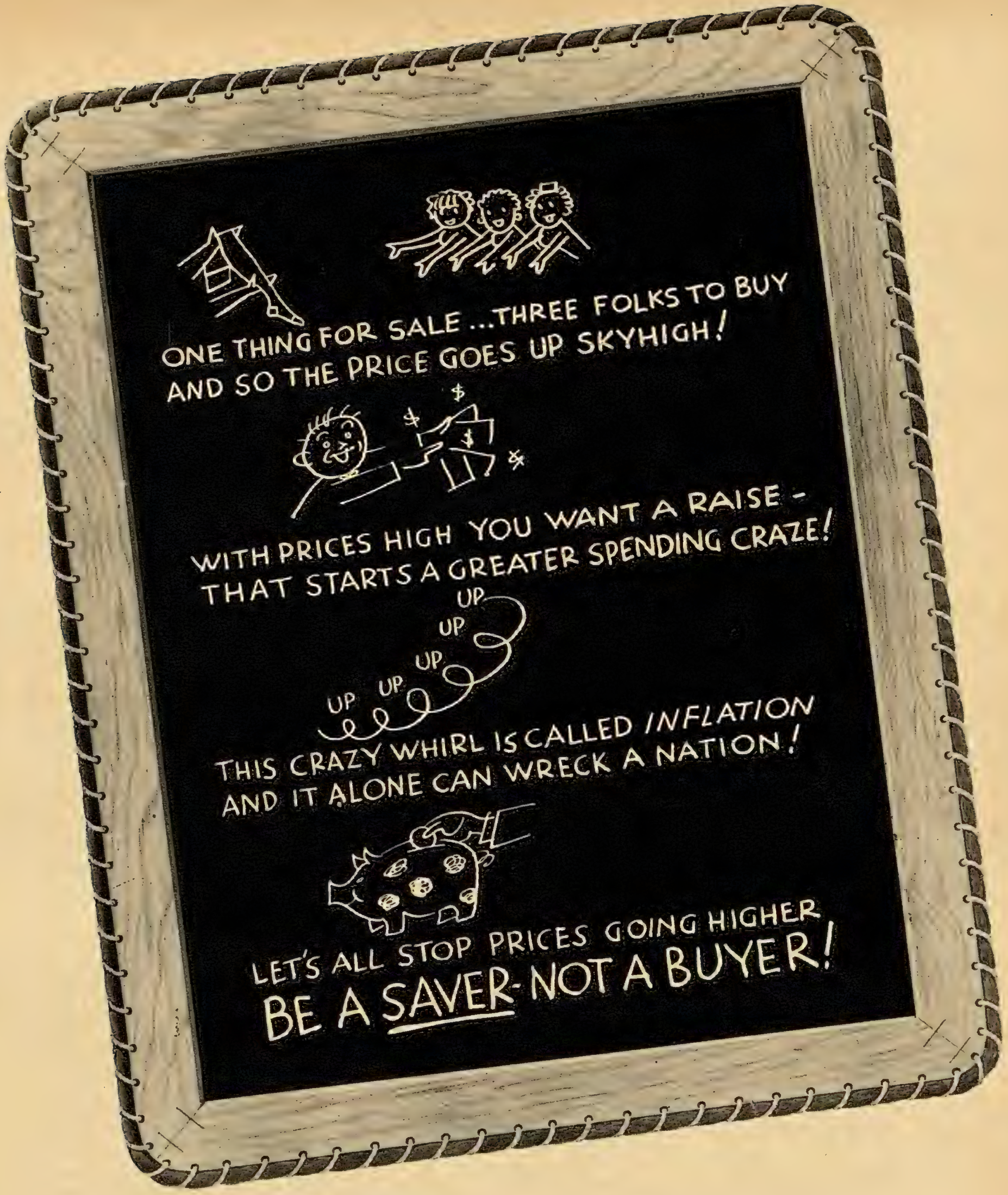
But will 40 per cent of German industry have to be destroyed before the country cracks? This is a question no one can yet answer, but England was beginning to waver under the German blitz of 1940 when the total tonnage of bombs dropped was a small part of what Germany herself is getting from the air in 1943. But to knock out Germany, the plan must call for an all-out consistent and heavy offensive with Germany's thirty key industrial cities as the targets. Some are already off the map industrially. The others are scheduled on the calendar. The air offensive of the U. S. Eighth Air Force, in preparation for a year and a half, will tell the story when it gets under way.

Rapid Fire

How good is your marksmanship? If it weren't for all the automatic calculating and adjusting gadgets developed for wartime use, the number of planes shot down in aerial combat would probably not be very large. Take two opposing fast fighters, for example. Often they reach 500 miles an hour in maneuvers, and if they are coming from opposite directions this means that the gunners are offered marks moving at 1,000 miles an hour. Machine-gun bullets with muzzle velocities of 2,800 feet per second move only 1,800 miles per hour. Actually there aren't many instances when planes come straight toward each other, most "hits" being made from front to rear or from a side angle. Under any conditions, however, an aerial combat action occurs in the flash of a second.

Odds and Ends

The Chinese name for China National Aviation Corp., 55 per cent owned by the Chinese and 45 per cent by Pan American Airways, is the Middle-Kingdom Space-Machine Family. Nice corporate title, what?


ONE THING FOR SALE ... THREE FOLKS TO BUY
AND SO THE PRICE GOES UP SKYHIGH!
$
$
WITH PRICES HIGH YOU WANT A RAISE -
THAT STARTS A GREATER SPENDING CRAZE!
UP
UP
UP
UP
UP
THIS CRAZY WHIRL IS CALLED *INFLATION*
AND IT ALONE CAN WRECK A NATION!
LET'S ALL STOP PRICES GOING HIGHER
BE A SAVER - NOT A BUYER!

Seven things you should do:

1. Buy only what you really need	2. Pay no more than ceiling prices ... buy rationed goods only with stamps	3. Pay off old debts and avoid making new ones	4. Support higher taxes ... pay them willingly	5. Provide for the future with adequate life insurance and savings	6. Don't ask more money for goods you sell or work you do	7. Buy all the War Bonds you can afford — and keep them

Keep prices down ... use it up, wear it out, make it do, or do without

This advertisement, prepared by the War Advertising Council, is contributed by this magazine in cooperation with the Magazine Publishers of America.

Original spring house at the Old Crow Distillery, still in use. Each of these great brands has its own distillery.

A PLEASURE THAT HAS NEVER CHANGED

At a time when grim necessity has forced so many changes, it's pleasant to know that these five historic whiskies have not been changed.

For generations past they have been America's great whiskies and National Distillers has a very natural pride in protecting their matchless quality.

And then, of course, there is the fact that they can't be changed, because of the provisions of the U.S. Bottled-in-Bond Act which so rigidly specifies how bonded whiskies must be made.

Thus you have a *double* assurance of pre-war excellence when you call for one of these memorable bonds.

Reserves are limited. If your dealer cannot always supply you, please try again.

The five different distilleries producing these famous whiskies are today devoted entirely to the production of alcohol for war purposes

THESE WHISKIES ARE 4 YEARS OLD • 100 PROOF • BOTTLED IN BOND • NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, N. Y. • COPR. 1943

AMERICANS IN QUEST OF A FOREIGN POLICY

BY CLARE BOOTHE LUCE

Congresswoman from Connecticut

The evidence of the failure of our foreign policy may be found on the beaches where men fight and die. Yet we still have no foreign policy which assures future peace. In fact, says Mrs. Luce, we have no foreign policy at all

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

Connecticut's Representative Clare Boothe Luce, first among our lawmakers to recommend a postwar military alliance with Great Britain.

TODAY as never before the American people are profoundly troubled about the relations of their nation to the family of nations. They know at last that the destinies of all the countries of the earth have become so exquisitely interdependent that America's only hope of peace and prosperity depends upon the firm establishment of friendly and fruitful relations with all nations, big and small. Overwhelmingly, therefore, it is the will of Americans that international relations be established and maintained which will allow us to live at peace with our neighbors, and aid and encourage our neighbors' neighbors to live at peace with each other. On this question there is complete national unity.

The procedure by which a people's will in relation to its neighbors abroad is implemented is called "the nation's foreign policy." If the people's will is thwarted or denied, we say that nation's foreign policy has failed. Twice in our times the American people's will to peace has been thwarted—twice in our lifetime this nation has been involved in a disastrous world war. Twice, therefore, our "foreign policy" has failed.

But again, today, the people of the United States want for the future what they have always wanted in the past: the kind of foreign policy which will keep this nation at peace in a peaceful world. This they want more, perhaps, than they want anything else. And yet millions of Americans have awakened to the terrifying knowledge that they, the American people, do not seem to have that kind of foreign policy even yet. Indeed, they seem to have *no* foreign policy at all! The bitterness of this knowledge is almost unendurable when they consider how many of their sons are dying and will yet die on foreign battlefields, and when they know Americans have not only this vast *desire* for peace but a national willingness, a profound willingness, to do *anything* which they, the people, must do to co-operate in the securing of a peaceful world.

Why, they ask, if this is so, can't they get what they want—an American foreign policy designed to carry out the will of their minds and hearts?

The answer, the fundamental answer, is so simple that it is a terrible tragedy that the average American does not know it. Americans can't get the kind of foreign policy they want because the American *people* themselves play no active, direct, democratic part in the formulation of their own nation's foreign policy.

By the law of our land, the power to formulate, devise, create, inaugurate, and execute any policy in relation to any foreign power, whether it be the relinquishment or acquisition of territory or trade routes, economic or financial arrangements, recognition of foreign governments, or writing of treaties, lies entirely and *solely* in the hands of the President. Also, by law, the agent through whom the President works

(*Continued on page 59*)

A PRESENT

AFTER she closed her shop for the day, Miss Ella Reynolds always puttered around a bit, putting things to rights. Her helper, Lutie Forrest, left as early as possible, which was natural enough. Lutie was young.

The shop was in the living- and dining-room sections of the old Reynolds house. Miss Ella had started the shop when her parents died and hadn't left her as well off as folks had taken for granted they would.

Through the years she'd added new things to her stock, so that now it was rather a conglomeration: house and sports dresses, bought from a salesman; aprons, made by old Mrs. Almy; candy and cakes, some made in Hillsdale and some factory-made; antiques, gathered in the neighborhood and not too good; post cards, linens, jellies. Once Hal Ray wanted to make a bet he could find at least one of any object you could name, including any wild animal. The ladies liked it and dropped in for bridge prizes, dresses for informal wear, and choice gossip. Miss Ella knew everything that was going on.

After Miss Ella had straightened up, she went back to the big old kitchen and cooked her dinner. She ate it on the old dining table, which now stood in the kitchen by the window. Jimmie Crews, who did errands for her after school and on Saturdays, did most of her marketing, though folks were always bringing things to Miss Ella—baskets of tomatoes or peaches or mushrooms or peas. That was nice—better than what they brought, really—for it showed that they thought of her.

Miss Ella ate alone and slowly, for she wasn't too young and she was tired. She ate vegetables and fruit and drank a big glass of milk.

After dinner, and the kitchen straightened, Miss Ella always went out on the front porch. There was always a breeze there, Miss Ella felt. She sat down in one of the big wooden porch chairs, looked across to her nearest neighbor. If she was in luck, Mrs. Bradley would be sitting on her own front porch.

"Mrs. Bradley!" Miss Ella would call. She called her by her first name, Nettie, when they were together, but when you call across a yard a first name seems so—well, bold.

Mrs. Bradley always waved her hand.

"Won't you come over for a little while?" Miss Ella would call, quite as if her invitation were unusual—not what she said every evening that Mrs. Bradley was at home.

"If it isn't old Stick Her Puss In!" Wood said. "Here you come again!"

FOR MRS. PROCTOR

BY THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

"I'd love to!" Mrs. Bradley would answer. She'd cross the lawn—always cut by Jimmie on Saturday mornings—and take the wooden porch chair next to Miss Ella. Then both of the ladies gave sighs of contentment. This was the pleasantest part of their day.

Nettie Bradley was a widow. Her husband, never too steady, had been killed by a train near Redding, fifteen years before. Mrs. Bradley didn't get anything from the railroad, because they proved he was intoxicated and that there were warning signals at the crossing. Mrs. Bradley owned her home and she rented rooms to pay her expenses, which were small. She was related to some of Hillsdale's best families, so she was invited out to Sunday dinners and, occasionally, in the evening. Miss Ella knew, though she never let on, that Mrs. Bradley was never included in her relatives' best parties.

Mrs. Bradley always waited for Miss Ella's stories, for Miss Ella gathered nuggets of news for her.

THERE was always an overture, a cascade of words that didn't mean a thing: who was in the shop, what they said. Then came the real play.

"I think," Miss Ella said that evening in her quiet voice, "Mrs. Bill Hendricks is going to have a baby!"

"At her age!"

"Well, she's just got married."

"I know. But she's not so young. Did she tell you?"

"Nobody told me. Nobody knows but the Hendricks, I guess."

"How do you know?"

"Well, she walks sort of careful. As if she was solid gold. Taking care of herself. Know what I mean?"

"I guess so. But—"

"When she was Amy Stevens and teaching school she didn't think she was solid gold. But that's not all. She went to the case with the hand-made baby things and looked and looked. Lutie started over to her, but I got there first.

" 'You interested in these?' I asked. She was as embarrassed as anything! Said, 'A friend of mine is having a baby. I just thought—' And was she curious about what babies needed! But she didn't buy anything."

"I'm glad," said Mrs. Bradley.

"So am I!" said Miss Ella. "And they so near busting up and not getting married at all."

"I'll say!" said Mrs. Bradley slangily.

There they were, with a perfectly legitimate reason for talking about The Accident. They always got to it.

"It fits right in, like a puzzle picture. You're a real detective!" said Mrs. Bradley admiringly.

"Nothing of the sort!" said Miss Ella. "I just watch people. Ask questions. Put things together. I could be right. I could be wrong. I don't have any conclusions. But I can tell you what I found out, for you've got a close mouth. I'd burst if I couldn't tell some one."

"As long as we don't tell!" Mrs. Bradley shuddered pleasantly.

"That's it!" said Miss Ella. "If I was a real detective I'd have to tell—get some one into trouble. Or I might find out there wasn't anything to the whole accident. I may have just made it all up."

Plenty of folks in Hillsdale had a score to settle with Mrs. Proctor. That's why no one was surprised when she received a strange present. But the question was, "Who sent it?"

"But it could be—the way we talked about it," said Mrs. Bradley.

"Could be either way!" said Miss Ella. "But I'll never forget that Saturday morning. And what I learned, afterward."

Mrs. Bradley breathed deeply, settled herself. Miss Ella was going to talk about The Accident!

MRS. PROCTOR, who figured so prominently in The Accident, was entirely unaware of it at the time. Or afterward, for that matter.

It was a Thursday evening and the Proctors were dressing for dinner. Mrs. Proctor was a large woman who always looked like a very smooth guinea hen, for she always wore spotted or figured dresses and thought that gray and black and white were the only smart combinations. She was a bit plump and was always planning to diet. She wore good corsets and held herself well. She didn't let herself go, the way Mrs. Ray did. Only a couple of days ago she'd spoken to Mrs. Ray about it. Very kindly, of course, You can't keep your husband from wandering if you don't look well. A married woman ought to realize that.

Mr. Proctor was a pleasant-looking man, a little too thin, and he'd have looked tall if he'd stood straighter. Mrs. Proctor was always telling him to straighten up, but he never did. He always looked worried.

The Proctors shared a bedroom, though there were two unused bedrooms on the second floor. One time, when Mr. Proctor suggested having his own room, his wife was indignant.

"Couples in Hillsdale don't go in for such modern living!"

"I don't sleep well at night. I keep you awake."

"You sleep all right. I hear you snore whenever I wake up."

"If it disturbs you—"

"It doesn't. Not a great deal, anyhow. We'll share the same bedroom, the way other couples do."

SO they were in the same bedroom, a very pleasant room, with a mahogany suite and feminine draperies. A bedroom should be dainty, Mrs. Proctor often said.

The Proctor home was one of the nicest in town. It was on Brandon Road, and folks like Miss Ella weren't even invited to Brandon Road homes. Mrs. Bradley achieved such invitations only when relatives felt that "duty" invitations were necessary. Mrs. Proctor thought the house was "gracious"—she liked the word. The living room had chintzes and a green broadloom rug, and big chairs and little tables, quite in the approved manner of the magazines where Mrs. Proctor got her ideas. She was annoyed at her husband if he changed things around or spilled ashes or put his feet on the sofa.

Now she was putting on another of her black-and-white gowns.

"I bet the evening will be stupid," she said.

"Why? I always have a good time at the Rays'."

"Everything pleases you. You have no discrimination! But this will be worse than usual, for they're not having any one else."

"No one else!" He looked worried.

"What's wrong? I thought you liked them."

"I do. Only—well, something you said the other day—"

"Something I said? Whatever could it be?"

Proctor smiled in spite of himself.

"This special thing had to do with the Rays. You said you heard that Hal Ray—"

"Oh, that he and a waitress over at Summerport were carrying on."

"You can't be sure, you know."

"A half a dozen people saw them."

"What worried me was you said you were going to tell Margaret Ray."

"Why shouldn't I tell her? I think it's my duty. I don't like hypocrisy."

"I know, dear; but wouldn't it be kinder—"

"You're always talking about being kind! You know I believe in tell-

(Continued on page 52)

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

Unaided, these young teal might have died searching for water.

We now have an abundance of birds such as this mallard drake.

In five years our wild duck population has more than trebled.

DUCKS UNLIMITED

BY HERMANN B. DEUTSCH

THOMAS C. MAIN, a water service engineer for the Canadian National Railways, is the principal reason why wild ducks no longer are confronted by the fate of the passenger pigeon and the dodo.

In five short years Tom Main has more than trebled the wild duck population of North America, raising it from 40,000,000 to 125,000,000, in spite of the fact that during those five years hunting restrictions have been steadily liberalized. Up to and including 1938, although hunting regulations were made more and more stringent, the duck census was fast approaching the level from which a vanishing point would be visible.

Tom Main, who had come from Scotland to Alberta when that part of Canada was frontier country, had long had definite ideas about the problem.

"Nine ducks die in Canada from largely avoidable causes before a hunter from the United States puts one into his icebox," he maintained doggedly every time his Canadian neighbors complained that rich sportsmen of the United States were killing off Canada's wild fowl every winter. "I've got the figures to prove it. If I had the money, I could bring the duck population of North America back to what it used to be. But not by cutting down on the hunters. Even if you stopped hunting altogether, wild ducks would be gone in another thirty-forty years, the way it is now."

The way Tom Main figured it, 73.5 per cent of the potential duck crop died in the Canadian breeding grounds, and these losses, largely preventable, accounted for about 80,000,000 dead ducks in 1938, as against only 9,000,000 legally killed by hunters in all North America. The biggest duck slayer was drought, he said. To prove it, he not only had figures but movies.

Canada had been busily draining

PICTURES FROM A. A. ALLEN, C. F. CHURCH, AND H. O'BRIAN

her prairie marshes to convert them into wheatlands. Instead of remaining in ponds and sloughs and shallow lakes, most of the melting snow water now drained away, and the balance evaporated and was gone by June. Nevertheless, ducks continued to build their nests near these early vanishing sloughs. When the pothole beside which a nest was built dried up, mama duck and her brood had no choice but to start overland toward some pond or lake that still had water. It was either that or die. And if such water lay miles and miles away across the powder-dry prairies, the baby ducks, unable to fly and pitifully trying to walk, died en route, and the mother duck, staying loyally with her brood until she also was too weak to take wing, perished with them.

Not long ago it looked like curtains for North America's wild ducks. Now everything is ducky, thanks to a man who amazingly tripled the duck population

Or the home pond became too shallow in the heat, turned stagnant and fermented, so that the ducks fell prey to a fatal poisoning called botulism. None of this was guesswork. Tom Main had movies of the ducklings staggering in baby Indian file to their deaths, movies of mountainous heaps of duck carcasses on the parched prairie. Drought alone, he said, killed 21,800,000 ducks in Canada that year when all the hunters of North America only killed 9,000,000.

Another mathematical approach strongly buttressed his contention. The sex ratio in duck hatches was just about fifty-fifty. But so many females now died each summer with their broods that in the adult duck population the ratio was sixty males to forty females. So out of each hundred ducks reaching maturity, only forty pairs — not fifty — constituted the breeding stock for the next season.

And then there were crows. Summering in Canada's wheatlands by the million, crows walk the prairie looking for duck nests, and wherever they find one they gobble all the eggs or murder and gobble the ducklings. Crows and magpies killed 16,300,000 ducks in Canada the year of that survey.

Prairie fires killed 13,000,000. Jackfish and pike devoured 8,700,000. Ground squirrels, skunks, and the like accounted for 7,600,000. In all, 80,000,000 ducks fell victim to largely preventable conditions during the summer; yet conservationists concentrated all their efforts on reducing that winter toll of 9,000,000, while the summer toll continued unchecked, worsening with each season.

That was Tom Main's mathematical story, and he stuck to it. The remedy he proposed was to restore the water. Build dams here and there to impound the run-off from melting snows in key basins, and keep it there until most of each summer's ducklings were at least six weeks old.

Then go after the other summer killers. Establish fire guards; put a bounty on crows; screen the waterway inlets against returning jackfish in the spring. Fence a reasonable area around certain waters against haying and against cattle, leaving lanes for the cows to get to water. But, principally, build dams and thereby turn duck deathtraps into duck factories.

There are now more than 102 of these dams. They could not have been built without money, not even by a Scotsman, and that's where the duck hunters of the United States stepped into the picture. Joseph P. Knapp had already called several of his hunting friends together for a dinner in New York, suggesting a "More Game Birds Federation." Moreover, he placed a check for $10,000 on the table and urged his guests to match it. It was Lou Barkhausen of Chicago who, at a later meeting at which some forty sportsmen from all sections of the United States forgathered, proposed that they form two associations: one in the United States to raise money and one in Canada to spend it, since virtually all the work would have to be done there. For technical reasons it was deemed wise to incorporate, and the name of Ducks, Ltd., was suggested.

"Hell!" objected some one. "What we want is ducks unlimited!"

So that is what the twin organizations were called: Ducks, Unlimited. Duck hunters in this country are urged to donate the equivalent of the cost of one duck hunt a year. That may be anything from three dollars to five hundred dollars, depending on the sort of hunting the sportsmen can afford.

Immediately after organizing, the executive committee of the DU directorate hurried to Winnipeg and borrowed Tom Main from the Canadian National Railways — and he's been on loan to DU ever since. That was on April 7, 1938. By that time of year the snows were already melting. Tom went right out and built some temporary dams.

Primarily DU's job was an engineering job, and that was right up Tom Main's alley, he having been the wizard who solved CNR's prairie water problem and similar problems for the Dominion and provincial governments. But it was also a publicity and educational job, so for his first assistant, general manager Tom chose Eddie Russenholt, advertising counsel for a Winnipeg insurance firm.

Eddie also set to work at once, calling meetings, getting donations of radio time, haunting the newspaper offices, addressing sportsmen's clubs, farmers' granges, Rotarians, and others on what DU proposed to do for Canada. His was the really tough end of the job, because when the Canadians first heard about rich sportsmen from the States putting up a lot of money for duck reclamation projects, they leaped to the conclusion that these outlanders would buy all the duck marshes and put up "No Hunting" signs.

Naturally, that wasn't Tom Main's plan. He wouldn't have bought a foot of land on a bet. Ownership of land meant a continuing and ever-growing overhead expense. Each new structure would add to this overhead, and with only $100,000 a year in prospect, the amount left

(*Continued on page 51*)

Tom Main and another member of Ducks, Unlimited, examine a nest.

THE TERROR BEGAN AT TWILIGHT

What's it like to spend the night in a muddy foxhole surrounded by wailing, screaming Japs? You'll know when you read this account by a reporter who did it

BY JACK MAHON

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG

OUT of the jungle blackness came the cry, repeated again and again. It was a long, pitiful moan, a drawn-out wail of a dying man that would chill the blood in your veins:

"Help me. Help me. Get me water, get me water. I'm wounded. Help. Help!"

In a narrow foxhole in the jungle's edge, four men lay burrowing into the earth. The two sergeants clutched their automatics. The padre and I clutched the dirt. Chaplains and correspondents are not permitted to carry arms. All we had was a prayer.

We did not answer the cry for help or even look up. To answer it would have violated strict orders.

All around, through the veil of blackness that hung over our little camp somewhere in the New Georgia wilderness, men lay in other holes. Tense, anxious men, clutching their weapons, waiting—always waiting.

There were generals and colonels and majors, a former U. S. senator, buck privates, and five war correspondents huddled in those holes the night of July 17, when a brazen Jap combat patrol sneaked around a flank of our advanced lines and came down through the jungle twilight to attack our command post.

There silhouetted against a tree stump, was a sweating American boy.

The C. P., as it is called, is manned by the generals and staff officers in charge of an operation—the Operations, Personnel, and Intelligence staffs who work behind the lines. Our C. P. was located in a jungle clearing about thirty yards wide and fifty yards long. It was flanked on one side by a narrow muddy road that wound like a snake from the beach, a thousand yards to our rear, up through the jungle to the southern coast of New Georgia toward which units of the 43d and 37th Army Divisions were battling.

Two days before, on the order of the Commanding General, the C. P. had been moved approximately a mile back toward Zanana Beach, the landing point at which most of our invasion force had poured into lizard-shaped New Georgia in the northern Solomons.

Tents had been strung up in a couple of hours, and then the digging had begun. Sometimes it was all right to sleep on a cot, but most of the nights it was advisable to sleep in a foxhole.

For the yellow devils were prowling by night. They had been trying to wreck the nerves of our troops. They would crawl through the brush they knew so well and scream and chatter like madmen. They wailed, too—long, inhuman wails like those of a banshee—hoping to lure our men from their holes so their snipers could pick them off.

These marauders by moonlight had actually been caught between our lines. They had crept right into our bivouac areas, jumped into holes and knifed sleeping soldiers.

They had been heard to call out in English—for cigarettes, for help, for water. They had learned some of our officers' names and had called to them for aid in unmistakable broken English, trying to force a nervous, battle-weary boy to reveal his position so they could get him with bullet or with knife.

That's why there were no lazy men in the jungle; that's why our camp was soon pockmarked with foxholes into which we could fall—just in case.

The days were long in the jungle. You got up at 6 A. M. and were ready for bed at 6 P. M. The afternoon of the 17th we had come back from the front with the general about 4.30 P. M. It had been a hot, sticky day and the trek through jungle and mud had exhausted us all.

Shortly after we had been refreshed by a bath in a half-helmetful of water—the most precious commodity in camp—it was time for chow. The men gathered in a long line, single file, and inched slowly up to a thicket where a gallant kitchen crew worked miracles with canned meat, fish, cocoa, and coffee. We were about halfway through our meal when there was a sudden flurry of excitement in the middle of the camp.

A young officer came running through the underbrush. Sweat poured down his pale face. It was

The night was filled with the whine of shells, the threat of an enemy you could not see.

almost a minute before he could stop panting and speak.

"Where is the general?" he gasped. "I must see him!"

Colonel Ernest Gibson, a former U. S. senator from Vermont, came over and inquired what was wrong.

"Jap patrol. Coming down road. They turned mortar fire on the old C. P. spot, then found two of our water carriers and machine-gunned them," said the officer. "They were attacking our old medics [medical tent] spot when I left. There's only a handful of medics and engineers up there. There are between one and two hundred Japs in the patrol, and they're headed this way!"

The general came out of his tent and listened to the story. The youngster steadied down and managed to repeat it a bit more fully. The Japs had apparently been selected for an attack on our former C. P. site, had opened up on it, and, finding it unoccupied, had pressed on down the road.

"Prepare to defend the command post."

The order flew through the camp. There was a hurried count. There were about seventy officers and men available. Our only defenses at the moment were light machine guns, mounted about twenty yards apart on the northern rim of the C. P.

A perimeter defense was organized at once. Men were stationed single file a few yards apart along each side of the road. A Signal Corps group was on the left side, the kitchen crew and some officers on the right.

Across the northern rim fifteen or twenty men were strung in foxholes and hurriedly armed with automatic rifles, the rest of the men spread out in a protective cordon along the western side and across the rear flank of the camp.

Night falls swiftly over the jungle, and there wasn't much more than half an hour in which to lug machine guns into position. We had only two more of them available. One was mounted on the western end of the perimeter, the other on the southern tip, about seventy yards away.

Orders were passed swiftly. A password was soon agreed on. Unless the password was given, there was to be no response to any call, or plea for help. Each man was to take a knife into his foxhole with him.

There was to be no firing from the foxholes or moving about from the camp area to the perimeter. Any movement in the jungle was to be construed as an enemy's and was to be met by fire.

Was that understood? It was. The Intelligence officers ordered the correspondents to turn in their notebooks. Personal mail was quickly burned and maps and official documents were quickly gathered and placed in a pouch easily accessible for destruction—if necessary.

Then the darkness came creeping over the post, and with it the order: "Go into your foxholes."

The terror began at twilight.

From six o'clock that night until seven of the Sunday morning that followed, officers and men lay like animals in foxholes that were too small—lay through a drenching rain that soaked them over and over and left them limp and shivering in the mud.

For thirteen hours the night was filled with the screams of the dying, the whine of shells, and the threat of an enemy you could not see.

Our hole was on the southern rim

(*Continued on page 67*)

MADONNA MIA

Liberty's SHORT SHORT STORY

There is a faith that moves mountains and, despite the skeptics, old Angelo knew there was only one way to accomplish the miracle he sought

BY D. E. WHEELER

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

TIRED of police inefficiency, Angelo took matters into his own hands. His little Madonna and he would find the lost Luigi, if the *molto grande* Captain Breen and his bluecoats couldn't. So the wizened little Italian set up a bootblack stand in the balcony entrance of the closed Drew Theater, just off Broadway. Mornings, he'd arrive at seven with his trappings. After sweeping out the deep recess with his whisk broom, he'd carefully place his folding chair and box, then put his blue-and-gold plaster statuette of the Virgin on her tiny table in the corner, mumble a rosary, and eat a bun and an apple for breakfast. Nods and winks were exchanged by frequenters of the street, but Angelo's eyes were turned inward.

Regularly, about seven fifteen, Terry O'Hara, the young Irish policeman, would go by with a quip, which Angelo vaguely understood. But this morning he stopped. "Makin' much, old fella?" he asked.

"Two dollar ten cento yesterday," said Angelo.

"Say, I dreamt last night that your Luigi was drivin' a taxi, and he said, 'Where's pop?' And I said, 'Lookin' for you.' And guess who his fare was—Mrs. Roosevelt!"

Terry laughed, but Angelo's sunken eyes flashed.

"Ecco!" he cried, motioning toward the statuette. "Madonna *mia*, she bring-a Luigi here some-a day—notta Meesa Roosevelt-a!"

Which made the policeman laugh harder.

"Don't be too sure!" he warned, moving off.

Perplexity wrinkled Angelo's brow. These New York cops were fine men, liked to joke, but they weren't so smart. Three months ago he had gone to the *molto grande* Captain Breen of the precinct station and asked him to find his vanished son Luigi. Not yet eighteen, Luigi had run away from home in Syracuse a week after the shocking death of his mother and two younger sisters in a tenement fire. He had taken twenty dollars of his father's small savings and left a penciled scrawl: "Don't look for me, pop. I can't stand it here any longer, and don't worry. I'll pay back the money soon. Goodby till I see you."

Sure that Luigi had gone to New York—for the boy had always wanted to see the big city, and especially Broadway, where all the wonderful shows were—Angelo had taken that trail. It was bewildering to his simple mind that the *molto grande* Captain Breen, with all his men, teletypes, and radio cars, and even having other cities searched, could not trace the runaway.

Inspiration came to him one day: Why not shine shoes where he could watch the Broadway crowds, earn enough to keep himself alive, and have his little Madonna with him to guide Luigi's feet?

He confided in Captain Breen.

"All right, try your luck," said the police officer. To his subordinates, later, he gave an order: "Don't chase the poor goop from the Drew"; adding, "he's had enough tough going, is a sick man, and I'm afraid that kid of his has gone to the bad."

Some of the cops sent customers to Angelo. Among them was Paul Lovejoy, who poked around town for odd bits of life, to whom Terry O'Hara said:

"If you want a good subject, Mr. Lovejoy, take a look at old prayin' Angelo and get him to spill his story, but don't kid him."

So Paul lingered in front of the darkened Drew one noon.

"Shine 'em up?" solicited Angelo in his croaking voice. "Best-a shine in New York-a for fi' cento—one nickla!"

Paul sat his two hundred pounds on the folding chair, which wobbled under his weight.

"Big-a fella, hey?" grinned Angelo.

"What's this?" exclaimed Paul. "An altar?"

"Madonna *mia*," said Angelo, applying polish.

"What's she doing here?"

"Bring-a my Luigi."

"And who's he?"

As he polished, Angelo told his tale.

"So you're going to be smarter than all the cops and dicks, eh?" Lovejoy was highly amused, but he kept a straight face.

"Madonna *mia*, she find-a my boy," declared Angelo heatedly.

"Have it your way," laughed Paul, rising, "and for luck, give this to your little Lady." He took the carnation from his coat lapel.

Smiling his beatific toothless smile, Angelo placed the votive flower at the Virgin's feet. Watching the cadaverous Italian's movements with expert eyes, Paul, unknown to his subject, took several shots with his concealed miniature camera. Which he did time and again in the following weeks whenever he came for a shine and chat. Then he went West on a business trip, and Angelo missed their arguments on religion.

"Funny fella, Meesta Lovajoy," he told Terry O'Hara a half dozen times. "No like-a da church-a, da priest-a, da heaven, but he give-a Madonna *mia* plenty flower-a!"

That was beyond Angelo's understanding.

November winds were beginning to get into Angelo's bones. He shivered and coughed, blew on his fingers, and added a bottle of hot coffee to his breakfast bun and apple.

"You won't be able to stand it this winter, old top," said Terry one frosty morning. "But the captain has a nice inside watchman's job for you."

"Please-a, no," said Angelo, frightened. "I stay here for Luigi."

"Come out of it, Angelo," warned Terry, exasperated, "or we'll have to run you in for having no license."

Angelo remained obdurate.

"Grazia," I getta *licenza*. How much-a?"

"Aw, nuts!" snapped Terry. "The wind'd blow you away!"

DURING the argument a sailor slid into the folding chair and buried his head in the rotogravure section of yesterday's Herald-Globe. The cop saw him first.

"Close your face and tend to business," he said to Angelo.

The flurried old bootblack sank on his knees before his customer.

"What kind-a ship you gotta?" he asked, applying polish.

"Freighter," grunted the sailor, absorbed in his paper.

"Malo, malo," said Angelo, shaking his head. "Bad for submarino! Look-a out for torpedo."

The bluejacket said nothing, but when the shine was finished he thrust a twenty-dollar bill into Angelo's hand.

"Keep the change, pop," he said, and threw down his rotogravure section.

"Madre di Dios!" gasped Angelo, reeling. *"Sancta Maria!"*

The sailor caught him. "Steady there, pop!"

"Luigi *mio!"* cried the overjoyed

"Say, I dreamt last night that your Luigi was drivin' a taxi." Terry laughed, but Angelo's eyes flashed.

father, kissing the boy's cheeks, hugging him to his wasted body.

"Don't squeeze the life out of me, pop!" laughed Luigi.

Angelo looked at his son through tear-blurred eyes. "You gotta *mostacchio!*" he said, still dazed.

Then the passers-by were startled to see a bronzed young sailor suddenly whirl the scarecrow old bootblack into a grotesque dance.

"I went home to Syracuse," explained Luigi, after he sat his breathless father in the chair, "and they told me that you were somewhere in New York. I been lookin' all over for you, pop, and here's how I found you."

He showed Angelo a picture in the rotogravure section of the Sunday paper—*his* picture! Aloud Luigi read its legend: " 'Shoeblack's Shrine at the Old Drew Theater. First Prize in City Scenes Photographic Contest. Won by Paul Lovejoy of New York.'

"A-h-h, Meesta Lovajoy!" said Angelo, panting. "He's a—"

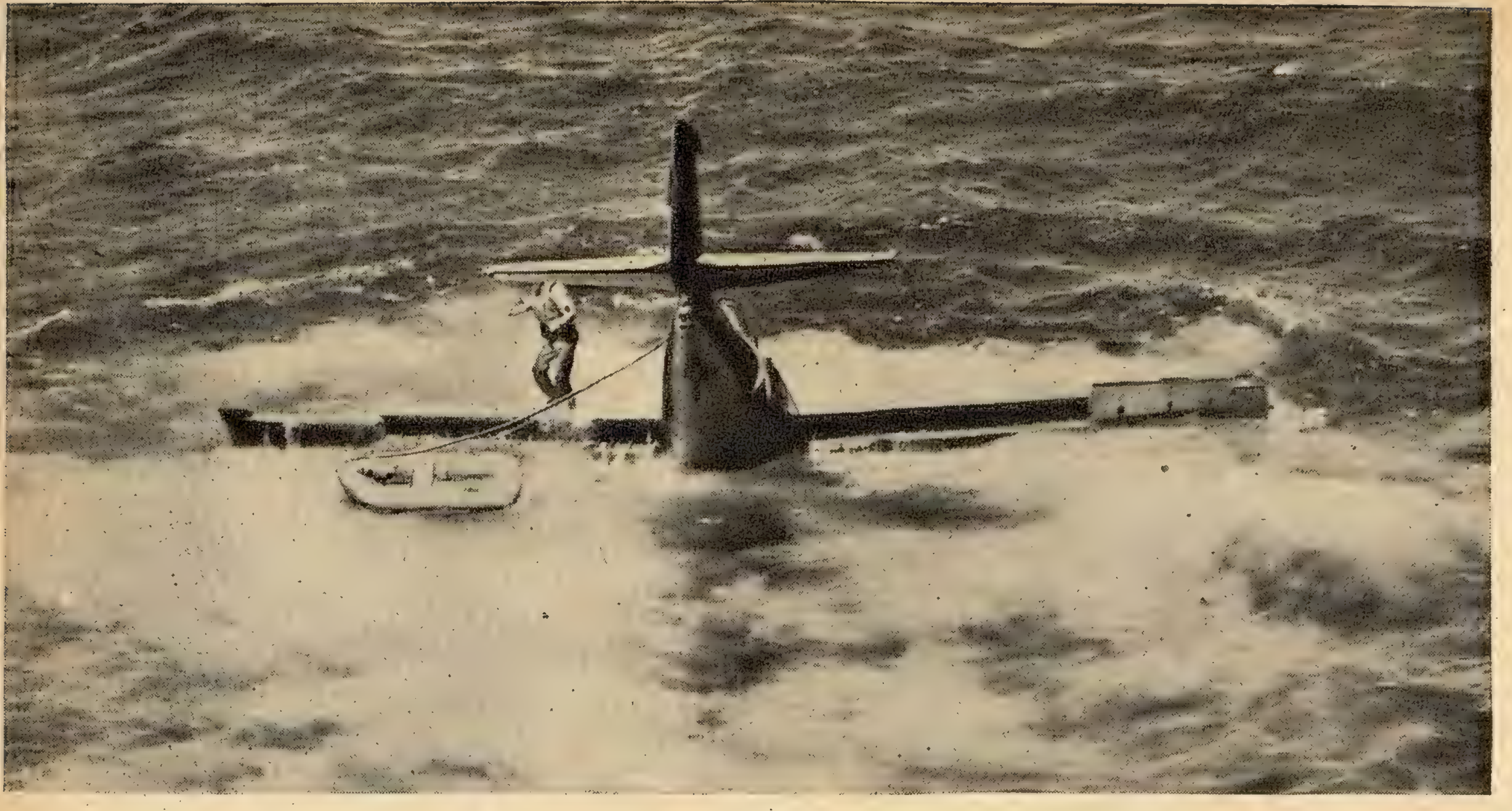
"Only for him I'd never found you," said Luigi, patting his father.

But Angelo shook his head, his gaze far off. He knew who had made Paul Lovejoy take that picture.

"Can you beat it, pop?" exclaimed Luigi. "That paper blew right in my face as I was sittin' on a park bench after breakfast."

"Si, si!" cried Angelo excitedly, getting to his feet. "Madonna *mia*, she is that wind! Come, Luigi, let us go at once to the *molto grande* Captain Breen and tell him."

THE END

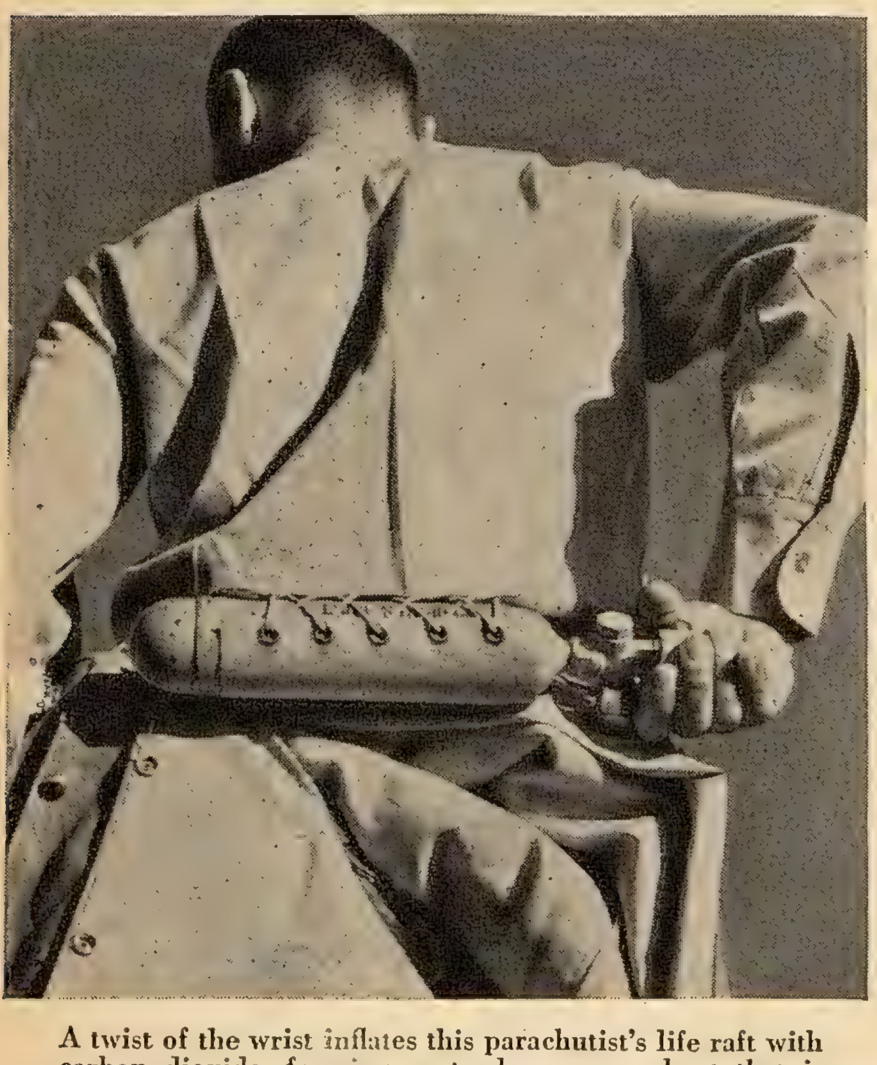


A plane hits the water and instantly a water-sensitive device ejects a Pop-Out raft and fully inflates it with carbon dioxide in a few seconds. Rope keeps raft from drifting away until pilot can climb aboard.

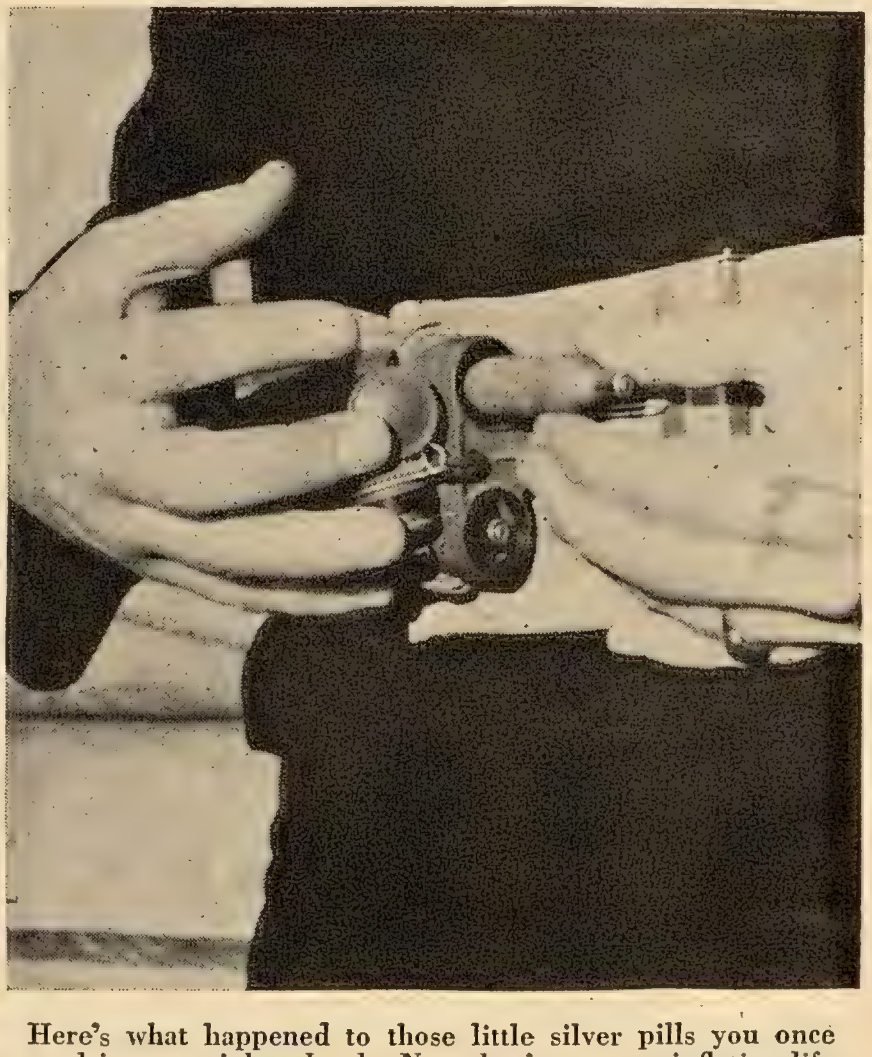
SODA-WATER GAS GOES TO WAR

THE bubbly gas the soda jerk squirts into your glass at the fountain has other uses besides making drinks fizz. It puts out fires. It keeps planes, rubber boats, and men afloat. It pushes down an airplane's landing wheels when the regular operating mechanism is shot away or fails.

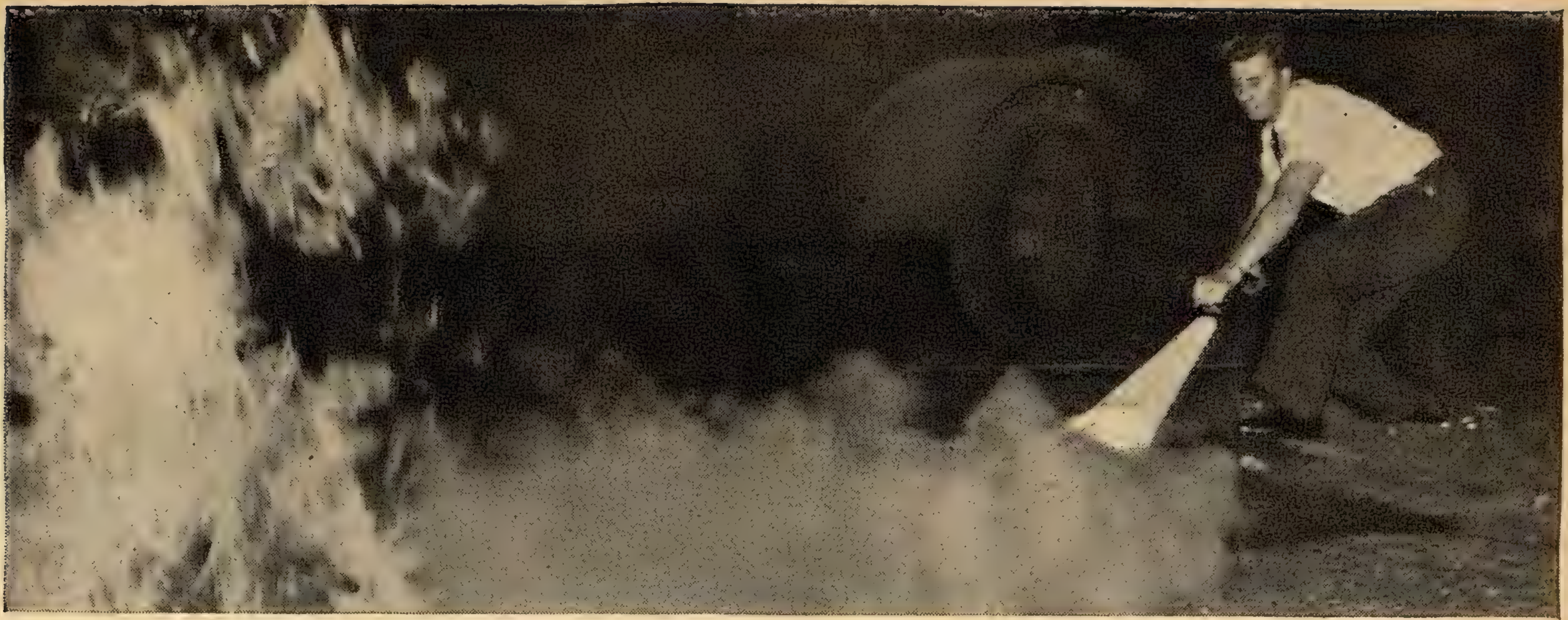
Shown here are some of the ingenious uses of this familiar gas, carbon dioxide, developed for the Army and Navy by Walter Kidde and Company, Inc., New Jersey.



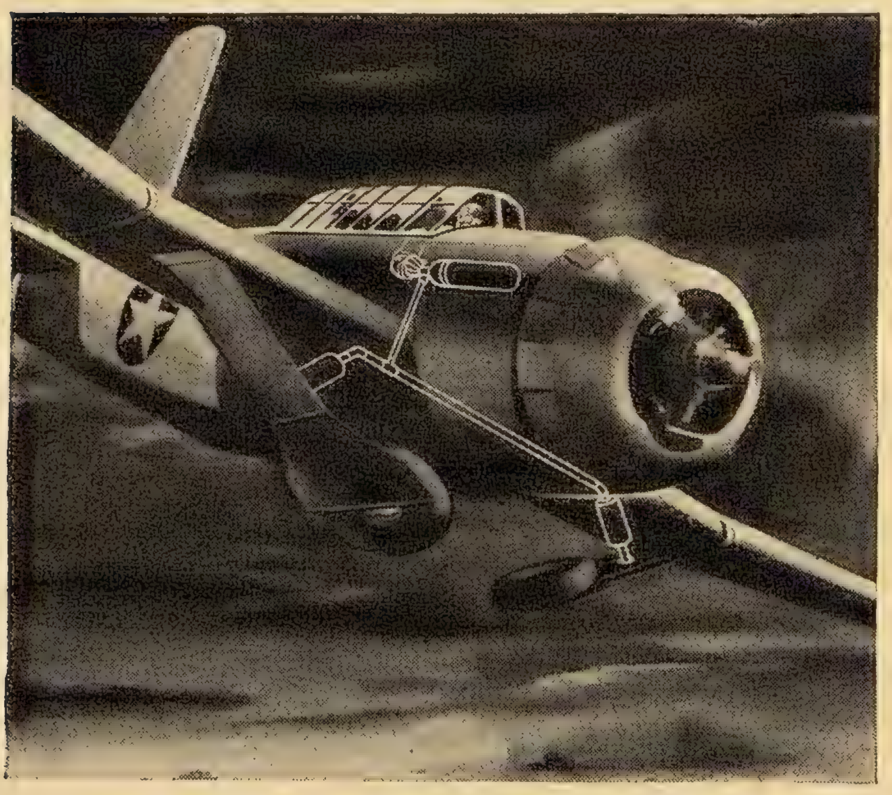
A twist of the wrist inflates this parachutist's life raft with carbon dioxide, forming a sturdy one-man boat that is equipped with sea anchors, bailing buckets, and paddles.



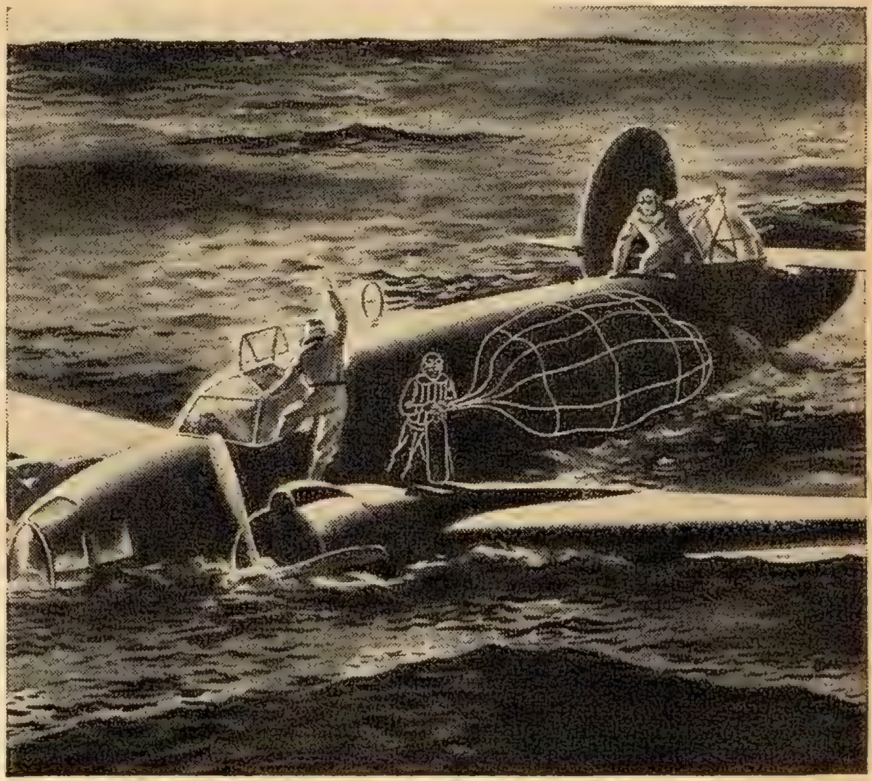
Here's what happened to those little silver pills you once used in your siphon bottle. Now they're at war, inflating life jackets of men who find themselves tossed in the water.



Gasoline blazes at an airport, but it's doused in a hurry by a crash truck equipped with carbon dioxide cylinders and a wide variety of portable extinguishers. Gasoline and oil fires are effectively brought under control and smothered in a few minutes with carbon dioxide.

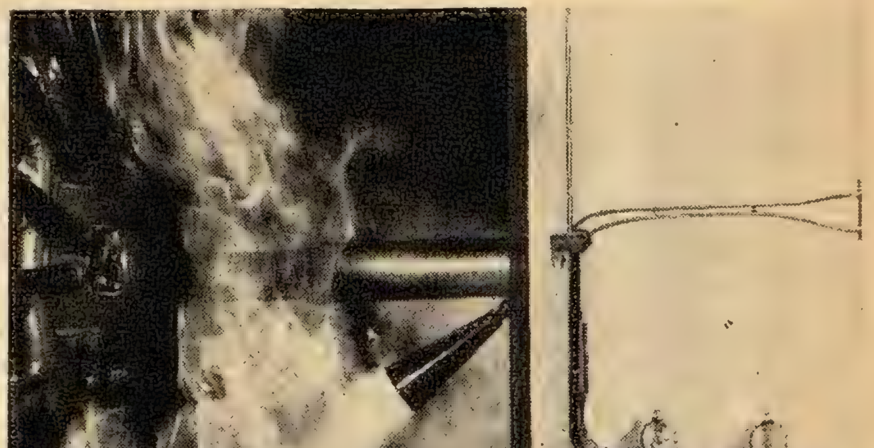


A plane comes in to land, but the mechanism which lowers the wheels is out of order. A twist of the pilot's wrist calls on the auxiliary power of carbon dioxide to save a crash.



Down at sea, but the ship will float at least long enough for the crew to escape, thanks to temporary flotation bags which fill quickly from a cylinder of carbon dioxide.

Hitting the ground hard sets off a switch which floods the engine compartment with carbon dioxide, almost completely doing away with the fire hazard in crash landings.



Fire in the engine compartment of a tank, but carbon dioxide is always on guard, smothering the blaze in a fire-killing storm of gas and minute particles of "snow."

OUR NEWEST SUB-BUSTER

BY A. D. RATHBONE IV

HITLER has a new headache. It is 308 feet long, with a breadth of 36 feet, and Destroyer Escort is the technical name for it.

She's a spanky ship, this new Destroyer Escort. Trim, smart, and sturdy, she resembles no other craft afloat. Her superstructure looks like a cross between an overgrown submarine conning tower and a gigantic tank turret. Save for two slit-ports and a couple of portholes, the wheelhouse, bridge, and charthouse are completely encased in protective steel armor. The two stepped-down gun platforms just forward are among the other features contributing to her vastly different general appearance, especially when viewed bow on. Aft of the bridge are the short mast and the squat stack, flanked and followed by odd-shaped bulges, platforms, and crannies which provide additional gun mounts and space for four torpedo tubes.

For her size, the DE packs a terrific wallop. Her 308-foot length and 36-foot beam place her between a corvette and a destroyer in size. Powered with either Diesel drives or geared turbines, she can show her heels to a corvette and outrun the fastest submarine, but she neither has nor needs the destroyer's speed, power, or armament. She's a specialized craft with a very definite job to perform—seek and sink enemy submarines. This she does, either in convoy work or on a still-hunt patrol.

As the name implies, Destroyer Escorts sail primarily with transocean freighters to guard them from undersea, surface, or aerial attacks. This work has thus far been done largely by destroyers, but with scores of DEs already in service and hundreds more to come, the destroyers will be released for combat duty with the fleet and its task forces, and for other naval operations which only the destroyer can perform.

Although but recently announced, the DE idea was conceived in 1940 by Rear Admiral E. L. Cochrane, now chief of the Bureau of Ships, after spending four months in England studying all aspects of the convoy problem. He visualized a ship larger, faster, and more heavily armed than the corvette; one which would be adequate for the arduous trans-Atlantic work, and which would function in convoy duty as effectively as the destroyer itself.

Navy ship designers put their heads together and came up with plans for a vessel of simple construction which could be built faster and more cheaply than a destroyer. There was no sacrifice of sound and seaworthy qualities in the design of the 1,300-ton Destroyer Escort, and provisions were made to include the latest marine innovations for both warfare and navigation.

As with every new concept of a naval fighting ship, the DE idea underwent the searching scrutiny of design and construction experts. She was verbally torn down and rebuilt scores of times. Armament theories were adapted to the highly specialized job to be done. At last came the first model built to scale, and subsequently tests in the Navy engineering laboratories and ship-model tanks.

Terriers of the sea—that's what they call our Destroyer Escorts. Packed with destructive power, they blast hell out of the U-boat

Meanwhile, December 7, 1941, had rolled around. Instantly the picture changed. Enemy submarines were off our coasts, hordes of them apparently. Freighters were blasted right and left. Every available small ship was rushed into coastal patrol to drive the subs out to sea. The success of that "Dungaree Navy" is now an old story, but good as they were and still are, they can't patrol the outer sea lanes. Most of the vessels which made up the Inshore Patrol of early war days simply weren't built to stand the gaff of transoceanic crossings, and besides, it wasn't safe to leave the coastal waters unguarded. Therefore, sorely as they were needed everywhere else, the destroyers, aided by the largest of the patrol craft and Coast Guard ships, had to do the convoy job. To remedy this situation, the "DE Program" was tagged: "Full speed ahead!"

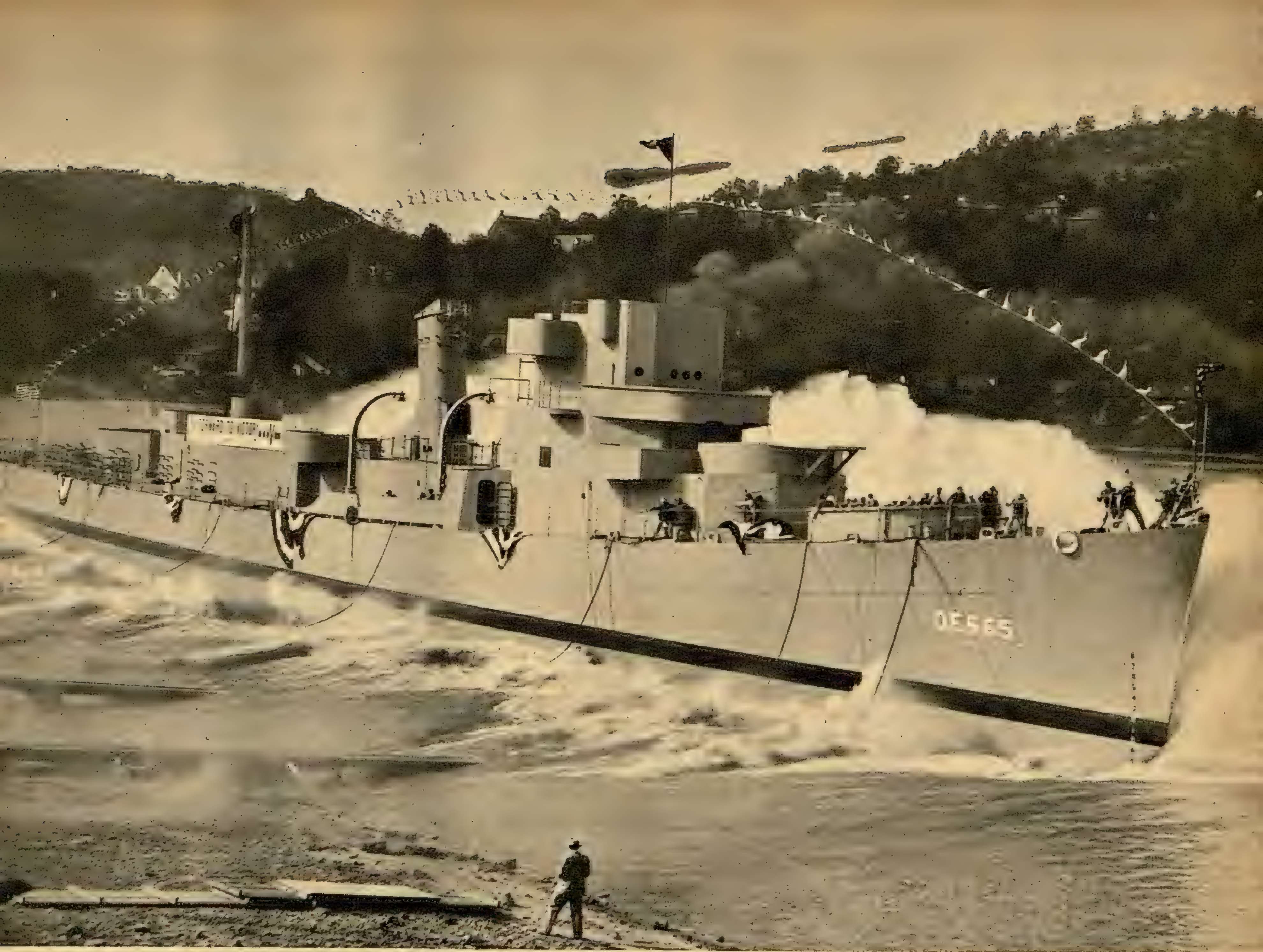
The immensity of this program emphasizes as has nothing else the seriousness of the past, present, and possible future submarine menace, encouraging statements of reduced freighter sinkings notwithstanding. The construction, launching, arming, and fitting out of several hundred Destroyer Escorts is something that could be contemplated only in these days of fabulous figures and near-miracle accomplishments. It constitutes a sizable Navy building program all by itself. But that is only part of the job.

A special ship, like the DE, designed and created for particular tactics, must be manned by specialists. Hunting submarines is no child's play. To combat the cunning, sharp, cruel wolf-pack practices of the Nazis and blast them into Davy Jones's locker calls for good keen men and strong reliable leaders. There is a complement of 185 officers and seamen to each ship.

With no facilities for such a sudden influx of training, the Navy started from scratch a year ago by establishing its Submarine Chaser Training Center at Miami, Florida. Today that school occupies nine hotels and numerous special buildings, and cares for several thousand students. They call themselves the Little Navy. More recently many of the accommodations at the extensive Naval Training Station at Norfolk, Virginia, have been turned over to the education of future DE men. In both institutions the condensed special training requires ten hours a day, seven days a week, for periods of from one to three months, depending on subject matter to be covered.

BY utilizing nearly all the Navy Yards and a dozen or more privately owned shipyards on the coasts and on the Great Lakes, a tremendous construction schedule has been achieved. Application of assembly-line methods and invocation of all the arts and sciences of mass production have brought present construction time for a DE down to about four months, and the Navy hopes to better this in the near future. The ships cost, roughly, $3,500,000 each. It takes nine months to build a destroyer for about twice as much money. Thus we shall soon have double the number of sub-busters for the same expenditure in half the time it would have taken to build destroyers.

The construction and personnel-training portions of the program have been clocked to coincide as closely as possible. As fast as a DE is completed and ready for sea, a full crew of officers and men is prepared to take over. This is accomplished by drawing primarily on the Miami school for officers and key men who have had Navy experience and advanced schooling, and by training seamen, gunners, signalmen, machinists, and other personnel at



The U. S. S. Jenks, Destroyer Escort named for Lieutenant Henry Pease Jenks who was killed in the Solomons, slides into the Ohio River at the shipyard of the Dravo Corporation near Pittsburgh.

Norfolk. For a short time the crews were coming off the educational assembly line faster than the ships were being produced, but that temporary bottleneck has now been overcome and every ten days or two weeks a freshly graduated crew receives its newly commissioned DE.

The skipper of a DE is a lieutenant commander or a lieutenant, and the rest of the command consists of junior officers of the rank of lieutenant or below. While the two sections of the crew are being trained at Miami and Norfolk, the skipper, his executive officer, and various rated seamen report to the shipyard where their vessel is receiving the final going-over. They stay aboard during the fitting-out process and await the arrival of the crew for their practice cruise. Back in port after the shakedown trip, which is a week or ten days of strenuous training at sea, there comes the final check-up of weapons, mechanical devices, and parts. Then a brand-new DE shoves off on her first submarine hunt.

As a stalker of the vicious Nazi *Unterseebooten* the DE is really "loaded for bear." She carries three cannon. The entire gun revolves in a complete circle in order to follow a target, and it can be fired by a trained crew with amazing accuracy and rapidity.

Aft, with similar elevation and protection, is one of the famous 40-mm. Bofors guns, each barrel capable of 120 rounds of two-pound projectiles per minute. This terrific curtain of fire can be effective at 2,500 yards against air or surface targets.

JUST how many of the chattering little 20-mm. Oerlikon machine guns comprise part of the DE armament cannot be disclosed. Suffice it that their muzzles protrude from all strategically available nooks and corners. Each gun has a potential fire power of nearly 400 shells in sixty seconds, so when all the "20-mills" aboard let go into the sky at once, they make it a very unpleasant place for enemy aircraft. And this line-up of ordnance enables the DE to render an equally good account of herself against enemy planes, surface craft, or surfaced submarines.

Then there are the variegated depth charges, the old reliable "ashcans." They can roll off either or both of two long racks on the fantail, or stern; they can begin their short parabolic aerial flight from any number of K-guns that line both port and starboard rails aft of amidships. Each ashcan weighs 300 pounds, and when several go off simultaneously, even at substantial depths, they create a most unhealthy neighborhood. Once it has dropped them, a ship gets away from there as fast as its engines will take it.

Although built primarily to become the submarine's nemesis, the Destroyer Escort also makes use of the sub's own favorite weapon, the torpedo. With torpedo tubes, she is well equipped to deal with the threat of surface raiders—and she can readily become considerable of a menace in the raiding game all by herself.

Besides all these weapons, there are bushels of hand grenades, scores of Tommy guns or automatic rifles, and, of course, extremely plentiful supplies of ammunition. It is easily understandable that Nazi submarine commanders soon learned to respect and fear the DEs, and 'tis said they have orders to shun our new ships. Certainly even attempting to sink one of the Little Navy's DEs will be no Berlin Sports Palast picnic.

(*Continued on page 51*)

GEORGE USES HIS HEAD

George opens a G. I. barbershop, but finds that colonels need haircuts, too. Another adventure of the irrepressible private who turns enterprises into escapades

BY LIEUTENANT STANLEY DISNEY

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

SEEING how George is always bragging how he uses his head, and this is about how he uses it, maybe I ought to start by describing said head. As heads go, it is all right if you like a face with a hard look on a soft foundation, a smile that is most cocky, and long hair coasting clear from the forehead to the back of the neck.

Now, the rest of us in A Battery sport G. I. haircuts, which, as is well known, are most short and sanitary and unhandsome to look at. So this long hair of George's is a subject of much envy and comment.

The first day we are at Fort Bragg, the sergeant tells us to go to the barbershop that evening.

"Do I have to get a haircut?" George asks politely. "I got one only last week before I came into the Army."

The noncom looks a long time at George's hair.

"I am not the one to tell you the facts of life," he says, "but if the captain thinks you need a haircut at inspection tomorrow, you go on the 'gig' list for special duty this weekend. So you better have a haircut yesterday than last week."

Personally, I do not mind how fast or deep they cut my hair, but I wonder about George when we get to the barbershop. And so do the other fellows. Several of them snicker when George walks toward the chair, but George just smiles and hands the barber a dollar before sitting down.

"That is for you, pal," George says. "Take it easy with the scissors and bear down just enough to keep me off the 'gig' list."

Well, I guess it is the first time that barber ever is tipped by a soldier. Anyway he cuts very little hair, apologizing for every snip.

"Thanks, pal," George says, as he walks out. He waves to the guys who laugh at him. "So long, chumps. If you need any hair to keep your skulls from shining, just see me."

I am curious. With me, hair comes a lot easier than dollars.

"A buck tip for a forty-cent haircut is pretty steep, eh, chum?" I ask.

"Not if you use your head, like I do," George says. "Wait till that dance Saturday, and you will see it pays to look like a human being and not so much like a water buffalo as the rest of you chumps do."

Now, I got to admit that about this George is right. This party is what they call a stamp dance, on account of you got to buy a stamp or a War Bond from a girl before she will dance with you. And I notice that, while some of the girls try to sell me stamps, they work strictly on a patriotic basis. Just like they are donating blood. But they all give George plenty of personal attention and long sales talks, and they keep calling him "Curly" and names like that.

"What did I tell you about using my head when I give that barber a buck?" George says to me at the intermission. "Long hair is so rare, these babies all go for it."

I am not paying much attention to George, but am paying a lot of attention to a sweet little fluff alongside, who is very pretty and pink and maybe sixteen. She has blue eyes that are wide open, except when she blinks them like she is trying to hold back some tears. I look at her and I know whom I want to buy my next stamp from. But George sees her, too. And he is ahead of me.

He brushes a curl out of his eye and he smiles at her.

"Is anything the matter, miss?" he asks. "If any one is bothering you, point him out, and Bub and I will reason with the party concerned."

He points to me, and I go red all over. And I swell to my best size, which is big, so she will know how good I am at reasoning. She smiles like she is grateful, but there is nothing we can do.

"Thank you most kindly," she says. She gives her handkerchief a twist. "I am ready to cry because I feel I am not doing my bit and selling enough stamps and bonds. I have sold a lot of stamps, but all for ten cents each. And I bet Susan Mae before I left Miss Zenobia's, which is where I go to school, that I sell more stamps than she does. And I am not doing it."

"Huh?" I say. This does not make sense to me. She is pretty enough to sell more stamps than any one there. She rattles on:

"Susan Mae is the old meanie over there in the blue taffeta, talking with the fat man in store clothes. He is Mr. Stoneman, who owns the Bon-Ton. I can sell more stamps and bonds than she can, any day, if I want to dance with civilians. My daddy runs the bank and they will all be happy to buy a bond from me. But I do not like to dance with the silly old civilians. I like to jitterbug with the soldiers. And they can only buy ten-cent stamps. And that is why I am ready to cry."

She says this so fast I am blinking. And that is all I can do, for I am in an unfinancial condition and cannot buy any bonds. But George, he has already collected A Battery's dice money, and last night he started on B Battery. He brightens and moves right in. He shoves an arm round her and guides her toward the floor.

"YOUR troubles are over, honey baby," he says. "I got about three hundred bucks with me, and it all goes to buy bonds from you. Just figure how I can split that up and get your dances the rest of the evening."

"Will you, Curly?" she asks, with a smile like an AA searchlight. "That will sure be super-duper."

It makes quite a stir when a soldier buys all those bonds. And a white-haired guy with a chin brush, who turns out to be this little fluff's old man, stops the dance so every one can applaud for George. He says he

(Continued on page 48)

"Your troubles are over, honey baby," he says, and shoves an arm round her waist.

The colonel fidgets. George takes a tuft of hair like barbers do. His hand shakes.

"Aircraft astern—coming down out of the sun!" cried the lookout. There against the sun was the black outline of wings.

DESTINATION TOKYO

Far at sea, Quade's thoughts turn to the girl he left behind as action looms and he begins to realize the hazard of his mission. A stirring novel of submarine men and their rendezvous with danger

BY STEVE FISHER

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES R. KINGHAN

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

EARLY on the morning of Christmas Eve Russel Quade awoke to the realization that this was the day he was to board the submarine U. S. S. Copperfin on a secret mission and to an unknown destination.

Though he and Betty—a Hollywood star—had agreed that there should be no good-bys, he resented the fact that she had left their apartment while he slept.

His mind returned to the day, ten years before, when he had first seen her. It was in Tokyo. She was on a world cruise. Russel had made the acquaintance of the lovely green-eyed girl of seventeen by telling her he was lonely and that in all his twenty years he had never visited his parents' homeland, the United States.

She asked him, in the course of the afternoon and evening they spent together, what his ambition was.

"I want to be a diplomat," he said, "and I want to be tops."

Betty had said she hoped to become an actress.

Aboard the Copperfin, Lieutenant (j. g.) Russel Quade met Captain Cassidy, a man of many decorations, won in the war with Japan. Quade was instantly impressed by Captain Cassidy, and somewhat in awe of him, though the captain was still a young man—about thirty-five.

The complement of the sub was six

officers and sixty in crew. Among the crew was Mike Danton, torpedo man, who had taken "the Kid" under his wing. There was Browski, the big, brusque chief petty officer who carried on a constant feud with "Pills," pharmacist's mate. There was "Wolf," so called because of his success with women (that was *his* story!); and "Tin Can," who was off a destroyer; and "Yoyo," a yeoman.

The officers were polite, but Russel felt that, as "extra cargo," he was in the way, and he became impatient to learn what the job was that he had to do for the government.

ON December 26 Quade woke late, the sound of voices and the clattering of dishes around him, the smell of food in his nostrils. He peered over the table at four officers. They were sitting on the side opposite his settee bunk, squeezed together because it was intended only three should sit on a side at one time. They were eating breakfast. The coffee smelled good and there was a strong aroma of bacon.

Quade lay flat in his bunk and wondered what to do. It occurred to him that he did not know these men well enough to bluntly sit up and say good morning. It was undoubtedly unpalatable enough to eat next to a sleeping man. He did not want to be in bad taste. As things stood, they were a little formal. It was not snobbery. He was a stranger. They resented his intrusion, but because he had been assigned to them, they were compelled, out of duty, to be pleasant hosts. It embarrassed him that they were. They went to extremes, made every effort to be nice, yet there remained an aloofness.

His present position was ridiculous. He had no duties, and they had been too considerate to awaken him. (Subconsciously, they had a tendency to permit a man off duty to sleep, since, under way, watching-standing was continuous.)

Quade wished, however, the tendency had not extended to him. By now he could have been shaved and dressed. He cursed himself that he had not awakened of his own volition. To a man who is up, dressed, and fully awake, any one who is still asleep—particularly on a warship—must seem unusually stupid.

And he had slept too long anyhow. His back ached from long hours of lying on it, and his brain was listless. He yearned to get up, to exercise, to become part of the world, even though the world here was extremely limited. He wanted to talk—about anything—to dawdle over coffee with them, to taste that rich good taste only breakfast coffee seems to have.

"Halfway to Japan," he heard somebody say.

"Well, at least we know where we're going," Mathews said.

"And what we have to do."

The sealed orders had been opened last night, then. The captain had had a meeting of the officers. Quade had not been invited. (Lord, was I asleep, even then? Do I ever do anything but sleep? Maybe it's those damned Diesels. Or maybe I'm running away from myself. Sleep is such oblivion! But you can only take so much of it—then your muscles begin to scream and your brain hurts, and you either have to start living again or die.) He knew the fact he had not been called meant the orders did not include him. Well, that was that! He was in for a long trip before he'd be of any use. They'd get sick of him.

It struck him that, sooner or later, every one got sick of him. Well, no, not every one. Betty had never gotten sick of him—everything else, but not that; and there were one or two others who'd never gotten sick of him; and of course there were those, an army of them, that had never stopped liking him but of whom he'd sooner or later grown tired. So now it was to be a long trip and he didn't know how he could adapt himself to these men—this clique. Annapolis, most of them. To them, he thought, a reserve was a reserve, or rather, a reserve was a civilian. He was a damned civilian in their midst. That was the trouble.

Of course, as for getting along, he could always manage to continuously put himself out; that was his business. He could make any one, on any group, like him for a time (or all the time, if he didn't have to see them morning, noon, and night and sleep in their dining room). Personality was his trade, and he was a success at it. In his profession as a diplomat he could sell anything. He could sell America to Berlin. Well, no, not to Berlin. Something must have gone wrong with the way he'd done that, or else he had not sold it to big enough, important enough people. Yes, that was it.

WELL, he spoke German wretchedly and hadn't belonged there in the first place; and besides, his position had been very small there. He saw afterward exactly how small it was. But at the time, at the Adlon Hotel, with Stella and that crowd and going to those parties, the festive shindigs on the Rhine, all the silly hissing Nazi officers catering to him and lying to him, his position had *seemed* big. At least bigger than it actually had been.

But the point was he could sell himself. (Or had they all just been nice to him, all of them simply trying to sell him something; and his vanity telling him he was succeeding because they were gracious, scraped and bowed, and told him their lies?) Well, no matter. He had hated them all thoroughly. They hadn't deceived him. He'd put on quite an act himself.

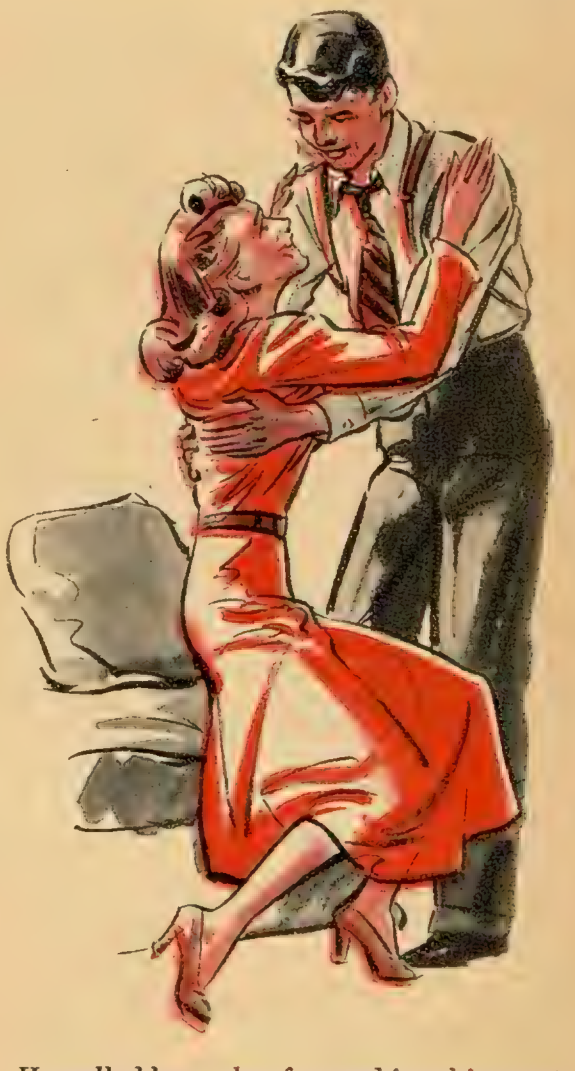
Sometimes he'd thought he couldn't stomach it a day longer. The swastika bunting and the heiling. But he had stomached it, not a day, but weeks and months longer. And that was the beginning of the end with Stella. He didn't blame her. He'd been unbearable. In their room—after he'd searched for hidden microphones (he'd never actually found one)—he'd be unbearable. He took it all out on her; and he took Betty out on her, although she didn't know who Betty was, outside of a name he used to say when he talked in his sleep. Finally she got the divorce. He didn't know where she was now. Still over there somewhere. God help her, she'd liked it. But Germany had never been for him. The French he had admired, but the Germans, at least the petty demigod Germans he had seen, he had not liked. He despised them politically and pitied them emotionally—the strutting and the noise born of hollow inferiority.

He thought now, Maybe it's one thing to sell yourself in an embassy and another in a submarine. Judas—if he was such a diplomat, what was he doing here in bed, afraid to get up? Anyway, what'd he care what they thought of him?

But he did care. It would take doing, this getting up. Deliberately he racked his professional mind for the diplomatic approach. What words to use? Rule One: Remember the character of the people with whom you are dealing. Rule Two: Let them do the talking. Well, they were talking, all right, but not to him. They didn't even know he was awake—so he could throw that out. Carefully, painstakingly, he framed the sentences designed to get him out of bed.

"Cover your plates, gentlemen—and every man for himself! I'm coming out."

He felt this was at least acceptable; but he didn't say it. From one of them it would be all right. But com-



He pulled her to her feet and into his arms.

ing from him it would sound brash. It presumed a familiarity which they had not yet seen fit to grant him. So he did not speak, after all.

Instead, he lay in agony and waited. Once he wondered if the officers were ever going to finish eating. Now Mathews rose and left. He was going on watch. But the others remained. Quade groaned inwardly. They were ordering refills on coffee! His mind began to wander. The sealed orders had been opened. . . .

He concentrated on the air blowers, on the sound of dishes rattling in the officers' pantry, on the thundering water tumbling against the sides of the ship. "Why don't I get up?" But he could not make himself move. He was developing a headache. Lying so still, he began to sweat. He thought that in a minute he would go crazy.

When he at last got up, it seemed absurd that he had not done it sooner. But dutifully he had waited (ten minutes, perhaps fifteen) until two of them left—and with young Mathews also gone, Taber, the engineer, was the only one remaining at the table. He smoked a cigarette. He was pale and his eyes were dark, almost Latin dark. Quade sat up in the bunk and stretched as though he had just awakened, and Taber looked at him.

"Sleep well?"

"Wonderfully," Quade said.

"You looked so peaceful, we hated to disturb you."

Quade put a cigarette in his mouth and lighted it.

"Later it won't be so good," Taber went on. "At first the sea and the engines drug you and you sleep like a baby; but after awhile you get your nerves back."

"I feel drugged all right," Quade said.

Taber was gone now, but a copy of the ship's paper was on the table. He picked it up. It was a single mimeographed sheet. Above a cartoon the paper was headed:

U. S. S. COPPERFIN
At sea Morning Bugle *Dec. 26*
HEADED FOR ALEUTIANS!
Ship Assigned to Operate
In Waters Somewhere off Attu

THERE was no more than that. And yet, Quade didn't know why, the announcement startled him. The stenciled headlines, standing out in bold relief, hit him hard. He'd known nothing of their orders, hadn't the slightest idea where they were going; and now reality came home. Quite suddenly the very bulkheads around him were more real; the throbbing sound of the engines meant something. He wished they would dive. ("Isn't it dangerous to be on the surface?") As Taber had predicted, he'd got his nerves back! He was all nerves now. He gulped his coffee and didn't wait for breakfast. He wanted to talk—to anybody. He went to the bridge.

The captain was there, and the exec. (The exec was lean and tan, and Quade had heard the captain call him "Tex.") Young Mathews was assistant O. O. D. He was built small, but he was square-shouldered and seemed very officious just now with his binoculars.

"Good morning, captain," Quade said. Then: "Morning, gentlemen."

"Good morning," the captain replied. But Tex looked at him oddly.

Quade flushed. "Perhaps I shouldn't be on the bridge?"

"No, it's all right," Tex said. He gave him a slow smile.

Mathews nodded to Quade, too, now. There were sailors on lookout watch, and a quartermaster at the steering lever. The sea looked bright, gray blue, and was capped with froth. For a moment the sparkling water hurt Quade's eyes. He could see the heavy black bow of the sub as it rose and fell and water washed over the decks. The sun glared down, and the shimmering horizon seemed endless. Quade breathed deeply. The air was cool and salty. He glanced at the compass. The captain said:

"I GUESS you know where we're going, Quade?"

"Yes, sir. I read it in the Bugle."

Captain Cassidy laughed. "That's the ship's paper. It gets a new name with every edition." On the bridge he looked immense, Quade thought, even stately.

"Captain Cassidy hopes for action, Mr. Quade," Tex said. He'd noticed Quade looking at the gold on Cassidy's cap. "Those scrambled eggs mean diligence—enough of it for that third stripe. Full commander."

Quade nodded. Tex smiled, explained: "You see, most submarine skippers hold the rank of lieutenant commander. When they get a half stripe beyond that—they're usually booted upstairs to surface ships," he grinned wryly, eying the captain, "or something else."

"What's worse?" Cassidy asked.

"Desk job."

The captain made a face. "I suspect you arranged this whole thing yourself, Tex—simply so you could take my place!"

Tex shook his head. "I could never take your place, skipper. I mean that!"

Cassidy lit a cigarette to cover his embarrassment and Tex turned to Quade. "We were in Annapolis together; he was three years ahead of me in classes, and a dozen years ahead in everything else. Why, he was the hero of the joint! Football. Track. Boxing. You name it! Even regimental commander the last year. If ever there was a man cut out for glory—Cass is he." His adoration of the captain was apparent. It touched Quade because it was so obviously sincere. There wasn't a tinge of jealousy in the exec's whole lank frame. "So when he talks about me stepping into his boots, well"—he grinned—"I thought I'd explain, that's all."

Murder! Murder! Murder!

From the calm hills and woods of the North to the maelstrom of Manhattan comes a girl into dangers undreamed of. If you like your skin to creep, your hair to rise, read the condensation of the thrilling novel—

THE CROSS-EYED BEAR
By Dorothy B. Hughes
Coming Next Week

"You may now quietly jump over the side," Cassidy told him. He smiled, but behind his smile there was a worried self-consciousness. Tex saw it at once.

"It's only the truth. Why hide it?" He turned to Quade. "Hear about the Silver Star?"

"Yes, sir, I did."

"And he isn't interested," Cassidy said.

"He should be," Tex said.

"Let's find another subject," said the captain.

"O. K."

"There should be a lot of Jap ships in the Aleutians," Quade offered. "If we sink a few of them, that'll make it a good last patrol for you, won't it, sir?"

The captain gave him a look. "Our orders are to sink nothing."

Quade was shocked.

"Instead, we have a rendezvous. That's why I'm taking a chance on the surface in daylight—to make as much time as possible."

QUADE asked bluntly, "Whom are we meeting?"

"Bombers. We're loaded up with a cargo of aviation gasoline. We're to fuel them. As I see it, the planes are taking off from one of our airfields in the Aleutians. Their mission is a Jap base a long distance off, perhaps in the Kurile Islands; possibly even closer to Japan proper than Paramushiru—I don't know; that part of the orders is theirs, and secret even from us. But the point is it is such a long distance they can't carry enough fuel for the whole hop."

"And that's where we come in," Tex said. "Being able to fuel from a submarine at sea will give them an otherwise impossible range."

Quade nodded.

"It's a damned important assignment," the captain said.

"But no sinkings," Tex reminded him. "Skipper, they can't do this to you! They can't shanghai you out of the pigboat Navy with a patrol like this one! It ain't right!"

Cassidy said, "I know it." He glanced at Quade. "I like submarines. I never saw a submarine skipper who didn't. That's the hell of it. Years later you get to be an admiral —and you wish you were still aboard one of the damned things."

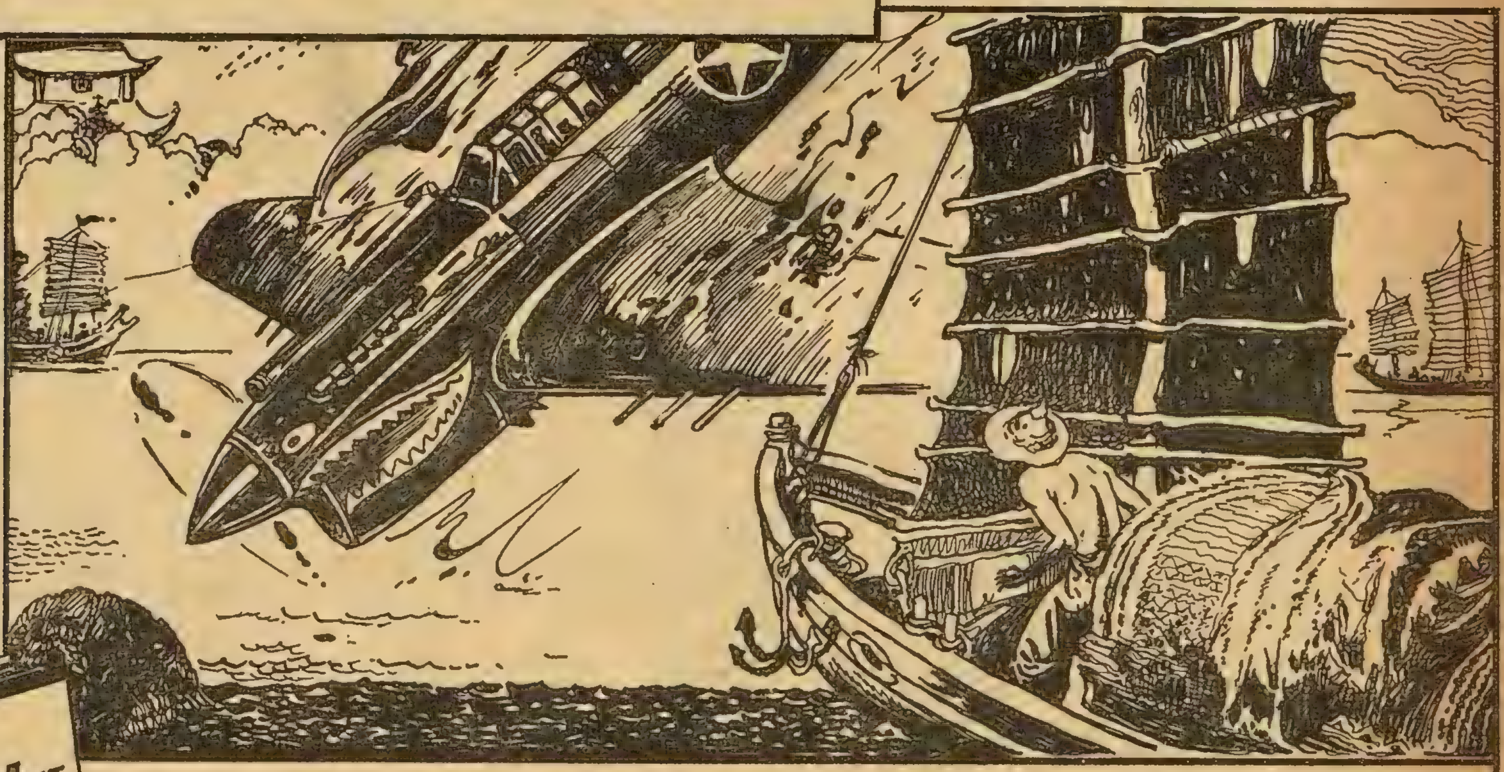
The sun was hot and the captain mopped his face with a handkerchief.

(*Continued on page 63*)

GOD IS MY CO-PILOT

BY COLONEL ROBERT L. SCOTT

ILLUSTRATED BY
JOHN RICHARD FLANAGAN



A
Liberty
BOOK
CONDENSATION
READING TIME
ONE EVENING

THE CRITICS HAIL A BEST SELLER:

"A story crammed with adventure, Colonel Scott's book boils with action . . . a great story of American bravery and ingenuity . . . probably the most exciting story to come out of the war."
—*Saturday Review of Literature*

"Best account of air fighting written in this or any war."
—*N. Y. Herald Tribune*

EVEN the angels in heaven must have shrugged their wings after the few seconds of my first flight. For back home in Macon, Georgia, in 1920, I must have been, even at age twelve, the "vandal" type. There I climbed the steeple of the Baptist Church, and from the belfry took twelve whitish pigeons, carried them to a tent meeting of Holy Rollers, and at the tense moment of fanatic prayer released them. I can remember nearly splitting my sides laughing at what happened. The darkies were rolling on the sawdust floor. They were rolling their eyes and yelling, "Gideon, Gideon—hallelujah—glory, glory!"

But I had reckoned without the old preacher—who had me arrested for disturbing the noisy peace. When I got out of jail, I swore vengeance on the preacher. Early one morning while delivering papers I took a razor blade and cut off fifty feet of canvas from the side wall of the converted circus tent.

I decided to build a glider, and for wing-covering the canvas was ideal. Two of my friends helped me pull it to the roof of a high colonial home in Macon, and, with them steadying the wings, I ran down the sloping roof and flew out into space. With a crack like the closing of the jail door, the wing buckled in the center and I crashed sixty-seven feet into a Cherokee rosebush. That sacred state flower of Georgia probably saved my life.

In 1921 I went to an auction sale of wartime Jennys in Americus, Georgia. As the auctioneer's hammer hit the block for the first time that morning, I opened with my maximum bid—seventy-five dollars! Far in the back of the hangar a heavy voice called, "Six hundred dollars." And to this fat man the Jennys went, one by one.

That afternoon I kept bidding, and as I said "Seventy-five dollars" for about my hundredth time I heard heavy breathing over my right shoulder. I turned to look at

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the man who had been overbidding me, and the deep voice said, "Now listen, son. I'm going to let you have this one for your seventy-five dollars. Get it and get the hell out of here, because I'm buying all the rest for an air line." Anyway, I had a real plane, all crated up. I hauled it home on a truck, and began trying to assemble the parts.

For days and weeks I worked, but couldn't get the knack of it. Finally I received a letter from a streetcar conductor who offered to help me put the Jenny together and teach me to fly and navigate, if I would give him use of the plane for "barnstorming" over the state on week-ends.

The partnership began. He taught me some fundamentals, and I went to Candler Field in Atlanta and took several lessons with the instructors there. One day I trusted myself to take off from the race track of my home-town fairgrounds. I still don't see how I got by with the flight, because I knew nothing about co-ordination of controls or the technique of flying.

All of this ended very suddenly. The streetcar conductor instructor of mine came back to land one night, and hooked the Jenny's right wing on the guy wire of a smokestack. That was the last of him and the last of my Jenny, because they both burned.

Wanting to fly for the rest of my life, I resolved to go to West Point and become a Regular Army officer first, then to be ordered to the Air Corps Training Center.

The greatest fight I had was to get into the Military Academy, for appointments were scarce in the South. I wrote all the senators and congressmen in Georgia, but found they had promised their quotas long before.

Hope of entering the Academy seemed to wane, for I was approaching maximum age limit for applicants.

The next summer—June, 1927—I went to Fort McPherson and enlisted in the Regular Army as a private. Three months later, after a preliminary examination, I began training in the Fourth Corps Area—West Point Prep School. I really put in six months of study there, for there were some eight hundred of us soldiers trying in competition for eight vacancies. The study bore fruit. I kept at the top of the class and in March took the dreaded examination.

One day the general sent for me. He smiled and spoke:

"Son, you have won in the West Point competitive examination, and I want to tell you you're starting out on the same road I started out on a long time ago. Congratulations."

The world was never so sweet. I gained two inches in the chest that day.

At West Point I could concentrate on nothing but the Air Corps.

In 1930 I wrote an essay on flying, and it almost got me kicked out. Because of an accidental zero that I had received, I had been dropped from the first or "bright" section in Military History to the last. The new instructor assigned me the battle of Sandepu—some insignificant engagement in the Russian-Japanese War of 1904-05.

A person with my imagination and initiative, I reasoned, would simply waste his talents on such a small battle. I therefore decided to create a fictitious battle. I worked out an elaborate plan for the battle, and illustrated the monograph with pictures of New York Street cleaners. I wrote under them that they were Japanese soldiers waiting to go over the top at the River Ho in 1905. Lastly, I tied the book in red ribbon at least six inches wide, completed with a bow larger than the monograph.

I was reported for submitting a facetious monograph in military art. For this offense I was brought before a board of four officers known as the Battalion Board—or, as we called it, the "Batt Board." My explanation was that I had no chance of writing an interesting and worthy monograph on the material of the actual battle, and accordingly I had decided to make my battle fiction, and so interesting that it would be read completely instead of merely being graded according to the tradition of the last section. I argued that I had evidently accomplished that purpose, for my grade was perfect.

This explanation had just about won the Batt Board around to my side when one of the board members asked me: "Mr. Scott, I see your point about making the monograph interesting. But what is the red ribbon for?" I looked at him almost with pity. "Sir, how long have you been in the Army?" "For seventeen years," he said. "Well, sir," I said, "in that time you certainly should know about military red tape."

The Batt Board agreed unanimously that I should walk the Area one year. For all that, I finally graduated—even if it was just about as the anchor man.

AND so I came at last to the Air Corps Training Center at Randolph Field, Texas.

In October, 1932, I was assigned to Lieutenant Ted Landon for primary flying training. I must have been quite a problem, with all I thought I knew about flying. In a case like mine, some pilots think they know it all; therefore there is nothing to learn. Others make such an effort to please their instructors that this very eagerness works against them as their own worst enemy—the result of tenseness.

My case was more of this last order. I knew I could fly the ship, but I tried to carry out my instructor's orders even before he gave them.

Now thereby hangs a tale.

One day, at a bare four-hundred-foot altitude, I thought I heard the instructor say, "O. K., Scott, put it in a dive." It looked very low to be going into a dive. Then like a flash I thought I understood: Why, he's trying to see if I'm ground-shy—I'll show him I'm not.

With my teeth clenched and probably with my eyes closed, I pushed that PT-3 into a vertical dive at point-blank altitude. Just as the cotton fields down below seemed about to come right into my lap, I felt Ted Landon grab the controls. We came out just over the mesquite trees, and he roughly slipped the ship into a bumpy landing in a cotton field. He glared at me but said sweetly enough: "Scott, what in the hell are you trying to do—what was that maneuver? I said glide—g-l-i-d-e."

On another day, after about two weeks of instruction, I knew the time was approaching when I would solo. As usual, that realization made me more and more tense. After each bumpy landing he'd look around at me and hold his nose—that was symbolic enough for me. Then, as usual, he showed what a prince of a fellow he was.

Lieutenant Landon got out of the front seat, taking his parachute with him, and I knew the moment of moments had come. He grinned and growled:

"Do you think you can take this thing around the field all by yourself and get it back down?"

"Yes, sir!" I yelled.

"Then take it around and make a landing as close to me as you can."

I had never felt so good. Pointing the ship into the wind, I over-controlled into a normal student take-off and was in the air. I was soloing.

Then, at the fourth leg of my traffic pattern, I began my glide in toward Lieutenant Landon. By the gods, he had said, "Land as close to me as you can," and I was surely going to make that ship stop right by him. Even before I got to the moment to level off, I could see that I would land right on top of him. But the lieutenant was running. Anyway, I missed him and plunked the ship into the ground after leveling off too high.

Looking back over my shoulder, I saw Lieutenant Landon. He was just standing there about half a mile away. Then I made another mistake. He raised his hands and I thought he waved me in—I didn't know until the next day that he had been shaking his fist at me for trying to land right on him.

So I taxied in, never giving a thought to how my instructor was going to get in with his chute. I had parked the plane and was in and beginning to dress when I began to realize what I had done. Looking out the window, I could see him trudging across the hot soil of Texas in the sun.

Well, I nearly worried myself to death that night. But next day he didn't say a word. All day I started to go over and tell him how sorry I was, but I guess I didn't have the nerve.

My time came to ride with him. We went out over the rolling hills of Texas. Then, as we put the ship down on Randolph Field, he taxied to the exact spot I had left him the day before. Looking back at me, he said sweetly:

"Scott, you were kinda inaccurate in your landings yesterday. You get out and watch me. I'll show you what I wanted."

Getting out with a puzzled expression, I stood aside. First he pointed the tail at me and ran the ship up full gun, blowing Texas dust all over me. Then he took off and came around to land. Three times he did this, each time making me run like hell to get out of the way. Just as I was completely out of breath, he landed, looked back at me, and began to taxi in to the hangars—leaving me to the long, hot walk across Randolph Field with the parachute.

I shall never forget the smile he wore as I trudged in past him where he sat smoking a cigar. His look spoke volumes, though he said nothing. I felt good, too, and happy. He could have used no better method to make me relax.

During my flying training I had girl trouble, too. I had a Chevrolet then, and every week-end I just had to see my girl, even if she did live over 1,300 miles away in Georgia.

Week-end after week-end I drove madly across the South from the middle of Texas to the middle of Georgia.

In all of these trips to see my girl over in Georgia I drove 84,000 miles.

WELL, when graduation came at Kelly and I had those wings pinned on my chest, I had the wonderful feeling that I had gone a little way toward the goal I wanted. And then out of a clear sky came orders for me to go to duty in Hawaii. That was pretty bad, because I wanted to get married before I went out of the country, and as yet the girl hadn't gotten her degree from college.

The Chief of the Air Corps came down a few days later, and I walked over and said, "General, can I ask you a question?" "Sure, sit down," he said, and I told him the whole story. He didn't appear to be very impressed at first, but he took my name and serial number, and two or three days later, when he got back to Washington, I was ordered to Mitchel Field, New York.

There I had an especially good break when I got on the Department of Commerce weather flights. I used to have to get up at two o'clock in the morning and take off—no matter what the weather was—at 2.45 A. M.

These flights taught me enough to save my life when the Army took over the air mail contracts a little later in the year.

The weather we flew in to carry the mail during the winter of 1934 was about the worst in history. And we flew through the worst weather in the country. We stepped out of routine flying into something we knew nothing about. I took ships that I had never seen before and flew them on orientation flights toward Chicago.

My most amusing experience came when I took a single-engine plane to Chicago from Cleveland about the last of March. I came in with the new P-16 pursuit ship, expecting to take the same plane back to Cleveland that night. But, as usual, plans were changed.

At the Chicago airport there was a brand-new B-10—a twin-engine bomber, at that time the most advanced ship in the world. I went over to the control officer and told him that I'd tried to get them to let me fly that ship in Cleveland all week, but they had said I was too young.

"Well," he said, "it's your ship now, and you had better learn how to fly it before you take off, because you leave here at two thirty-five in the morning." I called up an officer who was supposed to check pilots out, and he said, "It's got a stick and a rudder like every other plane. You know about as much about it as any of us, so just get out there and learn the cockpit."

I did that, and when they put the mail aboard I climbed in and worked my way out into the runway of Chicago Airport. And I said, "This trip will be a cinch—there are lights all the way to Cleveland."

SO I went down to the tip of Lake Michigan where the lights begin their turn to the east. And then it dawned on me that there were more lighted airways out of Chicago and not just one from Chicago to Cleveland. Anyway, I took a line of lights that looked as if they were going in the right direction, and I went on and on, fumbling around trying to get the props synchronized and running smoothly. About eighty miles from Chicago I looked at my compass and it read 60 degrees. I looked at my map—and I was on the way to Kalamazoo! Until that time, Kalamazoo and Timbuktu to me had been just fictitious names—and now here I was, headed for Kalamazoo with the Cleveland mail.

Swinging down to the south, I found another lane of lights, but I didn't know exactly where I was. I headed on down over the lights until I came to a green one, which meant a landing field, and then I circled around, hoping that I was landing in Toledo but not knowing exactly. When I pushed the cockpit back, I didn't want to embarrass myself by saying, "Sergeant, is this Toledo?"

And then I remembered I had flown a friend of mine over here several days before. So I said, "Hello, sergeant. How is Lieutenant Wold getting on?"

The sergeant looked over at me and said, "Just fine, sir."

Well, you talk about a sigh of relief. I breathed a big, long one—then I said, "O. K., sergeant, take off the Toledo mail."

One night I took off from Chicago and went to Cleveland. They couldn't find the man who was supposed to take the mail on to Newark, so I talked them into letting me take the ship on East. I climbed in and headed out toward the bad weather. When I got to it, following the experience I had gained in the months before, I climbed instead of diving, to hunt for a way through. At 18,000 feet I came out and over the clouds. There were stars and a moon, and down below were the swirling clouds over the Alleghenies, dropping their snow and ice. I went on and on into the clear sky of the night at 18,000 feet, and as dawn came the next morning I started my let-down.

My radio had not worked since I had got into the snow and ice, so I was flying merely by dead reckoning. I let down over northern Pennsylvania and found the field at Scranton, and there I landed. I had coffee with the man in charge and went on toward Newark.

They had long ago given me up for lost, for in that same night two other Army pilots had met their death over the Alleghenies. I felt that something had told me to climb when I got to the bad weather. In a case like that we think it's luck, but maybe it's not. To me something had said, "Get altitude. Don't roam around down here—get altitude and go on."

With air mail over, we went back to our usual duties at Mitchel Field. Things sort of settled down, and I began to make more flights and more automobile trips toward Georgia.

Finally I talked the girl into it. We went on up to West Point and were married. Catharine really fits into this story, because it was the trips over to Georgia to see her, from every place in the United States, that taught me cross-country flying.

From Mitchel Field I was sent to Panama.

On some of my trips down there I would see orchids growing in the tops of the trees. It was the start of a hobby. I finally collected several hundred varieties.

Returning with my field crew in a Bellanca transport on one of these orchid-collecting trips, besides the fourteen men I loaded bananas, oranges, avocados, and limes, and an eight-and-a-half-foot jaguar tied to a pole. There was a sack containing a bushmaster, the most feared snake in all of Central America. There were also ten green parrots; we just tossed them in with their wings clipped and left them back in the tail of the ship.

As that old Bellanca took off I could hear the parrots scratching around inside. They kept working themselves up toward the window of the airplane, and when one of them finally was perched on my shoulder he would try to jump out the window. But the 140-mile-an-hour slipstream was too much for him—it would blow him back.

When I landed at our home base it was quite a field day, a gala event more or less, because Dr. Marsh of the Panama Zoo had come out to receive this cargo that I was going to give him. The thing that pleased him most was the conglomeration of pets and reptiles.

FINALLY, after nearly three years there, I was ordered out of Panama to report to Randolph Field as an instructor of flying students.

One of the most amusing things that ever happened to me while teaching men to fly concerned a man named Belonby. I was teaching him how to glide.

I let Belonby try it two or three times, but every time his nose would drop down and I would keep cautioning him to see that the nose was approaching the horizon. Finally in desperation I yelled, "Hold your nose up, Belonby, hold your nose up!"

But the nose of the ship continued to go down. I looked in the rear-view mirror, and what I saw nearly made me fall out of the ship. Mr. Belonby was sitting back there with his right hand on his own big nose, pulling it up with all his might.

When I first came to Randolph we worked only half a day. But as the belief that war was coming got into a few American people, we began working all day, and I was moved up to flight commander and taught instructors. As the years rolled into 1939, I was moved to California to become assistant district supervisor of the West Coast Training Center.

War was getting closer and closer, and I was getting farther from combat duty. Finally, after war had opened on December 7, 1941, I began to write generals all over the country in an effort to get out of the training center. I wanted to fight. I could well remember the years and years I had trained in Panama with the 78th Pursuit Squadron; I had always been too young to lead an element, a flight, a squadron, or anything. Then suddenly I was told that I was too old—imagine that, at age thirty-four!—to fly a fighter plane into combat. Then, when the future looked worse than at any time in my life, a telephone call came from Washington, from a colonel.

"Have you ever flown a four-engine ship?"

I answered immediately, "Yes, sir." I had flown one for a very few minutes—at least, I'd flown it in spirit while standing behind the pilot and co-pilot—but that was the only time I'd ever been in the nose or in the cockpit of a Flying Fortress. His next question was, "How many hours have you flown it?" I told him eleven hundred. There was no need to tell a story unless it was a good one.

After giving this information, I went back to waiting with my hopes way up. One night in early March, 1942, they came true—and to me they read like a fairy tale, too good to be true. I was to comply with them immediately, reporting to a field in the Central States. There I would receive combat instructions.

Next day we got the household goods packed. We piled on an eastbound train and left California.

Reaching my assembly point for instructions, I found that I was reporting to Colonel Caleb V. Haynes, one of the greatest of big-ship pilots. The entire group of officers and men made quite a gathering. I learned that they were all picked men and that they had volunteered and almost fought for places on the crews of the Fortresses. And as I heard the explanation of the flight from Colonel Haynes I saw the reason for their excitement.

This was a "dream mission"—one that was a million kinds of adventure rolled into one.

We were to fly thirteen four-engine bombers—one B-24 and twelve B-17Es—to Asia. There we were to "bomb up" the ships after we had gone as far east as we possibly could, and then were to bomb objectives in Japan.

Our planes were in Florida being made ready for combat, but we were obliged to go by way of Washington, for the purpose, astounding in war, of securing diplomatic passports. Visas were obtained for all countries we were to fly over and through—Brazil, Liberia, Nigeria, Egypt, Arabia, India—and China especially! Visas—to go to war!

The instant I landed in Florida I hunted out my ship—a B-17E. I climbed into the control room and met my crew. The co-pilot was Doug Sharp, another dark-haired Southerner. Doug was an ideal flying officer and it was to him that I first turned for advice. Don't forget that as yet I hadn't flown a B-17E.

Introducing myself to my co-pilot, I said, "How about showing me how to fly this ship? I want to see how to work these turbos and such." He merely grinned at me in disbelief. "Aw, colonel," he said, "you can fly the thing—why, you taught me to fly."

Eight men made up my crew—eight good soldiers who had volunteered and who wanted to hurt the enemy.

As soon as we could leave the west coast of Florida, we loaded up and crossed the state.

As we came toward the last field we were to land on in the U. S. A., something strange met my sight, something that made the blood pound a little harder in my temples. There, along the entire beach of Florida, was a jagged black line—the clean sand of Florida's beaches had been made black and terrible-looking by the oil from many tankers sunk by the Axis submarine war.

On April 4 we landed at Natal, our jump-off point for the South Atlantic crossing, at 12.25 E. W. T. This was to be a real day's flight, for we were not to be able to spend the night at Natal. Our run had to be made without stops, except short ones for fuel. For all practical purposes, then, we had 3,700 miles to make in one day. We waited until darkness for the take-off, to ensure our arrival on the west coast of Africa in the light of early morning.

On the drive to the airport I talked casually to the entire crew. They were all anxious to get into the air and get on with our mission. One person whose confidence I was especially trying to get was my navigator. I tried to impress on him the realization that I was going to have explicit confidence in his navigation, for I knew that in many cases older pilots are hard to change from dead reckoners to the more modern and efficient method. Jack took the talk well, worked hard over his charts, and told me the initial course was 81 degrees.

I got aboard last and slid into the left-hand seat. I nodded to the co-pilot and he started the four engines. As I felt the big wheels draw up into their wells, I heard Jack, the navigator, say, "Off at ten three G. M. T."

ALL about was darkness. I didn't even see the beach as we went over it, and I was momentarily disappointed at missing my last possible glimpse of the Western Hemisphere. Just the same, we'd gotten off with a load of nearly 60,000 pounds and were rolling toward Africa.

The miles lengthened out behind us as we kept a course very little changed from the one we'd started with. In four hours the navigator told me we'd made 700 miles.

The radioman called to us to listen on the command set—that the music from Rio was hot as hell! I switched over to the big set, and as we passed over the very center of the Atlantic I did very gentle turns with the big ship, as if it were S-ing in rhythm with the jazz. Jack gave me another "fix" and said we were halfway across.

We had reached what we called in pilots' lingo, "the Point of No Return." You see, from here on it would be farther back to South America than on to Africa.

All about us now the night was beautiful. The moon had got back over behind us in the west. I could hear part of old Kipling's ballad of East and West keeping time with the steady roar of the engines. "We've ridden the low moon out of the sky."

As the dawn of April 5 came, we went downhill, from 11,000 feet to 1,000. At this low altitude we skated along over the calm sea, looking ahead for land with anxious eyes; for after nearly 2,000 statute miles of ocean flying we were tired.

Then something queer happened. We had been flying approximately 81 degrees all night, but suddenly the navigator called on the interphone and said, "Change course to 135 degrees." At that time I was munching a sandwich—and, boy, I nearly dropped it!

I looked over at the co-pilot, and he had heard the new course, and appeared puzzled too. I looked down at the sea, wondering why in hell we were making such a radical change in direction. Then, just as suddenly, I remembered that I had told this navigator that I was going to go by what he said. So I changed to 135 course.

We went on that way for thirty minutes while Doug and I anxiously waited for the navigator to tell us another course to fly. When he did tell us, it was some other crazy change, 145 degrees or something, and I said, "Doug, you take it a minute. I'm going down and see what's the matter here."

I went down into the navigator's compartment.

"Look here, Jack," I said, "we've been doing all right, we ought to hit Africa in about an hour, and we suddenly make a change of about 90 degrees. What's the matter?"

Jack frowned and said, "Well, colonel, I don't know—"

I distinctly choked before I was able to ask, "What do you *mean* you don't know?" And the terrible fear that came to me was like this: Here we were in a wonderful ship with nine men supposed to be trained as a team and on the way to war. How could we afford to lose something like that in the Atlantic?

I looked back at Jack and said, "What did you do? What are you doing? We've been flying a straight course?"

"I made a mistake," said Jack. "When I set my watches last night in flight after we took off."

WELL, I didn't know what to do. I went on back to the left-hand seat in that Flying Fortress, and I think I staggered a bit. I know I stared out of the window and didn't know what to say. Then I told Doug about it.

I felt like crying; I could feel the tears in my eyes. Then I came to a decision. I told the co-pilot to go down and bring the chart up; we'd take a look at it.

Pretty soon Doug came back from the navigator's room with the chart of Africa's west coast. Now, if you'll look at the coast of Africa on the western side you'll note that we were heading for the big bulge north of the equator. Well, I took a ruler and drew a line from Bathurst down through Accra. I drew a perpendicular bisecting that line, and assumed that we were out in the Atlantic on that bisector. When you're lost, you've got to assume something definitely. Then I measured the angle of that line in toward Africa and found it to be 60 degrees. Looking over at Doug Sharp, I said:

"Well, Doug, there's only one thing, and I'm going to do it. I've been flying long enough to know that the only way to get any place is to fly in a straight line, and that's the way we're going to fly."

The farthest we could have been from the hump of Africa was around two or three hours' flying time. I looked over at the co-pilot again and asked him what was the best thing to do—throttle the engines far back to save fuel, or go on as we were? "Throttle them back," he said.

An hour passed. I looked at the fuel gauges, pulled back on the throttles a little more in order to use less gasoline. I felt my throat kind of choke up. But we held to that course of 60 degrees. The minutes dragged by, and every time I looked at the fuel gauges they seemed to be going toward the empty mark so fast that I thought there must be holes in the tanks.

Two hours and fifty-five minutes from the time we had begun to doubt ourselves, something lurched through the rain clouds. At first it looked like a big black funnel, and I grabbed the controls and prepared to turn out of the way, for this was the latitude of waterspouts. Then, with a start, I felt the gooseflesh of excitement break out all over me, a shiver of pure thanksgiving run down my spine. For I could see trees on the black object, and I knew there were no trees on waterspouts.

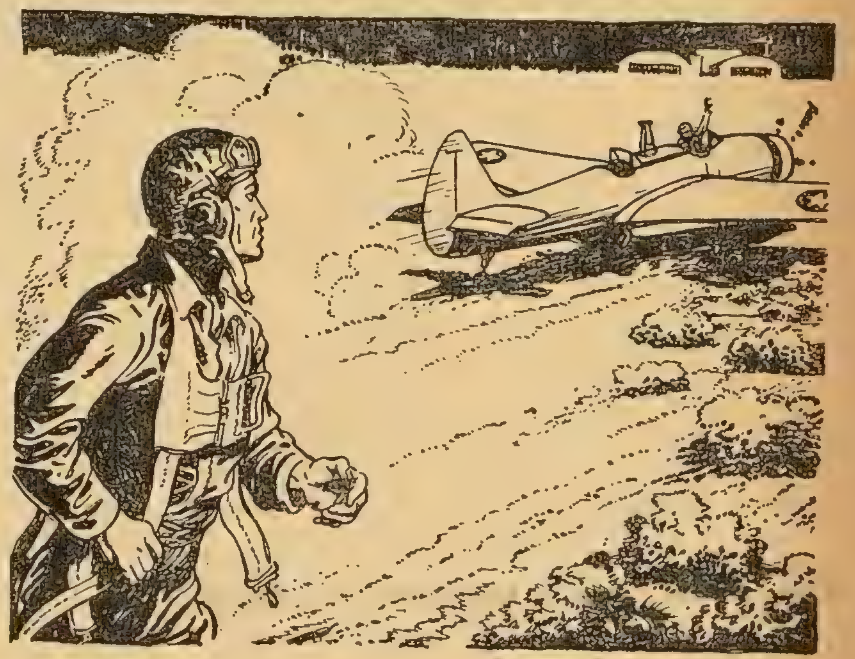
It was a hill, and this was Africa!

We didn't know exactly what part of the country it was, and it didn't much matter. I looked at the chart of Africa and at the area we were probably over. The contours showed only two outstanding hills along the coast, one near Freetown, and one at Fisher's Lake, Liberia. It seemed too good to be true that we could have hit Fisher's Lake, Liberia, for that is very near the point we were heading for. I said, "This, I believe, is Fisher's Lake. The town is supposed to be over there to the left."

So we circled over, and there was a town right where it showed on the map.

Then the possibility of another check occurred to me. Two nights earlier, a classmate of mine had left Natal, piloting one of the B-17s in our flight. Reaching Africa, he had encountered thick haze and had set down on a level beach at Fisher's Lake, Liberia.

The last test, then, would be to go down low and look for the marks of this other Fortress's wheels in the sand. As I dove over the long beach near Robertsport I saw them long before I expected them. I yelled again—for this had absolutely identified our position.



Something else impressed itself upon me here. I remembered the night when I had been lost in a bomber loaded with mail on the Kalamazoo-Chicago lane of lighted beacons. To avoid giving myself away, I had asked a question about a friend of mine at the Toledo field. That man had been Lieutenant Wold—the same man who as Colonel Wold had made the forced landing on the beach at Fisher's Lake. Coincidence? Accident? I don't know.

We climbed out of the Fortress and stepped upon Africa at 11.05 G. M. T.

Well fed but on the tired side, we left the base at 13.35 for our next destination farther down the coast.

On April 7 we left the Gold Coast for Kano in Nigeria. We landed at the old walled city that afternoon. To waste time before our next take-off, we walked into town to see the ancient city of Biblical days. Soon we found ourselves dodging camels, lepers, and Ali Baba—with his more than forty thieves.

None of us ever determined whether or not this Ali Baba was a descendant of the Arabian Nights original, but we did learn of a great decision that he had lost in a financial battle with some ferry pilots from the AVG. These men were members of the famous First American Volunteer Group under General Chennault, who were fighting the Japs in Burma.

In their travels they had passed through Kano and had made the acquaintance of Ali Baba, the rug, ivory, and snakeskin merchant. They had priced Ali Baba's ivory and other commodities, and had not been able to resist the temptation to use their Chinese money as American dollars. After all, it was plainly printed on the Chinese national currency in English: "Made in U. S. A." Of course it didn't matter that the Chinese money was called "CN" and was worth anywhere from one twentieth to one fiftieth as much as the U. S. or "gold" currency.

So the AVG pilots bought their souvenirs and then presented Ali Baba with stacks of CN in tens, fifties, and hundreds. The old merchant took the new Chinese bills and slowly shook his head.

"American, eh? But the picture is strange. George Washington I know, Abraham I know, but this picture I do not know."

Now the picture on the Chinese CN was that of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, but one of the AVG quickly said:

"Aw, good gracious, Ali Baba—that's our old President. He's already been President longer than George Washington and Abraham Lincoln put together. That's Franklin D. Roosevelt—and that's a brand-new fifty-dollar bill."

Ali Baba took the money, and when he found out his mistake he probably tried to bite himself.

On April 8 we left Khartoum for an easy run to Aden. Next day we'd make the run on to India.

The British garrison commander took care of us that night. But around the dinner table there suddenly dropped a blanket of despair. The London radio announced that Bataan had fallen. Again the fear of being frustrated in our effort to take the offensive clutched my heart. It seemed that once again help had been started too late.

Next morning we got up an extra hour early for the take-off. We followed the Arabian coast over the blue water of the Arabian Sea to the Gulf of Oman, and then crossed to Karachi. Our orders were to wait at Karachi. And now for two weeks we anxiously waited, while the rumors flew.

I think I shall always associate India with my first impression on getting out of my ship. No one seemed to know anything. No one stood there with orders to expedite our departure.

Slowly the realization sank in that our mission was canceled. I have never seen thirteen crews of bombers carrying so many broken hearts. Morale dropped like a stone.

NEW orders came for Colonel Haynes and most of us in the ill-fated "dream mission" to report to a remote base in eastern Assam, on the India-Burma border, to run the A. B. C. Ferrying Command. This Assam-Burma-China transport command was for the purpose of carrying supplies to China and Burma, to make up as much as possible for the fall of the Burma Road.

Our first job was to begin the construction of other fields in the area—for our job was that of being ferry pilots for both the Chinese Army and General Chennault's AVG down in Burma. Colonel C. V. Haynes was boss, and I was his executive officer.

Even with the hardships, we enjoyed the assignment—for, after all, Burma was just over the Naga Hills, and they said a war was going on over there. Down in his heart, each man really wanted to do something to stop the Japs from their rapid movement to the north through Burma. But we had no fighters and no bombers. The small amount of good that we figured we were doing was barely enough to keep our morale above the sinking point.

One day, while I was acting as co-pilot for Colonel Haynes, we headed for Kunming. We had some ammunition and food for the AVG at Loiwing, especially a bottle of whisky to be left as a present for General Chennault.

The air-raid alert came just as we were talking with the general. He didn't even change expression, but calmly said, "Guess we're going to have some Japs—you-all had better get those transports off the field."

We started the Douglas up and took off for China. A few seconds later the Jap bombers arrived over the field. The AVG radioman, "Micky" Mihalko, called, "They're bombing hell out of the field!" Then, in lighter vein, he said the Japs were falling like leaves. Every now and then we could hear one of the AVG say to some unlucky Jap, "Your mother was a turtle, your father was a snake"—and then the rattle of .50-caliber guns over the radio.

At Kunming we received a radiogram that changed all plans. Colonel Haynes and I were ordered to leave immediately for Shwebo, Burma, down on the Mandalay-Rangoon Railway, and evacuate General Stilwell's staff.

I guess we were both a little bit nervous as we peered ahead for any little dot that would mean a Jap. Flyspecks on the windshield—and you get lots of them when flying as low as we were—scared us many times.

Finally, straight ahead, I saw a lone column of smoke and thought it was Shwebo. The Japs must already have bombed that too. We kept right on going, expecting any minute to see about eighteen Zeros on our tail.

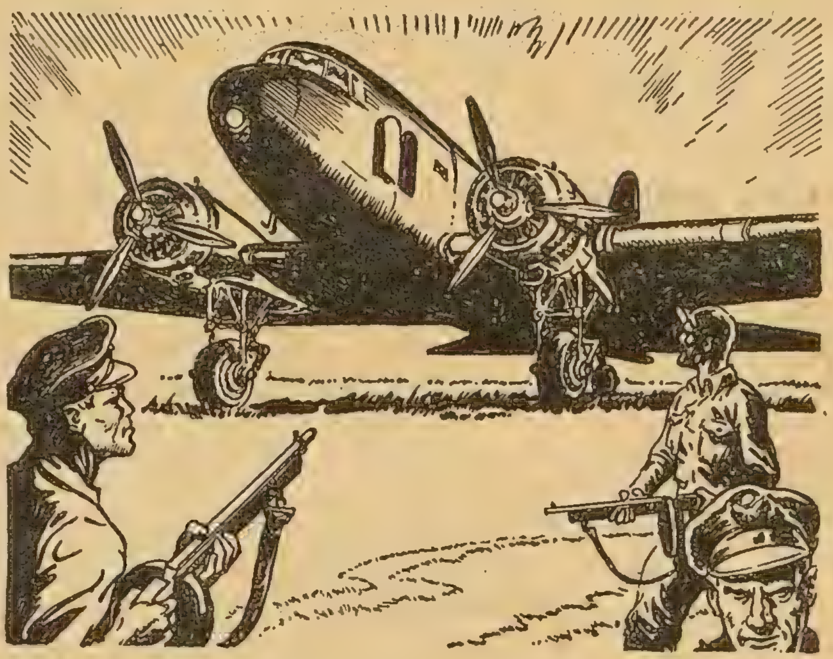
Then I saw them, high overhead—three planes. But I almost sighed in relief, for they were only Jap bombers—no fighters yet. We kept on low, trying to find the field. After searching for several minutes we realized that we were looking into the smoke of the wrong town. Shwebo was ten miles south. Shwebo was burning too, and, as we learned later, had been bombed only minutes before we arrived.

So once again some hand of Providence had intervened—had made us mistake Kinu for Shwebo and waste a little time circling.

Colonel Haynes saw the field at Shwebo and pulled the big transport around like a fighter, slipping her in and sitting her down like a featherbed. You could hear the staff officers and the soldiers yelling, and see them throwing their tin helmets in the air.

While Colonel Haynes went for General Stilwell, I stationed the crew around the ship, and we watched the sky with Tommy guns.

A few minutes later a jeep drove up and C. V. Haynes jumped out, saying that most of the staff was on the way behind him but that General Stilwell wasn't going. At my look of surprise, he added that the general was going to walk out—that he refused to be evacuated by air. We wanted to take General Stilwell out, if we had to use force. After all, he was the commanding general of all American forces in China, Burma, and India, and we knew he was to have a very slim chance of walking out to India through Burma.



We loaded the anxious staff and took off for Calcutta with over forty passengers. We planned to come back that night and take General Stilwell out, if we had to trick him into getting aboard. But when we came back we found that all had been evacuated except wounded British and American soldiers.

General Stilwell, with a few of his staff, had gone on to the north on the long trek to India by way of the Uyu and Chindwin Rivers to the Manipur Road. For weeks no one knew where he was.

One of the wounded officers in this last cargo handed me an itinerary that the general had given him, and I resolved to try to drop food and vitamin capsules to the party as it made its way to the west.

But though we began next day to fly into Burma to contact General Stilwell's party, again we found that there was many a slip 'twixt the cup, etc., even when one had an itinerary. We were never able to contact him, but we continued to drop food to every party of refugees we saw.

Then, about three weeks from the day we had flown down to get the staff out of Shwebo, I met General Stilwell and his tired group at the little Tinsukia railroad station. I told him that practically all the Air Corps officers in Asia were waiting for him outside.

That night we had the greatest gathering of generals' stars that all Assam had ever seen. There were Wavell, Alexander—who made on that occasion the classic statement, "The situation in Burma is very confused"—Brereton, Naiden, Bissell, Stilwell, Hearne, and Siebert. Burma had at last fallen.

The evacuation of the Chinese armies from Burma to India and China now gave us more adventures in the A. B. C. Ferrying Command. It was our job now to drop rice, salt, and medicines to these thousands of starving soldiers.

Once, when it was clear enough to see the surrounding country, I was aware of a strange sight—white cattle, the bullocks of the East. It started me to thinking: How could people starve when there were hundreds and thousands of cattle in northern Burma?

That afternoon we loaded on 4,200 pounds of rice to land at Fort Hertz and went over the Naga Hills to Burma.

Captain John Payne stayed back to unload the ship and I walked down the trail to contact the general of the Fifth Chinese Army. I wanted to ask him if he was getting the rice, and find out why he needed rice when there were bullocks all around.

General Ho took me about three miles down the road that led to Suprabum, and I counted fifty-five bodies of soldiers who had died either of cholera or from starvation. As I walked among them, with the harsh smell of death in the air, this Chinese general told me that his soldiers had been killed trying to get bullocks from the Burmese. The Burmese are Buddhists and it is against their religion to eat meat or to see sacred bullocks slaughtered.

Following the defeat of the Allied armies in southern and central Burma, the refugees poured to the north and to the northwest. Those who kept coming north finally wound up on Myitkyina's small field, anxiously waiting for aerial transportation over the remaining hundred and ninety miles to Dinjan.

Some of the loads that ferry pilots packed into those DC-3s would have curdled the blood of the aeronautical engineers who designed the ship. It was constructed to carry a full load of twenty-four passengers or 6,000 pounds. Carrying the refugees, we broke all the rules and regulations, because we had to.

I always carried out fifty or more, and one day I counted seventy-three getting out of one ship. A young pilot by the name of Lieutenant Sartz broke all records, as far as I know. One morning he took off with seventy-three, and on landing, the British Customs counted seventy-four. En route over the Naga Hills a baby had been born.

The Japs finally strafed Myitkyina with heavy force and got two British transports that were on the ground. From then on Myitkyina was an enemy-occupied field, but I managed later on to give it lots of hell with a fighter.

ON April 27 the AVG had to leave Loiwing. One day about that time I went over to see General Chennault, for I had a question I wanted to ask him—I still wanted to fight. Though this Ferry Command was important, I'd been trained for a fighter pilot. And here I was, just sitting up there in a transport like a clay pigeon for the Japanese.

Even with only one fighter ship in the sky with our transports, I knew I could give the boys in the transports just a little more confidence.

I told the general that I wanted one single P-40 to use in India and Burma. I knew they were scarce, but I would promise him that nothing would happen to it, and the instant he needed the ship I would fly it back to him in China. The general smiled.

By the twinkle in his eyes I knew that I had won my case. He said, "Some 40s are on the way from Africa now. You take the next one that comes through. Use it as long as you want to." That's the way I got the single fighter plane that was to work out of Assam.

Three P-40Es or Kittyhawks came to us from Africa on April 29. Two went on to Kunming for the AVG, but one stayed with me.

That morning I found a painter. Buying red and white paint from the village, I had him paint the shark's mouth on the lower nose of the Curtiss Kittyhawk. The sharp nose of the spinner looked like an arrow to me—the nose that sloped back to the leering shark's mouth. At sight of the wicked-looking blast tubes of the six .50-caliber guns in the wings I felt my chest expand another inch.

Very proudly I taxied out for my first take-off in the new Kittyhawk. During the test flight over the dark green acres of Assam tea gardens, sweeping low over the Brahmaputra and then climbing steeply for the Naga Hills, I contemplated with keen anticipation the wonderful days that lay ahead.

When I landed and had taxied back to my niche in the heavy jungle trees surrounding the field, I climbed out and reverently patted the ship on the cowling. The P-40 was fast becoming a personality to me.

Next day I tested my guns and dropped aluminum-powder practice bombs. I needed a lot of this gunnery and bombing, for my life was very soon to depend on it.

ON May Day I began the greatest month in my life. I flew every day in that long month, sometimes as many as four missions a day.

May the 5th was one of the big days in my life. Waving good-by to Gerry Mason as I taxied out, I saw him hold his thumb up to me to wish me good hunting. North of the airport at Lashio I saw two groups of troops in marching order. I would have strafed them immediately, but I was afraid they might be Chinese.

Then I momentarily forgot about the troops—for in the northwestern corner of the field at Lashio was a ship, later identified as a Mitsubishi, Army 97. It was being serviced, for there were four gasoline drums in front of it.

Hurriedly I began to shoot. My first shots hit in front of the plane. I released my trigger as I pulled out of my dive, just clearing the trees behind my target.

Keeping the ship very low, I turned 180 degrees for the second attack. This time I did better. I saw my tracers go into the thin fuselage and then into the engines. It was on fire. Foolishly then, I pulled up to about 600 feet. If there had been antiaircraft fire, I know now they would have shot me down.

Keeping very low again, I turned east and found the Burma Road, turned up it, and started looking for the columns which I now knew were Japanese. I approached them from the rear, fired from about a thousand yards, and the road seemed to pulverize. I held the six guns on while I went the length of the troop column and caught the trucks. There were only six now, but I fired into all of them, and two I saw burn immediately. On my second pass, as I S-d across the road, I shot at each truck individually, then turned for the troops again. As I pulled up I could see the black plume of smoke to the south—my first enemy ship was burning fiercely.

Next day, May 9, I made four raids into Burma. On the first of these I came in right on the treetops, strafing the antiaircraft guns on the field at Lashio. On the second run across the field I felt and heard bullets hitting my ship, but didn't see their origin until nearly too late. Down close to the west end of the field, almost under the trees, were Japanese ground soldiers. They were grouped into two squares like the old Macedonian phalanx, and were firing rifles at me. I turned my guns on them and could see the .50-caliber fire taking good toll from the Jap ranks.

Leaving Lashio, I went to Katha looking for a Jap train on the railway, but succeeded only in gathering a little more ground fire. In less than an hour I took off again and made a shorter trip to Mogaung and Katha, searching without success for a train.

And now, to close the big day, I got in the air again and set my course for the bridge on the Salween about twenty miles west of Paoshan.

I had turned south toward Lashio and was flying through a moderate rain when, down below on the Burma Road, I saw a troop column marching south, probably toward Chefang.

The troops below me were Japanese soldiers. I turned to the side to watch them—they were in heavy rain, and from the standpoint of their own safety they were in the worst possible place on the road. The Burma Road was cut out of red Yunnan clay, and there were steep banks on both sides of the column.

I turned my gun switches on and dived for the kill, sighting carefully through my lighted sight. My tracers struck the target dead center, for I had held my fire until the last moment. The six .50s seemed to cut the column to bits. I think it was in my third pass, as the Japs seemed to be giving up the effort to climb off the road, that I decided my ship would be called "Old Exterminator."

As the May days drifted into weeks, I made up little schemes to fool the Japs. I'd make my two, three, or four mission flights a day with the fighter. But I'd go early in the morning with the spinner on the "shark's" nose painted white, and I'd attack Lashio or Mogaung from the south. Later in the morning I'd strike from the west, with the spinner painted blue. By the time I made the fourth sortie, with the spinner a fourth color and my approach from a fourth direction, I'm sure the Japs didn't know where I came from—and most certainly they didn't guess that the American fighter force in Assam was composed of one single Kittyhawk. If they had they would have been forced to do something to "save face." For at the moment, with me drunk with the wine of my first combat, the Jap was losing face.

DURING this month I went to China as much as possible to talk to members of the AVG. I'd corner some of these Flying Tigers and ask them questions, for I longed for the day when I'd get to fly on attacking missions with them.

In the beginning they were reluctant to answer my questions or tell me the secrets of their success in combat. As George Paxton put it, Didn't the Army know everything? "Seems like to me," he said, "every Army officer we've seen out here knows all the answers."

When he found out that I was serious, and that my ambition was to get over there and fly with them and learn combat from them, so that in the end I might teach it to our younger pilots who would be coming out, he told me things that I would never have learned otherwise.

I learned that the Jap ship would outmaneuver anything and would outclimb the P-40 four to one. "But that doesn't matter," Paxton said. "The P-40 is the strongest ship in the world. It's heavy as hell, but that makes it outdive just about anything, and it'll outdive the Jap two to one. And with the six .50s in the new Kittyhawks we outgun anything."

Word had come now that the AVG, with General Chennault as commander, was to be inducted into the Army Air Corps. But, from what I had gathered from the few newspapers we had received and from rumors that filtered through, I knew that not many of the AVG were going to accept.

The induction of the AVG had hit a snag, from poor judgment on the part of one man. It seems that some one had lined the boys up for a fight talk on the glamour of induction into the Army, and had used very little tact. He recited newspaper stories intimating that the AVG fought for the high pay of Camco—between $600 and $750 a month. This salesman went on to state that he sincerely hoped the AVG would accept induction, because if they didn't, and when their contracts with Camco expired, they would probably find their draft boards waiting for them when they stepped off the boat that carried them back to the United States.

A large percentage of the AVG are reported to have got up and walked out on the speech. I know that from that day on they taught the Chinese coolie boy on the refueling truck jokes about that reverse sales speech. The boy was trained by some of the AVG—who were leaving China—to run up to every transport that landed and, as the passengers got out, to repeat an unprintable American expression aimed at the speechmaker.

Handled in another way, I believe that every one of the AVG who was physically able would have stayed. But, as it was, five of the greatest pilots in the world stayed with the group when their contracts expired. And those five were enough.

I went back to India and continued my single-ship raids on the Japs. I began to hear from home in the States that I had been written up as "The One-Man Air Force." From an egotistical standpoint I felt the thrill that a normal person would, but by this time I was beginning to realize that one man and one ship in this type of warfare meant very little.

In the days that followed I sank barges filled with enemy soldiers, bombed enemy columns, and strafed enemy soldiers swimming in the water from the barges I had sunk. There is no substitute for combat. You've got to shoot at people while you're being shot at yourself.

When my imagination failed to supply new tricks like painting the nose different colors and changing the number on the fuselage, I got Sergeant Bonner and my armorer to attach a 500-pound demolition bomb under the little fighter, for I was planning some real damage to the Japs.

My greatest bombing day came late in the month of May, when I dropped four 500-pound bombs at Homalin, down on the Chindwin, where the Japs seemed to be concentrating. Early in the morning I headed south with the heavy yellow bombs, slowly climbing over the Naga Hills and through the overcast, topping out at 15,000 feet. Luck was with me, as it usually was in my single-ship war, and I found the overcast barely a hundred feet thick. I could drop the bomb and then climb right back into the overcast, no matter how many Japs came to intercept.

Soon I saw my target—and sure enough, there were loaded barges coming out of the broad Chindwin and heading for the docks of Homalin. I continued circling against the clouds at 11,000 feet.

I let the four barges get almost to the makeshift wharf; then I dove from my cloud cover. As I passed 3,000 feet the nearest barge went under me, and I began to pull out and count: "One—two—three—pull." I felt the bomb let go as I jerked the belly-tank release, and I turned to get the wing out of the way so that I could see the bomb hit.

The 500 pounds of TNT exploded either right beside the leading barge or between the barge closest to shore and the docks. All four of my bombs did some damage, and I was quite satisfied.

In British Intelligence reports I read that Radio Tokyo had mentioned Homalin. The Imperial Japanese Army had evacuated Homalin because of the serious malaria that was prevalent there. Anyway, I always like to think that my four trips to Homalin with four 500-pound packages of good old American Picatinny TNT had something to do with the monkey-men's deciding that the malaria was too bad along the Chindwin.

My raids with Old Exterminator continued through May and into June. Some of the flights into Burma were just a waste of gasoline; I would see nothing. I'd have to come back then, and, gingerly letting down through the dark monsoon clouds, land the 500 pounds of TNT as if I had a crate of eggs aboard. After all, we didn't have bombs to waste.

EARLY in June I did have one exciting trip. The Japs were building a bridge over the river N'umzup, some forty miles north of Myitkyina. The very afternoon the report reached me, I went over and strafed the engineers at work on the bridge. And I nearly got shot down, for the efficient Japanese had moved in their antiaircraft with the bridge crew. When I landed at the base, I helped the ground crew count the thirty small-caliber holes in my ship. My cap had one hole in it, though luckily it had not been on my head but back in the small baggage compartment of the Kittyhawk.

I cussed about the cap and loaded the ship for another run on the bridge. Then I went right back to Dinjan and had Sergeant Bonner strap on a nice 500-pound bomb with a delayed-action fuse. At any rate, the armament men told him it was a ten-second delay fuse.

I came in to the target from the west, with the sun right at my back. I flew so low that I was afraid the little windmill on the nose of the bomb would get knocked off by the bushes. And then, as I saw the bridge, I let the bomb go.

All hell broke loose.

You see, the bomb hadn't waited ten seconds to go off—which would have given me just that long to get out of the way of the explosion. It had gone off almost immediately, and as a result I'd been just about blown out of the sky.

When I got home and could get my breath again, I asked Sergeant Bonner to find out from the armament men what in hell was the matter with the bomb. He brought them back with him, and the ordnance expert told me that he hadn't said ten seconds delay but one tenth second delay. Just one hundred times less delay than I had expected!

As the June days passed, Colonel Haynes was moved to China and I was left alone as commanding officer of the Ferrying Command. On the day the cheerful Haynes left, I felt as if I had lost my best and last friend. My morale got pretty low. And the rains got worse. I remember most of the Southern boys would argue with the Northerners on the old familiar subject of the whys and wherefores of the Civil War.

From over near Sadiya we had gotten eight elephants, tame ones, and were working them to move heavy timbers. There was an old Southern sergeant who took good care of the pachyderms. Even when he tied the chains to their legs at night, he would wrap the links with cloth to keep them from chafing the thick skin of the big beasts.

Another sergeant came by one day and looked the stalls over with a quizzical eye.

"Say, Micky," he called back as he left, "you're taking too good care of those elephants. You're going to get 'em so comfortable that the Yankees will come down here and free 'em."

On the 20th of June members of the Army Board that had been appointed to induct the AVG passed through Assam. That night, when I got home from my trip into Burma, I was handed a radiogram. I was ordered to report to Kunming, China, to General Chennault, as commanding officer of the 23d Fighter Group, which was to be activated from the AVG on July 4, 1942. I knew I was the luckiest man in all the world.

When I had received my official instructions from headquarters in Delhi, and had been wined and dined by good friends, I went on over in transport, expecting to come back later and ferry Old Exterminator, who by this time needed a new engine, to his new home.

During the four days that followed I took over the military equipment of the group from the commander of the squadron that was based at Kunming, and I got my headquarters staff organized.

Later in the week I heard that Old Exterminator was ready with a new engine. But with the report came another—that the engineering officer had stated he knew nothing about that ship 41-1456 belonging to the Chinese government. It would stay in India, he said. I went on and flew back to India in one of the P-40Es that we had just received from the factory that repairs them in China.

Landing on my old base, I waited until dark, and then had the numbers on the ship that I had flown in exchanged with those of my old fighter. For morale purposes alone, we had to have that ship in the 23d Group.

So, early the next morning, July 3, 1942, "me and the old Kittyhawk" wended our happy way across the hills and jungles of Burma to Kunming and more adventures together.

I kept sweating out the organization of the group, and finally on July 17 I received orders from the general to proceed to Kweilin and take charge of fighter operations.

The first thing I did when I climbed out of my fighter was to look around at the country. Colonel Cooper and I—Cooper had been in the movie production business—used to discuss the peculiar beauty of the place, and he'd say that it would make the greatest location in the world for a moving picture.

It was flat tableland country, and over the ages it must have been under water. From the level plain rose vertical rocky hills, like stalagmites. These 1,000- to 2,000-foot sentinels gave the valley an eerie appearance that always subdued my general feeling of cheerfulness. Add to this a summer temperature of over 100 degrees, a humidity of almost 100 per cent, and a fine powdery dust that gagged you, and you can realize that Kweilin was not a summer resort.

There was just the single runway for the planes, cut between those silent needles of stone. We had operations office in one of the natural caves, and the radio set in another.

HERE in Kweilin I first had explained to me the air-raid warning system on which we depended. The warning net is, of course, secret and cannot be discussed in detail. There may be a coolie sitting on a city wall watching for airplanes or listening for engine noise and reporting it with a visual signal. There may be a mandarin in a watch tower; a soldier in a field with a walkie-talkie radio. All reports finally get to the plotting board in our cave or operations shack. There Chinese interpreters get the reports and move little pin flags along the map of China—and we know where every enemy ship is in our territory and can see where ours are.

When the Japs come, we know at what altitude they are approaching and from exactly what direction. We know their speed and their numbers. It's kind of a joke, too, that in several places we know when the Japanese roll their ships from their hangars or revetments, when they start their engines, and when they take off.

People have asked me what made me able to shoot down my first Jap, and probably they expected me to say that I had practiced on tow targets until I could put every shot in the black. I must have disappointed them. For, if any one thing more than another enabled me to meet the Japanese fighter pilots in the air and shoot them down while I escaped, it was an American girl. I learned to be a combat pilot by flying all over the Western Hemisphere to see an American girl. I went from every state in the Union to Georgia to see her. I answer the question further by saying, "No, ma'am, I didn't learn it in school. Why, my greatest victory in the air was on a cross-country—that's what we call a navigation flight." And there's the story.

Early one morning—July 31, 1942—I took off from Kunming headquarters to return to the eastern theater at Kweilin and Hengyang. In just a little over two hours I arrived over the point above the clouds were Lingling should have been.

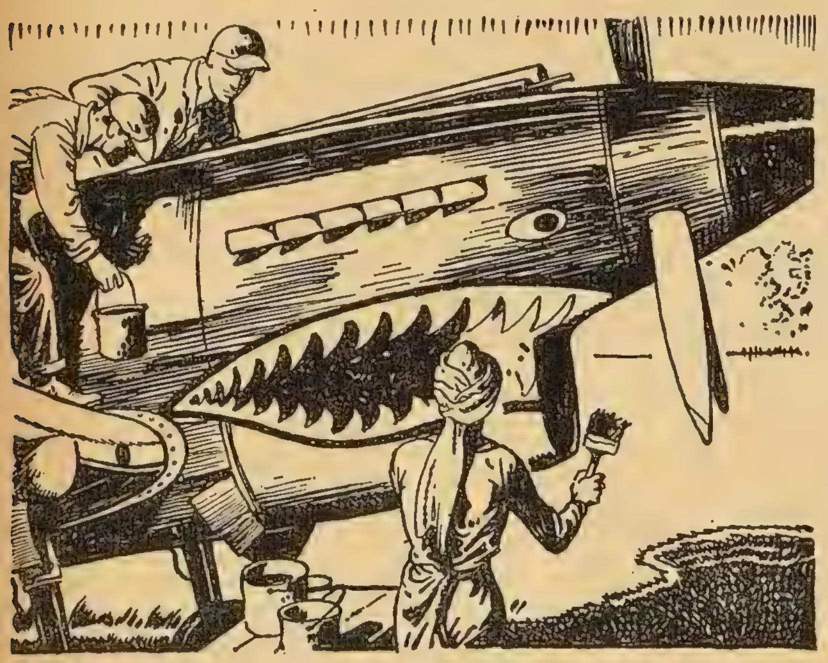
I called Lingling over the radio, but before I could get a reply, Sasser, the operator at Kweilin, broke in with an "alert" warning. He said: "Chinese net reports noise of enemy airplanes coming up the Canton-Hengyang Railway at high altitude. Last report, Section A-5." Looking at my map, I saw that I was very close to that section. But at the same time I was really not oriented as to position, and was into the last twenty or so gallons of my fuel. What was I to do?

As I considered it for the second that was necessary to make up my mind, I remember thinking that my loss of this ship would be justified if I shot a Japanese ship down.

Calling to Sasser, I told him I thought I was just east of Lingling and very close to the Jap formation, and was going to try to intercept. I dove down until I was just over the tops of the clouds, at 17,600 feet. I dodged in among the tops of the fluffy cumulus, looking ahead for the first sign of the black silhouette of an airplane.

I'll never forget. I had just looked at the fuel gauge for the hundredth time, and as my eyes left the instrument board I saw an enemy airplane—one silhouette. I saw that on our courses we were going to meet head-on.

The other ship was now much nearer and closing fast. It was a twin-engine bomber and was right down low over the clouds, just as I was. He didn't see my ship, and I kept hidden by the clouds as much as possible. I felt my left hand go to the instrument panel to turn on the gun switch. Then, as I looked at the red switch, I saw that I had evidently turned it on without being conscious of the act. The enemy ship came on, "mushrooming" in my vision. Our relative speed of approach was perhaps 500 miles an hour.



Then, just before I pressed the trigger, I saw the other planes—two enemy fighters above and behind the bomber. I nearly stopped my aiming from the surprise of seeing them. They were about 3,000 feet above the bomber and were weaving back and forth in loose formation. I saw the square wing-tip that told they were Navy Zeros. Then I was shooting. The tracers seemed to go toward the enemy all right, but now the Jap came into my sights so fast that I don't know whether they hit him then or not. I dove right under the nose of the twin-engine ship, and I'll bet he was one surprised pilot.

As the ship crossed over my head, I pulled around in the tightest turn I have ever made, mushing down in the clouds a good distance, and that must have hidden me momentarily from the fighter escort. As I came out, the bomber was completing its turn opposite to the way I had turned, and I moved in for a full-deflection shot—a shot possible when the other ship is crossing your path at 90 degrees.

But now I saw tracers all around me, and felt a couple of hits. The Zeros were shooting at me. One of the enemy fighters dove in front of me, and I got a snap shot at it from a hundred yards. I dove under the bomber again, and with the speed that I gained tried to make a belly attack. I got in another shot burst and felt some more hits on my ship.

As I pulled up, the Zero that had been shooting at me made the mistake of rolling at the top of his climb, and I dove at him and gave him about 200 rounds with a no-deflection shot; I know the burst hit him badly. I shot at the other fighter from long range as he tried a head-on run. But the clouds were worrying the Japs—they seemed to have trouble seeing me. As my dive at the Zero built my speed up, I turned toward the bomber again. It saw me and started a turn to the right. I snapped a short head-on shot, and saw the tracers hit the big wing, the fuselage, and saw the glass stream from the canopy. I just squeezed the trigger and "froze" as the bomber seemed to come back toward me.

But the bomber was going down. I didn't pull up as I went past him this time, but dove steeply. When I came out of the dive I looked back for the Zeros, but they were not to be seen. Above and behind me, the bomber was spinning slowly in flames.

Finally remembering my fuel supply, I breathlessly glanced at the gauges, and they were all bouncing around on—EMPTY!

I turned a little south and saw the welcome red clay of Lingling. I started feeling happy then—I'd been in the air on a cross-country for nearly four hours and knew that I'd shot down at least one plane. I put the wheels down and landed without the engine's dying, but the mechanics said they couldn't see any fuel in the tanks.

I flew on to Hengyang that afternoon, and with Lieutenant Cluck in a jeep we drove to Leiyang. With Chinese guides we climbed on foot over the rice paddies, built on the hills, toward the scene of the crashed plane. Even before we'd covered the ten or more miles that we had to walk, I saw evidence of the airplane. It seemed as if every coolie that came toward us was carrying a piece of the Jap plane. I looked in vain through the wreckage for a Samurai sword, which is the souvenir we value most from the Jap.

The surprise was that another plane had now been found several miles from the bomber. It was supposed to be a fighter, being smaller, and it had burned upon crashing.

My first aerial engagement started a story in Delhi to the effect that I had engaged an enemy bomber over China and, regardless of its escort of two Zeros, had shot it down. It had crashed into the ground, and when they located it they also found the two Zeros, which had dived into the rice paddies at the tail of the bomber, one on each side. Thus had the embarrassed pilots committed hara-kiri, for they had lost face by having the ship that they were escorting destroyed.

Well, it was a laugh. But I'm fairly certain the one Zero didn't commit suicide—I'm prone to believe that some good honest lead poisoning from six .50-caliber American machine guns had a lot to do with it.

Major Tex Hill was the squadron commander of the outfit that I had come to live with at Hengyang. He was a blue-eyed Texan, lean and lanky, six feet two of fighting blood.

Tex was the most truthful man I ever met—even his subconscious thoughts were truthful. He used to tell me that one day, after Madame Chiang Kai-shek had pinned a medal on him, she had asked him the next time he shot down one of those Japanese planes to please think of her and dedicate it to the people of China. Tex of course said, "Yes, ma'am."

I imagine that most any man among us would have said "Yes" to the Madame, and the next time we shot down a Jap we would have told the great lady all about it. But not Tex Hill—he was too honest for that. He told me, "Colonel, I promised her that, and I really meant it. And I've shot down about twelve Japs since that promise four months ago. But, you know, I never can remember to think about her when I'm in a battle—I'm too busy."

THINGS kept right on happening at Hengyang.

Just when the full moon in the clear sky would begin to light the ground like daylight, the telephone would start ringing, the Chinese interpreters would begin to stick the little flags into the map, and we'd know that the Jap was on the way. Off we'd go and into the sky.

General Chennault got us to pick the best and most experienced pilots for the night interception missions. We'd use two to four ships and place them at different altitudes over the field, and wait for the Jap in the light of the moon with our lights out. On this particular night Johnny Alison was at 13,000 feet, and 1,000 feet lower we had Ajax Baumler.

Then I saw the five bombers against the moon. They were at 13,000 feet—Johnny's height, and I listened for him to say that he saw them.

For a full second, as the enemy bombers moved toward the target that was our field, all was quiet, and I wondered if Johnny had lost them in the darkness. Then I saw him, so close to the enemy ships that he seemed to be in formation with them—and clearly over my radio I heard Johnny Alison say, "Watch the fireworks!"

Six lines of tracers went into one of the bombers and glowed brighter than the exhaust fire. The first Jap bomber trailed fire, slowly turned on its back, and spun crazily toward Hengyang, right over the town.

On the ground the mechanics and the Chinese interpreters had a grandstand seat for one of the best moving pictures that has ever been—except that this was real.

The lone fighter now was sliding over behind the other bombers, and the second one was exploding and turning over. The third one tried to turn, seemed to hang for seconds against the full moon, then dove in flames in a pitch that got steeper and steeper. Several thousand feet below our level it exploded and burning gasoline fell with it. The light of the three burning bombers combined with the brilliant moonlight to make the night like day.

But something was the matter with Alison. We could see his ship, and it was not flying normally.

Then we heard him say that he couldn't make the field and was going to sit down in the river. He skimmed over the Chinese junks on the river, and I saw the splash as the P-40, with its wheels up, hit the Siang Kiang.

We came in and landed now, and we gathered together fast with the boys who had stayed on the ground, and talked about the great battle.

I sent Captain Wang, our salvage man, out to see if he could get any news of Major Alison. Just when we had really given up hope, we heard the sound of sharp explosions. All of us ran out of the alert shack, to see the strangest sight that we ever saw, even in China.

A procession had entered the field. The Chinese sentry had passed the crowd of people and was himself holding his thumb in the air, calling, "Ding-hao—ding-hao." In the midst of the procession and surrounded by children shooting Chinese firecrackers in celebration, was a sedan chair carried on the backs of the villagers of Hengyang. And Johnny Alison was in the sedan chair—smiling.

OUR salvage crew worked and worked at the job of raising the P-40 from the bottom of the Siang Kiang. During all the work of the Americans with windlass and block and tackle the Chinese villagers, who had offered their services long before, smiled and stood by. We went on and failed for three days, and then to the persistent Chinese we said, "O. K., go ahead."

We watched them float raft after raft of long thick bamboo poles to the buoy that now marked the spot where Johnny's fighter had sunk. I saw them pull themselves down into the river with ropes tied to the fighter, taking with them an eighteen-foot length of bamboo. They would slide this under the wing of the ship and lash it into place with grass rope. Hundreds of times they did this, until a perfect mat of bamboo was under the entire wing of the little P-40. Toward the second day's close, I went out to watch their tireless labor. Suddenly there was a movement among the rivermen to tighten the four cables that tied the fighter to the barge, and I saw the canopy and the prop of Johnny's fighter ship rise above the surface of the river. Involuntarily I cheered. Days had to pass before an engine from another damaged fighter could be installed. But in the end it flew again in combat against the Japanese.

We didn't win all the time. Sometimes we lost, even when we traded one for ten. We lost because the Jap could replace his lost planes; we could not. It was more than losing ships—sometimes our pilots died in the unequal battles.

One day in August, Johnny Alison was leading six P-40s to intercept a larger number of Japanese. When interception was made, the Japs had fifty-three planes. Johnny circled in the sun, waiting for the opportunity to strike. Then it came. He dove through nine of them, and his six planes shot down four of the enemy. In his second attack, the litle force of fighters knocked down another Zero. But one of the P-40s was in trouble. Johnny realized the danger too late, but went to help the pilot, whom he knew by then to be a boy named Lee Minor. The Zero rode the American fighter's tail and shot it down with cannon, and the P-40 burned.

As we drove out along the highway that afternoon we were hoping by some fluke that Minor had bailed out, but we suspected that we were merely being optimistic. Finally we saw it.

Four Chinese coolies were walking toward the nearest village carrying an object lashed to poles—carrying it in the old way of the East, with the poles over their shoulders. It was Lieutenant Minor, and of course he was dead.

We took Minor's body to the Catholic mission across the river, and bought one of the old, ancient-looking Chinese coffins, made out of wood about six inches thick, with corners that turned up like a pagoda roof; they must weigh two hundred pounds. We put Minor's body inside and held a simple service.

Those moments in the Buddhist burial grounds were the hardest in China. As the chaplain read the prayer and the flag-draped casket was lowered into the red earth of Yunnan, a small formation, with slow-turning engines that gave forth a muffled sound, would fly over the grave. There would be one vacant niche in the evenly spaced fighters, in honor of the brother airman who would fly no more.

BUT it wasn't all hard work and no play in China. Some evenings we used to sit in our cave down at Kweilin and listen to the Tokyo radio.

One night while we sat there calmly listening to the news and playing gin rummy, Tokyo news analysts announced they did not think the American fighter force in China was large.

We listened to the usual "blah" without raising an eyebrow, until Radio Tokyo continued: "We don't think the American fighter force in China is more than three hundred ships."

You could have knocked us over with a feather. We dropped our cards and I looked at General Chennault. We all laughed. We had thirty-two ships in China at the time, and only sixteen of these were in first-class combat condition.

I remember that the general said, "Well, boys, if we're making them think we have three hundred—we're doing all right."

We were brought back now from the Kweilin-Hengyang front to watch the situation in Burma and to harass the Jap to the south in Indo-China.

At Kunming the blow fell. The engine of Old Exterminator was bad and there were no more new or serviceable engines. The cannon from a Zero had damaged the wing so badly that pull-outs would be dangerous.

But the old ship wasn't junked or salvaged, for we needed parts too badly in China. We could take this plane and put several back in commission. The scheme that we devised helped my morale greatly; for to have junked the old ship that had been my fighter for five months would have been like seeing the horse that you've ridden for twenty years cast aside and destroyed. Old Exterminator had taken me nearly 500 hours into combat against the enemy.

We took the guns out and put them in my new P-40E. The landing gear we put on another ship; the instruments were scattered throughout the group; the armor plate was taken out to make a hot-cake griddle for the mess. All parts of the fighter were "cannibalized," and in a month were spread out over eighteen P-40s in the organization.

I thought of my six .50-caliber guns flying with me in my new fighter as the real soul of Old Exterminator. And I thought of the hundreds of parts from Air Corps number 41-1456 that were helping to keep eighteen ships of our group in the air to fight the Japs.

In my mind, no matter how long I myself might be fighting in China, Old Exterminator would be on all those flights—some of it would be on every mission that we flew. And thus it would fly forever.

Just as the general had been expecting, heavy movement began in late September along the Burma Road, from Lashio north toward Lungling. The Japs were seen by our observation to be moving many trucks filled with troops.

Bruce Holloway and I caught these trucks the first day and burned twelve of them near Wanting. Twelve of us burned ninety-six heavy trucks in six days. We used fragmentation bombs as well as the .50s. When we couldn't find their trucks, we'd hit the dark green troop barracks they were constructing from Lungling to Lashio.

Even with the hardships that a rugged country like China imposed, I was living a wonderful life there in Kunming. Those were days that I would never forget—not only for the adventure that I was sharing with the other fighters in the group, but for the great privilege of living with my boss, General Chennault.

General Caleb Haynes, Dr. Gentry, and I lived together with the general in a house the "Gissimo" had built for him. General Haynes had come to China to lead General Chennault's bombers when he left the leadership of the Ferry Command.

Radio Tokyo had recently been "panning" Haynes, referring to him as "the old broken-down transport pilot." It made General Haynes so mad that he could have torn the Jap to pieces with his bare hands. After all, he had been a pursuit pilot for years, and for the last ten years he had been dean of American four-engine bombers. The Japs must have known just how to get under his skin, but in the end I think the knowledge worked against them.

Now he was getting back at them by having thousands of little leaflets printed in several languages, especially in Japanese. They read:

Compliments of the Old Broken-down Transport Pilot

He used to drop some of these on every bombing mission he led. I knew now that he was getting a new supply ready for Hongkong.

Toward the end of October came the word we had so long been waiting for. Victoria harbor was filled with Japanese shipping. In deepest secret we got ready to go.

Our objectives would be the shipping in the harbor, the shipping at the docks in Kowloon, and the ships at the drydocks in Hongkong.

EARLY on the morning of October 25 our twelve bombers took off from Yunnan for Kweilin, and shortly afterward Hill, Alison, Holloway, and I led the fighters off.

We sat down at Kweilin at one-minute intervals at eight o'clock.

While the Chinese serviced the ships, we hurried to the alert cave and were "briefed" by the general. We had to work fast, for we were so close to Japanese bases that we could have been caught on the ground with our Air Force if we hadn't been careful. In fifty minutes we were away—the fighters first, and then the bombers. Making our assembly over the designated point, we were off on our greatest mission to date.

All of us were proud to be going. But as I looked at those seven P-40s escorting ten bombers, I could not help feeling apologetic for that greatest country in the world that we were representing. If the day could soon come when we could go against this enemy with a thousand bombers—even a hundred bombers!

Now I had the familiar "wind up" feeling that precedes combat. The palms of my hands perspired freely.

Our altitude kept increasing to 20,000 feet, while down below at 17,000 were the medium bombers in javelin formation: two Vee's of three, and the last element a diamond of four. In fifty minutes I could see the glint of the sun on the Pacific Ocean.

Now I could even smell the freshness of the Pacific. The sky had never been so blue. The beauty of the day and the beauty of those weapons flying so smoothly under us made me forget the scratching of the oxygen mask on my sunburned neck. It was a joy to look back and see the six shark mouths on the other P-40s grinning at me. As we got closer to the target, we split our formation of fighters automatically.

I tensed a little and looked about for enemy planes. We came across the Great West Channel, passed north of Stonecutters Island, and came to our turning point, seven miles north of Kowloon. The bombers were turning south now for the bombing run. This was the crucial moment.

I crossed around and over General Haynes and his formation, watching vigilantly. My throat felt dry and I had trouble swallowing; I turned my gun switch off and on nervously.

Now I saw the bomb-bay doors opening, and I couldn't keep the tears of excitement from burning my eyes. Antiaircraft was beginning to dot the sky with black and white puffs. As I dived almost to the level of the bombers, I could feel the ack-ack rock my fighter ship. I kept S-ing to watch for the enemy fighters that must be coming.

I saw the yellow bombs begin to fall in long strings imposed on the dark green of the world below. They got smaller and smaller as the noses pointed slowly down. The bombs seemed to take years to fall. I was never more excited in all my life. I yelled, "O. K., Hirohito—we have lots more where those came from!" I kept looking behind and under us for the bombs to burst.

And then I saw the first white explosion—right on the docks of Kowloon. After that they came so fast you couldn't count them. I could see the flash of the antiaircraft guns from the north shore of Hongkong Island as we continued across Victoria harbor. Then I got my eyes back to searching for enemy interceptors—we had to be extra careful now.

The long javelin of B-25s began to turn to the right. Mission accomplished—now they had the downhill run to base, and I began to get that old feeling of relief. Then, somehow, I felt cheated. Where were the enemy fighters?

Then, as I glanced about, I saw them, silhouette after silhouette, climbing terribly steeply toward the bombers. I was fumbling now for the "mike" button on the throttle; then I was calling: "Bandits ahead—Zeroooooos! At eleven o'clock." I marveled at the steepness of the climb the enemy ships were maintaining. I called "Zeros at twelve o'clock" to designate their direction clock-fashion from us. I heard Tex Hill reply, "Hell, I see 'em."

I was diving now, aiming for the lead Zero, turning my gun-sight on and off a little nervously. We rolled to our backs to gain speed for the attack and went hell-bent for the Zeros. I kept the first Zero right in the lighted sight and began to fire from over a thousand yards, for he was too close to the bombers. Orange tracers were coming from the B-25s, too, as the turret gunners went to work.

Five hundred yards before I got to the Zero I saw another P-40 speed in and take it. He followed the Zero as it tried to turn sharply into the bombers and shot it down. I took the next Zero—they seemed to be all over the sky now. I went so close that I could see the pilot's head through the glass canopy and the little tail wheel that was not retracted, and I knew it was a Navy Zero. My tracers entered the cockpit and smoke poured back, hiding the canopy, and I went by.

As I turned to take another ship below me, I saw four airplanes falling in flames toward the waters of Victoria harbor. I half rolled again, and skidded in my dive to shake any Zero that might be on my tail. I saw another P-40 shooting at a Jap, but there was a Zero right on his tail. I dove for this one. He grew in my sights, and as my tracers crossed in front of him he turned into me. I shot him down as his ship seemed to stand still in the vertical bank.

I SHOT at everything I saw. Sometimes it was just a short burst as the Jap went in for our bombers. Sometimes I fired at one that was turning, and as I'd keep reefing back on my stick, my ship would spin, and I'd recover far below. I shot down another ship that didn't see me.

As I looked around now, the bombers were gone, but climbing up from the south I saw four Japanese Messerschmitts. I had plenty of altitude on the leader, and started shooting at him from long range, concentrating on his right engine. He turned to dive, and I followed him straight for the water. I saw the ship hit the water and continue to burn.

I shot at two of the other twin-engine ships from long range, but couldn't climb up to them. Then I passed over Hongkong Island, flying at 1,000 feet. I was too low, but didn't want to waste any time climbing. And I saw something that gripped my heart—a fenced-in enclosure which I knew was Fort Stanley, the British and American prison camp. There was a large group standing in the camp and waving at my ship. My saddest feeling of the war came over me then. Here were soldiers who had been prisoners of the Japanese for nearly a year. Month after month they had waited for the sight of Allied airplanes attacking Hongkong—and at last it had come. I swore to myself I'd come back again and again.

I was rudely jerked back to attention by a slow voice that yet was sharp: "If that's a P-40 in front of me, waggle your wings." I rocked my wings before I looked. Then I saw the other ship, a P-40 nearly a mile away. I went over toward him and together we dove toward home.

I was the last ship in, and the general was anxiously waiting for me, scanning the sky for ships to come in. He knew I had shot down an enemy, for I had come in with my low-altitude roll of victory. But when I jumped from my cramped seat and said, "General, I got four definitely," he shook my hand and looked very happy. "That makes nineteen, then," he said, "for the fighters and the bombers."

We were ordered back to Yunnan the next day. Heavy attacks had come to India, and we were needed to protect the terminus of the ferry route to China.

Day after day, through the early part of November, we actually prayed that the weather east would clear, so that we could stop our small, piddling attacks on Burma and go back to Hongkong. I knew that General Chennault and Colonel Cooper were planning a big one for the next time.

With the first breaks in the heavy winter clouds, Bert Carleton was sent with his transport and our ground personnel to Kweilin. Aviation fuel and bombs were placed ready for instant use, and I could feel the tension in the air again. From the daily reports on the air-warning net it could be seen that the Japanese had maintained a constant aerial patrol over Hongkong and vicinity since our last attack.

ON November 21 the ground crews got to Kweilin. Instead of keeping them in the hostel that first night to ensure that information would not leak out to the enemy, we sent them to town, first casually remarking that we were here now for the second attack on Hongkong. News traveled fast, as the general expected it would, via the Korean girls and prostitutes in Japanese pay.

Early next morning our twelve bombers slipped into Kweilin, with Colonel Butch Morgan in the lead ship. As soon as I landed I ran up to the cave, and the general took me in and showed me the plotting board. The little red flags indicated increased vigilance at Hongkong. Then I got my orders: "Strike Hongay."

At dawn the next day, November 23, I led the group to escort Morgan to Sanchau Island with twelve bombers. We had noted that the Japs were strengthening the air patrol over Hongkong even more. The general had smiled and said, "We're making them waste a terrible amount of gasoline."

The next night Johnny Alison led eight ships in a fighter sweep and dive-bombing attack on the docks at Hankow, over 400 miles to the north. The night attack so deep into enemy territory was a daring one and did much to confuse the Japs further. It was such missions as these which built up the circumstances that would assure the success of the big attack the general was planning.

We spent Thanksgiving working on the airplanes and resting. We had flown seven missions in four days, and both men and machines were tired and in need of repair.

On that Thanksgiving evening, as we were grouped around the general, he brought out a bottle of Scotch some one had given him. The general grinned at us and said, "We've got the Japs worried now. We've hit everywhere except what he thought we'd attack. *Tomorrow is the Day.*" We could hardly keep from cheering.

That night, after the announcement, we closed the post and kept all men from going into town. This would cause talk in the right places.

The seed had now been sown.

On November 27 the largest force of bombers we had ever used in China escorted by the largest force of fighters, rolled down the runway at Kweilin. There were fourteen bombers, with twenty-two P-40s for escort.

The large formation—large for us in China—assembled over the airdrome and took a course north in the direction of Hankow. We wanted reports from other spies in Kweilin to get started, for this mission was planned mainly to get the Jap air force into the air where we could get at it. When we were beyond the prying and ready ears of any spies, we turned to a direct heading for Hongkong.

We crossed the East River that led down to Canton, and the bombers turned 90 degrees to the right, away from Hongkong—and we swept toward Canton. For again we were going where the enemy were not expecting us. The general was about to outguess the Japanese, as always.

We bored in toward our targets—shipping on the East River at Canton and at Whangpoo Docks. We had special reports that two freighters were unloading new Zeros and spare airplane engines at Canton that morning.

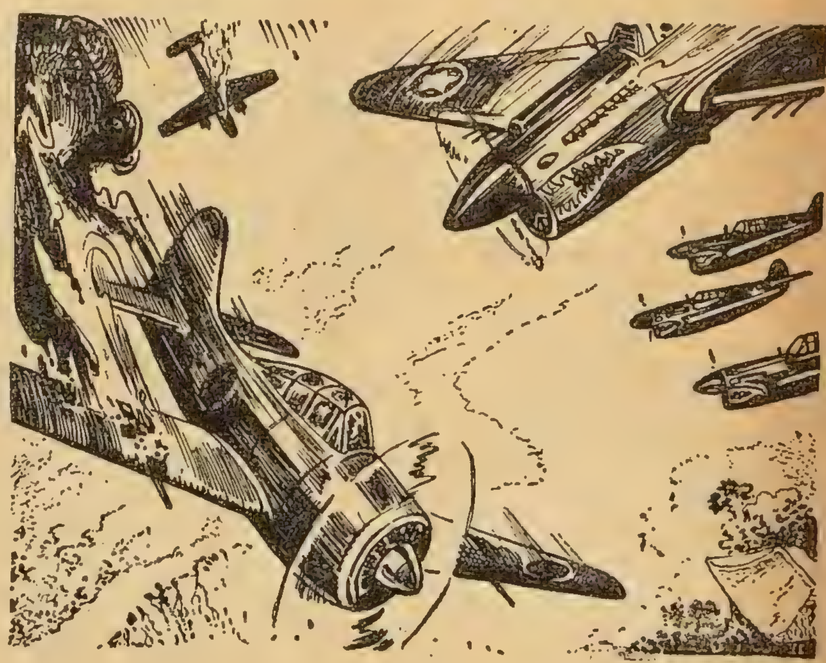
Just south of Tien Ho airdrome we split the bomber formation, and one of the fighter echelons went with each of the three bomber flights, each with an assigned target. My flight stayed with the lead bomber formation, and I saw our target, an 8,000-ton freighter surrounded by many lighters, there in the river.

I saw the string of bombs bracket the freighter perfectly, and later photos showed four direct hits from the first flight. I heard the bomber commanders call that bombs were away, and give orders to close the bomb-bay doors.

Then, under the lead flight of bombers, I saw the enemy fighters coming up, and I knew we had them. All the enemy planes were below us, climbing steeply for the bellies of the bombers. They had waited on the ground too long—had waited for us to pass Canton and go on to Hongkong. Now we had every advantage. General Chennault had foxed them again, and I had an idea that we were in for a profitable day.

Alison was even now shooting down Zeros around the last formation of bombers. Holloway called to one of his elements to take the climbing Jap ships and return to formation. We were fighting this battle like a business, and we were going to keep together until every bomber was safely on the way home to lunch at Kweilin.

About 4,000 feet under the leading three bombers I could see the first of the steeply climbing Japs. My dive took me right above the Zero, between him and the bomber. I held my fire until the last 200 yards, and shot the Zero down with a two-second burst.



My wing man stayed with me and we fired on the second Zero together. I closed in with a full-deflection shot and held a burst ahead of the next enemy ship. He climbed on up toward the bombers and flew right through my tracers. His ship turned in a slow, almost too deliberate half-loop, stalled out, then dove straight down. As I watched the speeding ship go straight into the hills between Tien Ho field and White Cloud, I knew I had shot the pilot. The ship did not burn until it crashed.

I fired at six Japanese fighters so fast that I didn't see what happened to any of them. You get a snap shot and then the Zero is gone, rolling over, or you're turning for another one, or you're getting your nose down to make sure that you never lose your speed and too much altitude when you're fighting those highly maneuverable ships.

One other I saw trailing smoke as he rolled over, but I didn't get to see him catch fire or crash. The bombers had outrun our dogfight and were going downhill fast for Kweilin. I called and told Captain Goss to escort the bombers to base.

The others of us broke away, looking for straggling Japs. I took my flight over toward White Cloud airdrome, where ack-ack was so heavy that it was just about making the sky black.

On White Cloud field I saw an airplane. It was a big ship which I soon saw had three engines. The door was open, and I think men were hurrying to get in or out. My burst caught the engines of the transport, which I could see now were running. Uniformed passengers were jumping out of the door. I turned steeply and fired on the door, then into the fuselage. The ship was smoking, and the engines had either been shot up or had been cut off, for they had stopped.

My engine missed several times, as it had done from some poor gasoline earlier in the flight, and I decided to let well enough alone and get away from White Cloud. With the engine missing every now and then, I spent a miserable few minutes that seemed like a year until I got out of Jap territory. "Dammit," I told myself, "I always do some fool thing and wind up in these attacks coming home solo." I always hated to think of an engine failing and of myself captured near a Jap field that I'd just strafed. Especially where I'd just shot up a transportload of brass-hats.

That afternoon we bombed Hongay for the second time, making nine raids in six days. Now we were worn out, gasoline was getting low, and the enemy were making heavier movements in western Yunnan.

We went on back to Kunming. Sometimes I wonder if the Jap ever did find out where General Chennault was going. Years after maybe they'd still be flying that patrol over Hongkong, waiting for the attack that we were supposed to make.

AND now, with a few minor battles in the air, we saw Christmas in China draw near, and I couldn't help wishing for fast action somewhere. After all, there's only one place a person wants to be at Christmas time, and that place for all of us was far away.

I took off from Kunming one day just before Christmas to inspect the warning net in western Yunnan. It was very inefficient near the Burma border, where a steady influx of fifth-columnists and Japanese money was filtering across the Salween.

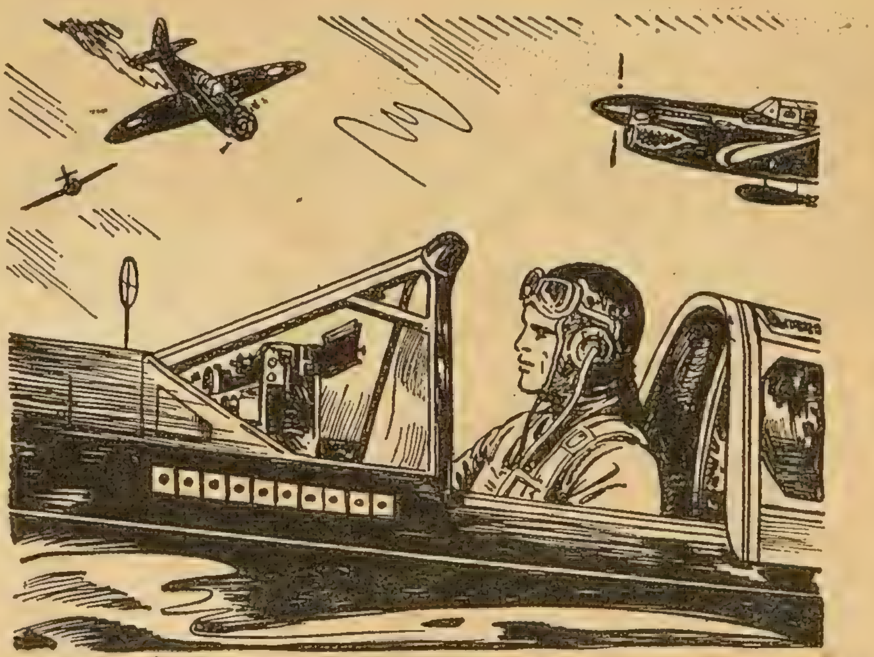
For the purpose of security in future operations, I will not name our base in western Yunnan. But there was a big turquoise-blue lake less than ten miles away which the general and I called Yeching. To us that meant "good hunting," for ducks and geese abounded.

Next morning I went out on Lake Yeching, and from the bow of a native sampan I soon shot eighteen of the biggest geese I had ever seen. Even if we were remote from the loved ones at home, we'd have meat for Christmas dinner.

I was back on the field when we had an air-raid alert. There was heavy engine noise from the reporting stations over toward Burma. We tossed the eighteen geese into the baggage compartment and I took off for Kunming. In about forty-five minutes I caught sight of two enemy planes. I saw that they were single-engine reconnaissance bombers. I caught the rear one and gave it a short burst, keeping my eye on the other. The first one went down with most of one wing gone. The next I chased down every valley on the Mekong, getting in several good shots, but I never did see him go down or crash.

When I told the general about my victory, which had been my twelfth confirmed enemy ship, and told him about the geese in the baggage compartment, he said he didn't know whether to congratulate me for the meat or for the Japs. As for myself, I told him, I hadn't worried so much about the Japs' shooting me down as I had about all those geese jamming the controls and making me spin in. The Chinese who found me would have talked a long time about the pilot whom they'd found dead with feathers all over him.

Christmas night, while we were enjoying the geese, George Hazelett came in with his squadron to report that the Japs had bombed our base near Lake Yeching with eighteen ships on that afternoon. I could tell by the general's face that he had some plans he would tell me about in private.



The general had been sick with a cold over Christmas and had a fever that night when he told me we had work cut out at Yeching. At dawn the next morning—December 26 in China but actually Christmas Day in America—I took off with full instructions. When I left, the doctor told me General Chennault was running a temperature of 103.

As I flew west toward Yeching, 145 miles away, in the half light I saw the coolies carrying drums of gasoline on wheelbarrows up the Burma Road. Some of these I knew would go on through Kunming to Chungking, 390 miles away by air. Trundling these crude wooden-wheeled vehicles of ages gone by, these patient workers would require seventy days of constant effort, at their dogtrot, to reach Chungking. The two-wheeled Peking carts with three drums would take a shorter time—forty-four days.

I saw coolie boys plowing in the rice paddies halfway up the sides of the mountains. I laughed as I saw the ancient means of cultivation—the boy standing with his feet on the wooden scraper, using his own weight to make it scratch the mud, but holding on to the water buffalo, his hand gripping the tail of the ponderous animal.

I said to myself, "When you reach the end of that paddy I'll be many miles from here." I suppose I get arrogant like that because I'm sitting up there with six good American .50-caliber guns in front of me charged and ready, and off on a mission bound to be exciting. It didn't matter now that some other day I might be letting down somewhere around there in bad weather, with night coming on or with my fuel running low. Then I might see that same coolie boy and might reflect how lucky he was to know his whereabouts and not be on the point of cracking up a good airplane that couldn't be replaced.

Landing at the threatened airdrome, I put the general's plan into immediate effect. Every one of the thirty pilots was kept on alert and constant patrols were begun at dawn.

The Jap had attacked the day before at two thirty-five in the afternoon. The general had told me many times of the propensity of the Japanese for the exact duplication of former military operations.

At two o'clock I sent all planes into the sky except mine. I sat in that on the ground, listening for Harry Pike's expected report from his patrol to the Mekong River. The Jap would come today, I knew, between two and four—that's 14.00 to 16.00 hours.

At 14.54 I was already energizing my starter when Harry Pike called excitedly: "Here they come—fighters and bombers. I'm just east of the river."

As I got the engine started, I heard that the Japs were at 17,000, and I called to Pike to take the fighters, for I hoped by that move to make the bombers come in unescorted.

Just six minutes from the time I had given the ship the gun, I saw flashes reflected by Japanese windshields in the sun. They weren't far away, but I grinned—for they were below us. As the enemy ships materialized on the horizon, I knew that Pike had done his job well, for there was only one fighter with the bombers as escort—one fighter with nine heavy bombers.

We made the attack from three directions simultaneously. I had to dive from 20,000 to 17,000 feet to get on the level with the enemy formation, and when I got there I had plenty of excess speed over the Japs. I opened fire from 600 yards, and led the enemy leader by at least a hundred yards. It must have been just right, for the tracers seemed to go into the top of the wing. As the bombers passed by, my bullets were raking them with full-deflection shots, and as fast as my formation turned, the other five men were doing the same. I saw the lead bomber climb a little, then settle back toward the formation with one wing down.

Things hit my ship now, and, with a noise like a wing coming off, the side glass of my windshield was shot out. I was three hundred to two hundred yards from the second bomber when I got my long burst into it. There was a flash ahead, and I dove as fast as I could shove the nose down.

THERE was only smoke above and the formation had broken, for the bomber had exploded—the bombs had been detonated by the .50-caliber fire. Behind, over the trail the Japs had come, were four plumes of smoke where their bombers were going down. I pulled up behind one of the lone bombers that I could see, and began to shoot at it methodically from long range. Over on the left were three more, and I saw P-40s making passes at them. Over the radio I could hear happy American English, with unauthorized swear words aimed at the Jap that the individual pilot was shooting at, and by the tone of the pilots I knew that we were winning this battle and that the general was also going to be very happy.

From 800 yards I'd squeeze out a short burst at one engine of the bomber I was on, then skid over and aim carefully at the other engine and throw out another short burst. The Jap ship was diving with all the speed he could get, but the P-40 kept moving up. I think all their ammunition was gone, for I saw no tracers. In my second burst on the right engine I saw some gray smoke—thin, like gasoline overflowing a tank and blowing back into the slipstream.

The next time I came over behind that engine from closer range, I saw two red dots near the engine and toward the fuselage; but by that time I was over, shooting at the other engine. I last saw the bomber diving, with flames that were orange against the green of the mountains below.

There were no more bombers to be seen, but I saw seven P-40s. Dallas Clinger came over and got on my wing; as I recognized his ship I slid my hatch cover back and waved at him. Even before we landed I thought that we had gotten all the bombers. As we circled the field I saw below on the Yunnan hills eight forest fires that could have been started only by burning airplane wrecks, for they had not been there when I took off.

I kept some of the planes up for top cover while we landed those that were shot up or low on fuel. Later, when I had the combat reports made out, the "certains" out of the nineteen that had come in were fifteen. But, from the patrol that had been at the Mekong and from the "probables," we knew that we had not let one Jap escape from the December 26 attempted bombing of Yeching.

Our victory had not been without loss. Lieutenant Couch, who had led the rear attack on the bombers, had failed to return. Another pilot, Lieutenant Mooney, had been seen to shoot one bomber down, and then, in another head-on attack, had either collided with another of the enemy or had exploded it so close to his own ship that the observing pilot had not been able to see Mooney's P-40 again.

My heart was heavy with the loss of two fine pilots, but there was still hope that they had gotten out. And at the same time my spirits were singing with victory.

I landed at headquarters in the dark and went to the general's house. I tossed my flying gear on the bed in my room and hurried to the general. I saw "Gunboat," the houseboy, coming out of the general's corner room. He said softly, "General still feel pretty bad." I went in.

General Chennault was in bed, propped up by pillows. "Well, Scotty," he said, "I hear there was a fight over Yeching this afternoon. What happened?"

Trying to look real stern, I told the general that nineteen Japs had come in, just as he said they would, at the same time as the day before. "General," I said, with a tremor of pride in my voice, "we shot 'em all down."

The general was looking more like a well man every moment. He thought a minute, then started to get up.

"Scotty, if you'll look over behind you in that pretty box, you'll find a bottle of Haig & Haig, pinch bottle, that the Soong sisters sent us for Christmas. We're going to open that and celebrate."

We were celebrating when Dr. Tom Gentry came back and took his temperature again. The general, you know, is slightly deaf. After the doctor had his reading he gave me a funny look. "Normal," he said. "Sometimes I think if you all shot down a few Japs every day, the general would even get to where he could hear as well as he could when he was a boy in Louisiana."

Next day we learned that Lieutenant Mooney had been found dead, close to the wrecks of two burned airplanes. The opinion of two of the witnesses was that he had flown his fighter into the Jap. Couch had had better luck and was in the hospital.

Early that day I went over again with Holloway, just in case the Jap came again. During the first hours I flew low over the surrounding hills and saw the forest fires set by the burning of the enemy planes that we had shot down. As I took my formation into the air and followed out the instructions the general had given me, I realized that for all practical purposes he was in the fighter with me. I was merely privileged to press the trigger and send the enemy into the ground. If we kept following his tactics we'd hold our ratio of twelve to one over the Japs as we battled them in China. We knew that what little we had accomplished against the enemy would have very small bearing on the outcome of the conflict. But under General Chennault we had made the most of what we had. We had developed fighters with an urge for combat and the aggressive spirit of battle.

I expect I wouldn't have been much good in combat that day if it had come, for I was doing too much thinking. Even when I landed and walked about among the Chinese dead from the Christmas Day bombing, I just kept on thinking.

That afternoon at two o'clock I got all our ships in the sky again. I rode on Holloway's wing over them all, and we watched and waited. Nothing happened. I guess General Chennault was right again. "You destroyed their group yesterday," he had said that morning. "We've got them worried, and they'll have to wait for their long supply line around to Burma to send some more planes."

There was no use fooling ourselves—the situation in China was bad. All of China that was developed at all was in the hands of the Japanese. The Jap had worked with extreme foresight in preparing for this war, and the "heart of the octopus" was going to be hard to get at. But it had to be done. These people, who with their stoical bravery had seen their cities bombed for more than six years, deserved more help. We must equip their land armies, help train them, and give them air support.

A few days before, when the Christmas season was approaching, I had just had my twelfth little Jap flag painted on the fuselage of my plane. Each flag represented a confirmed victory over the enemy, and my crew chief was as proud as I was. But I learned that day that some one else was sharing in that pride, too.

Driving from the general's house to the operations shack on my way to work, I had seen a crowd of Chinese around my ship, sitting silent, waiting. Each time I passed during the morning they were still there, in the drizzling rain. Finally I called for my crew chief and asked the meaning of the crowd. With a puzzled look, he replied that he didn't know. They had told him through an interpreter that they just wanted to sit there and wait for the pilot of the ship, that they had received permission from the Chinese commandant to enter the field.

Some time later I walked over to where they were still standing in the slow rain. As I approached, they bowed as the Chinese do, by standing at what we would call "attention" and nodding the head in respect. As I smiled at them—ragged children, old men and women, coolies from the fields, and several who I thought were schoolteachers—they raised their thumbs high toward me and yelled, "Ding-hao, ding-hao!" And they pointed with pride to my twelve flags. They were cheering me, a foreigner, for my fights over their homeland. They had bestowed an honor that exceeded in importance any medal that their country could have awarded me officially. I realized, as tears mixed with raindrops on my face, that the hearts of this people were free and would be free forever.

Later I learned that they had walked all through the night before from a village twenty-odd kilometers away. Now they started home.

The sun was going down now, even from our vantage point up there at 25,000 feet. I turned back for one more look at the setting sun. Down on the earth, to those earthbound creatures, the sun was down. There the shadows of approaching night covered the ground. But up here I could see above the mountains, and the sun still shone on my fighter. I pulled almost straight up in the steep climb that I like to make before diving home, and looked into the vivid blue of the Yunnan skies. Some verses were running through my thoughts. Against the drumming of the engine I heard my own voice repeating the words of another fighter pilot, John Magee, who had died with the R. A. F. in the Battle of Britain:

"Up, up the long delirious burning blue.
I've topped the wind-swept height with easy grace
Where never lark, or even eagle, flew,
And while with silent, lifting mind I've trod
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,
Put out my hand, and touched the face of God."

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By E. A. PILLER

AMONG the several emotions you will experience as you read **The Trespassers**, by **Laura Z. Hobson**, is profound thanksgiving for your American citizenship; for one part of this curiously divided novel—the most solid part—concerns the Austrian Vederle family and the tortured time it spent trying to gain admission to the United States.

Through them Miss Hobson makes the ringing, impassioned statement that somewhere in the world there should still be humanity enough to welcome and help the doomed and the hunted. They should be treated as brothers, not trespassers.

But I'd better begin not with Miss Hobson's moral but with her story. First, there is Vee (for Vera) Marriner Stamford. We meet her as a successful young career woman. She has had an average childhood, had enough guts to put herself through Cornell, had served a trick at working, married a broker (the Stamford part of her name) who had taken her abroad for the honeymoon, but, beset by worries after the market crash, had found a new love and divorced her (or been divorced by her) later.

Laura Z. Hobson

Vee didn't mind too much—it wasn't really love. But then she met Jasper Crown, who didn't believe in marriage—and that *was* love. Jasper was driving, ambitious, and ruthless. He was on his way to becoming the biggest figure in radio.

James Truslow Adams

It was then that the Vederles also came into Vee's life. A friend asked her to sponsor them so that they could come to America. Vee agreed, and here we switch back to where we came in.

Franz Vederle was a noted Austrian psychiatrist. He hated Hitlerism and, soon after the Anschluss, decided to leave Austria. He, his wife, and two children reached Switzerland, but there they were stymied awaiting visas. Vee in America does her best to hustle them along, but the glacial routine of the American consular service makes for slow going.

As the Vederles wait, Vee's affair with Jasper continues, and we follow the shifting stories on these two levels. Finally Jasper, who had been told he could never be a father, seems ready to marry Vee when she tells him they are going to have a child—but at the last moment changes his mind (his work comes first) and throws Vee into havoc.

Now parallel stories at last merge when Vee, recovering from an illness brought on by Jasper's desertion, sails for Europe, meets the Vederles, helps resolve their last difficulties, and is set to sail with them for home.

There is another tragedy when Frau Vederle succumbs to pneumonia, but in the end that too is surmounted, and as the ship sails into America we are safe in assuming the future will be happier for both Vee and Dr. Franz.

It is a wonderfully readable book, carrying you along from page to page with mounting interest. But I wish that Miss Hobson had let her major thesis come through better and concentrated on the "trespassers." She has done a swell book; she might have done a superb one.

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS, who is both a sound and a readable historian, has written a remarkably fascinating book called **The American**, which is, in a way, a new kind of history. Mr. Adams tells you the kind of person the American is—what makes him tick and what started him. If you'd like a good look at yourself and your neighbors, this is your dish.

Since folks first thrilled to the cry

"Circus in Town!"

A GRAND OLD CANADIAN NAME

1860 **THE GOOD NEWS** was shouted down dusty Main Street. What a thrill for young and old when the small, horse-drawn circus of those days came to town, bringing its magic day of tinsel, sound and color for "crowds" of a few hundred. Way back then, Corby's first appeared on the whiskey scene.

1900 **STREET PARADES,** the steam calliope, the lively band, the red and gold wagons, lumbering elephants, ushered in the "Big Top" shows. By then steam cars moved them from town to town to thrill thousands. By then Corby's had gained a 42-year-old reputation for fine whiskey in Canada.

1943 **THE MAGIC NEWS,** "Circus coming," is now flashed by press and radio. Today, gigantic, streamlined shows with all their deathless glitter and glamor still "pitch" and "tear down" . . . move swiftly from city to city to entertain millions. And Corby's is favorably known to millions across the land.

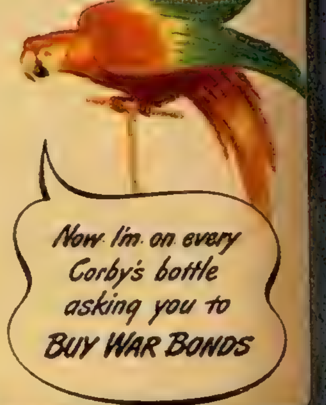
CUS
N. Corby
BUY WAR BONDS
CORBY'S
Reserve
LOOK FOR THE SIGNATURE ON LABEL AND CAPSULE
N. Corby
BLENDED WHISKEY
BLENDED AND BOTTLED FOR JAS. BARCLAY & CO. LIMITED PEORIA - ILLINOIS

PRODUCED IN U. S. A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender.*

THE CIRCUS lives on as part of the American scene. Although Corby's distilleries are devoted to producing alcohol for war, supplies of Corby's are being carefully measured out. You can buy a "sample" pint of the light, sociable whiskey with the grand old Canadian name from time to time.

Even occasional "sampling" of Corby's now may grow to lasting preference after victory.

86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Illinois


Now I'm on every Corby's bottle asking you to BUY WAR BONDS

GEORGE USES HIS HEAD

—Continued from Page 27

thinks it a very fine display of patriotism when a soldier puts out all that money to buy bonds, which is as much as he will earn in half a year as a private.

Well, all through this George stands on a little platform trying to look noble. And I watch him real close, expecting to see him start matching for bonds with that trick half dollar of his which has heads on both sides. But he does not do anything out of place, on account of he is trying to make an impression.

"Good night, Curly," I hear this sweet fluff say to George when the dance breaks up. "You just must come to our house dance at Miss Zenobia's next Saturday. Your hair is too super-cute and it will make Susan Mae too furious, on account of her boy friend has one of those haircuts that do not leave any hair. And I think it too utterly precious of the general not to make you cut your hair like the rest of the boys."

"WHAT is that about the general?" I ask casually.

"Oh, that!" He gives a nervous laugh. "That is just social camouflage. Like buying those bonds. I want to make a hit; and I do. Monday I cash the bonds in and no one is the wiser. That way I will have a roll for next Saturday. How is that for using the old head?"

"You better save your head for hat-hanging purposes," I say. "On account of you are not going to cash those bonds in Monday. Maybe you do not notice, but there is fine print on the bond which says it cannot be cashed in for sixty days."

George does not believe me at first. And when I point the clause out to him, he is really something to hear.

"I have been swindled," he moans. "I have been robbed! And by a government I am ready to lay down my life to defend. Why do they not tell a guy he can't get his money back for two months? Here I have a date coming Saturday, and not a dime to my name."

Now, George is just such a guy as is inspired by restrictions, and the chances are he will never think of going into the barbering business if he does not read that sign on the bulletin board:

"The cutting of hair in the barracks is forbidden. (Signed) R. A. Pullen, Capt., F. A., Commanding Officer."

George studies this sign a long time.

"I got it," he says. "I will rig up a barbershop in the washroom." He closes his eyes and speaks like he is in a trance, visualizing his success. "I will name it 'the Club Latrine Tonsorial Parlor. Barbering for the Elite.' Figalucci tells me he is a barber before he is selected by his neighbors. I will get him to do the haircutting while I do the promoting. We can't miss."

I point to the notice. "What about that?"

"It does not say 'positively,'" George answers.

"Correct me if I am wrong," I crack, "but I seem to get the impression all Army orders are 'positively.'"

"I got to make some money and this is the easiest way I know," George comes back.

Figalucci is hard to sell on this proposition. And I do not think George will put it over if he does not agree to take all the blame and to keep a lookout for officers while Figalucci operates. But the real appeal is to Figalucci's vanity. George makes half a dozen small cards to pass around, which same state:

"Get your hair-do at the Club Latrine Tonsorial Parlor by a coiffure artist, late of the internationally famous Ritz-Carlton Salon. No tiresome waiting. See George and he will call you at your bunk when you are next. Patrons must furnish own towels. Price 40¢. Private George McKeller, Prop."

"That 'coiffure artist' is you," George tells Figalucci.

Figalucci gets all his experience cutting hair in an under-the-el, one-towel-a-day shop on the lower East Side, and this promotion to a 'coiffure artist' has him gasping.

"Jeez." His dark eyes sparkle. "Jeez!" he says. "It is a deal."

The latrine is sort of an undershirt lounge for the boys, especially when the lights go out in the rest of the barracks. There is always a gang there shooting the bull, and writing letters, and washing themselves and their gear for inspection, or maybe taking the duckboards out of the shower and shooting craps. It is warm and friendly and clublike.

FIGALUCCI drags a foot locker into the place, snips his scissors, and is open for business. And there is plenty of business. The money rolls in, and on Wednesday night George shows me his split alone has mounted up to over twelve bucks.

"Now I will have dough enough to go to that party," he says. "How is that for using the old head? But pardon me. I promised Nose O'Reilly I would call him at his bunk when he is next, and it is time I get him."

When George gets back, we start into the latrine together. He grabs my arm, stops me. Usually the latrine is the noisiest part of the barracks. But now it is strangely silent. We peek in.

The officer of the day is inside. Figalucci is trying to stand at attention and to keep a pair of scissors hidden behind him at the same time. There is a blanket of loose hair on the floor. The boys in the shower are scrubbing themselves industriously, with never a peep.

"I will report this matter to your company commander for disciplinary action immediately," the O. D. says. "Now sweep up that mess. And do not cut any more hair here."

George and I wander softly away and do not return until the coast is clear. Figalucci is just sweeping up the last of the hair. George goes up to him and punches him playfully on the shoulder.

HARDTACK

"Emeralds nothing! These are genuine canned peas!"

"Well, they caught us. Heh-heh," George says. "Such things happen in the best of armies. But do not worry. You won't get more than three or four days K. P. And you can do that standing on your head."

Figalucci keeps on sweeping up the hair.

"You are not mad, are you?" George asks. "I would have taken the rap if I was here, like I said I would. The C. O. won't be very hard, so don't worry."

"I am not worried," Figalucci says. He speaks very slow and he does not look at George. "You know, that O. D. is not from our company. And it is a funny thing, but for some reason he thinks my name is George McKeller. And I cannot understand why it is, unless it is because he has one of those cards you pass out, and on which you put your name and do not put my name."

IT takes a second for this to sink in. And then I think that George has lost some money, the way he howls.

"What?" he yelps.

"I am sorry, but he makes that mistake." Figalucci is most pensive. "He keeps calling me Private McKeller, and I do not like to contradict him. It is not polite to contradict an officer. But do not worry, George, old man. K. P. is not so hard, just like you say."

George is licked from the start. He raves, and he weeps, and he appeals to Figalucci's better nature. But there is nothing he can do, for a kick to the orderly room will not get himself out of the soup but will only get Figalucci in. And Figalucci just smiles.

Sure enough, the next morning George's name is posted for K. P. until further notice.

"Watch me use my head and get out of this somehow," he says to me before he leaves for the kitchen.

But he is still in the kitchen when I go to the mess hall for lunch. He is dishing out the stew, and he slips me a note with his left hand while he gives me a double portion with his right.

"Please see that wire is sent off right away, Bub," he says briskly.

Before I can think to ask him what about the money to pay for this wire, he asks me to kindly step along and not to block the chow line.

At the table I read the note, and it is a message to this sweet fluff I mentioned. It says, "Dear Patricia Ann Carolyn Bates," which is her name, "Sorry, but important military duties prevent my seeing you this week-end. Will write. Regards. George McKeller."

That is like George, not to count words when he is asking some one else to foot the bills. And it is like me, that I get mad. But I do go ahead and send the wire.

The next night, which is Friday, George and I are sitting on the porch of the barracks when the orderly-room flunky comes up and jerks his thumb at George.

"McKeller," he says, "Captain Pullen wants to see you at Colonel Boll's quarters right away. Climb into your o.d.s and make tracks. And the captain says to bring another guy along; so you go with him, Spence," he says to me.

We change as fast as we can and hit out on the double for the officers' quarters. George keeps gaffing about what does Captain Pullen and Colonel Boll want with him, and by the time we arrive George decides they want to give him a commission, maybe as first lieutenant, so he can help the captain run the company better. Anyway it is sure to be a second lieutenancy. And me, I do not count, because I am not asked for by name.

Some one is walking up and down the floor most impatient when we knock at the door.

"Come in!" a voice roars.

We enter. Captain Pullen is seated on the edge of his chair. He looks like he expects to be blown out the window any minute. And pacing up and down the room is a nervous, wiry little man with several days' beard on his face and several weeks' hair on his head.

We snap to attention and salute.

★ ★ ★

CHALK TALK

Seen chalked on a car in Pittsburgh: "Do not collect this scrap. I still drive it."

★ ★ ★

George steps out in front, like he is in command. Before I can say anything he rattles off, "Privates McKeller and Spence reporting as ordered, sir."

"At ease, men," the captain says. "Colonel Boll has just returned from maneuvers and his orderly is absent. He asked me for a couple of men to help him out."

"We will be glad to help him, sir," George says. He smiles. This looks like it is really important.

"Private McKeller is the man I was telling you about, sir," the captain says. "And now, if you will excuse me, I will go and prepare for the general's party myself."

The captain practically runs out of the room, like he is glad to get away. George winks, like he thinks his commission is in the bag. But the colonel puts an end to this day-dreaming.

"Private Spence," he barks to me, "I have got to get ready to go to a party at the general's tonight. So try and put a little polish on my shoes over there by the bed. And then you can take my car and get my uniform at the post tailor's. Private McKeller, I've laid out my razor and a pair of scissors on the bed. Take off your coat and get to work. I need a shave and haircut badly, and I got in too late to go to the post barber's."

George stands there gasping for wind. This is no commission, leastwise not like he expects. He looks around helplessly.

The colonel sits bolt upright in a straight chair.

"Commence!" he orders crisply.

"But, sir—" George starts. It seems only fair to tell the colonel he has never given a shave or haircut in his life.

"Do not 'but' me," the colonel roars—so loud I drop a shoe. Then he calms down. But he remains as positive as ever. "I know," he says. "You got into trouble cutting hair in the barracks and are afraid you might get into trouble if you cut hair here. Forget it; I will take care of that. I will not ask you to cut my hair, after all."

"No?" George says. He heaves a sigh of relief.

"No!" the colonel answers. "I will *order* you to cut my hair. That way, you are protected. Now get started!"

George's mouth opens and shuts, but no sound comes forth.

Slowly he picks up the towel and wraps it around the colonel's neck. I can see he has decided to play for time. He picks up the razor and inspects it gingerly, like it is a hand grenade. It is a safety razor, so George goes ahead and shaves the colonel, because he figures he can't do much damage. And it is the slowest shave I ever see.

The colonel fidgets in his chair. Two or three times he tells George to step on it, that that party he wants to go to is tonight and not next month. So George has to stop stalling and start on the hair.

GEORGE takes a tuft of hair in his fingers like barbers do. Then he squints, his eyes closed, like he is listening for a cannon to go off, and shoves the scissors toward that hair he holds. His hand shakes so, I am afraid he might cut off his thumb. But he cannot get the scissors within six inches of that hair. He is paralyzed from fear. He snips the scissors a couple of times, and then looks at me. His eyes are wild, glassy.

"Start cutting!" the colonel roars. "There is plenty there, so I want to see a lot of it come off. And you, soldier," he says to me—"the keys to my car are on the dresser. My car is in space 32. Get it and go for my uniform before the tailor closes."

As I walk by George I try to give him a little encouragement. "Now is the time to use that head you are always talking about," I whisper.

Now, I am very happy to get away before the colonel finds out what is happening, for I do not think he will like what George does to his hair. I want no part of that deal, so I take all the time I can getting the uniform.

When I get back I expect to find anyway a couple of M. P.s hauling George away to the clink. But when I open the door, there is George, whistling away while he sweeps up a mess of hair that is on the floor. He has his hat on and is ready to go. It is all finished. And I hear the colonel singing in his shower.

A FREEZE-UP CAN BE MORE COSTLY THAN A SMASH-UP!

Play safe! Get Thermo Royal Anti-Freeze into that precious car of yours, *right away.* Be sure of positive protection. Be free of worry with Thermo Royal. Publicker Commercial Alcohol Company, Philadelphia.

SAFE · SURE PROTECTION

"Your uniform is here, sir," I call to the colonel.

"Thank you," he calls back. His voice is very pleasant. "That is all, men, and I appreciate very much what you have done to help me. And, Private McKeller, don't worry about K. P. any longer. I will see Captain Pullen tonight and ask that you be taken off that. When he told me you had worked at the Ritz-Carlton, I thought he was mistaken. But no longer. Good night!"

I am stunned. There is a wheel loose somewhere. I know George is no barber. And here is the colonel complimenting him.

"What happens?" I ask.

"Oh, nothing," he says. "Of course I am worried at first. But when you tell me to use my head, I see this is what I got to do. I can't just stand there. So I grab a big bunch of the colonel's hair in my left hand and snip those scissors with my right hand. And this time I really cut some hair. And once started, I cut hair like I am trimming a hedge. I fill the colonel's lap with hair, until he is satisfied. But I got to confess I am very happy there are no mirrors around while I am barbering."

I HAND George a cigarette, and when he lights the match I see his face is white and drawn. And his eyes glisten like there are tears in them. He inhales deep and blows out slow. He has been through an ordeal.

"Finally I figure I have cut off enough hair, so I use a lot of vaseline and water on the colonel's head, so his hair stays down when I comb it back. And you see how pleased he is when he looks into the mirror. And that is that."

We walk along in silence. I still cannot understand. Suddenly I think of something. "What about that date you have me break for you tomorrow night? I ask.

"You do not understand," George says. His voice is most bitter. "I do not want to go. I cannot go. I like Patricia Ann Carolyn Bates very much and I want her to like me. But after I tell her the general lets me keep my long hair she will never take me seriously if she sees me looking like I look now. You see, I never dare cut any hair from the colonel's head. What I do is grab hold of his hair with my left hand, and with my right hand I cut hunks of my own hair, so it falls down in his lap and on the floor. Then I stick his hair down so slick he does not wise up. He looks all right, but now look at me."

He stops under a light and takes off his hat. I see why he does not want to go to the dance. George has the worst haircut I ever see. His long wavy hair is gone, and what hair is left is short and scraggly; he looks like one of those clay heads with grass growing on them.

He sees my look of astonishment.

"Anyway," he says, "you cannot say I do not use my head this time."

THE END

OUR NEWEST SUB-BUSTER

—Continued from Page 25

Floating arsenal that she is, the DE has been built for safety. She is a difficult target for torpedoes. Innumerable precautions have been observed in the wiring, in intraship communications, in storages of fuel and ammunition, and in fire and damage prevention and control.

While her speed doesn't approach that of the fastest destroyers, the DE has maneuverability plus, a vital factor in today's brand of sea war against dive bombers and a necessity in the business of dumping ashcans over submarines. If ever a vessel could, literally, almost "turn on a dime," a DE can. She has two rudders and two propellers. The rudders alone will make her heel over on a full port or full starboard helm, but the slanting of the decks is something to conjure with when, at the same time, one propeller is in forward gear and the other is in reverse. The most comparable situation is that of a man in a rowboat who pulls on one oar and backs water with the other.

The interior of a Destroyer Escort is a model of resourcefulness in research and planning. From the bridge, high in the superstructure, down to the depths of the engine room, the ship is astounding in its completeness and accommodations. It is thoroughly ventilated and air-conditioned from stem to stern, which obviates the necessity of portholes and offers solid steel sides to enemy fire.

The commander and his officers have spacious staterooms, toilet and bath, their own compact and efficient galley, and a comfortable messroom, all handy to the bridge. Comparable arrangements are provided for the chief petty officers. Below decks are the crew's quarters, and here again there has been no stinting of comfort and room. The bunks have flat springs and ample mattresses. They fold up flush against the sides of the ship when the forecastle or after quarters become temporary mess halls at chow time. Space to move about in is said to be more ample than it is in the crew's quarters aboard a destroyer. Besides a general stowage space, each man has an individual locker. Showers, washbowls, and toilets below decks are ample and well ventilated. The crew's galley, with its ultra-modern cooking and refrigerating units, its handy storage shelves, its dishwashing paraphernalia, would be the envy of any housewife. Aboard their new ships the Little Navy men live well and eat well.

THERE is a splendidly fitted out machine shop close to the armory and the engine room. A complete laundry ensures a natty, well dressed personnel at all times. Sick bay has complete first-aid supplies and necessities and several bunks for patients.

In the control and radio rooms, the navigator's office, and the sound-detecting device room are all manner of intricate mechanisms having to do with running the ship and maintaining its so important mechanical ears and communications. Here are the delicate instruments which indicate the proximity of a submarine. All fire can be manipulated from the bridge controls, or each gun crew and each depth-bomb squad can do its own manipulating.

As the elderly Norfolk naval instructor who fought with Dewey at Manila in '98 said: "All ships are dead things of steel and iron until their crews take over. There's no such thing as a good ship or bad ship—a good ship comes from a good crew." Yet if ever war vessels had within themselves the mechanical makings of good ships, the DEs have them.

And if ever, in all naval history, crews were composed of men of better caliber, keener intellect, greater initiative, a higher resolve to do their duty than those now being schooled at Miami and Norfolk, the records fail to show it. However much may be expected of them, and it will be a great deal, the combination of DE-boats and DE-men of the Little Navy will do its share toward blasting the submarine menace from the Seven Seas.

THE END

DUCKS, UNLIMITED

Continued from Page 17

over for dam building would soon be zero.

The first really sizable project—Duck Factory Number One—was Big Grass. Here the marsh had been drained, but the land had proved submarginal so far as wheat production went, wherefore the new settlers had gone in for cattle grazing.

Tom had fifty-nine quarter sections of land all picked out here, nearly 10,000 acres that he wanted to lease. He set out to talk the town council of Westbourne into seeing things his way.

"If we had the money to spend," he argued, "wouldn't we do with it for our own sakes exactly what Ducks, Unlimited is proposing to do with it? Wouldn't we flood the very areas they want to flood, in order to bring back the grass for our cattle? DU is a nonprofit corporation and couldn't realize on this new wealth if it wanted to. But lease us the land for a nominal sum, and we'll create the wealth for *you.*"

In a word, he proposed that the municipality of Westbourne lease 10,000 acres to Ducks, Unlimited for one dollar a year. For legal reasons, however, the lease price was finally settled at five dollars a year.

Main also secured 3,000 adjoining acres for nothing by persuading the government, which owned it, to declare it a wild-life sanctuary under DU management. Altogether, at an expense of not more than $250 a year, he got control of some 50,000 acres in that one project which, judiciously managed, turned 300,000 acres into a duck factory.

IN addition to such large projects, there are many, many small ones—little dams. And sometimes other measures are contrived. Lake Cassils, at one time about 3,000 acres of water, had been reduced by drainage to a scant 600 acres which dried up one year out of every three. In that one year all the ducklings that could not yet fly died right there, and their mothers with them. In the other two years botulism was a constant threat. In 1939, for example, Tom Main and his men burned the carcasses of 10,000 ducks there.

Such disasters could be averted, once and for all, by bringing adequate water to the drying lake from a distant irrigation canal. But that would require $4,000, and DU's funds for the year were already fully budgeted.

Harold Basford, a manufacturers' agent in San Francisco, heard about this crisis, put on a benefit show under the auspices of the Bay City Rod and Gun Club which netted $2,300, and raised $1,700 more by outright solicitation. The canal was dredged, and the lake, restored, has been officially rechristened Lake San Francisco.

The Libau and Notley marshes were a famous breeding center for the redhead (a duck that is a sort of first cousin to the canvasback). Redheads' nests and ducklings were annually destroyed by the thousands when hay was cut in June. With the full co-operation of local municipalities, the government was persuaded to establish a legal haying season that opened no earlier than July 20. Since that time the redhead production has increased more than 700 per cent.

DU also works on the give-and-take principle. In the wheat belt farmers complained that increasing swarms of wild fowl made serious inroads on their grain when, just before harvest time, the fully fledged ducks stoked themselves for their 2,000-mile southward migration. Tom Main arranged that when a farmer's crop was thus menaced, he could apply to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police for special permission to invite the neighbors to a duck shoot some two weeks before the legal season opened. Naturally, he had to satisfy the Mounties that his was a genuine case. There never was but one good shoot under this arrangement in any one locality, because the birds always left for the south after the first evening's barrage.

THE END

A PRESENT FOR MRS. PROCTOR

Continued from Page 15

ing the truth. The truth never hurts."

"But sometimes it does. And who are we to know what *is* the truth? We can't play God."

"Saying things like that! I'm not trying to play God. When I think things should be told, I tell them."

"I know you do." He shuddered a little. "Listen, Carolyn. I—I absolutely forbid you to tell Margaret!"

Carolyn Proctor laughed. Her laughter wasn't pleasant.

"*You* forbid *me!* That's a joke! How dare you speak to me like that! To your wife! Why, I gave you your start—everything! You wouldn't be living in this house—owning your own business—or going with the people you do, if it weren't for me and my money—and don't you forget it!"

"I'm not likely to," said Alex Proctor.

"Why, you weren't anything when you came to this town! Till I picked you up. And you knew I had money."

"Yes, I knew."

"Was it such a bad bargain?"

"Not—not at all. Only—"

"And now you tell me what to do!"

"I don't want you to make people unhappy."

She had had her outbreak, was feeling softened.

"It isn't what I say—it's what people do that makes them unhappy. But it's just you men sticking together."

"So—can't you do me a favor, if I put it that way?" Proctor tried to smile.

"All right. I won't say anything about it tonight."

"That's great! But if you could only see, Carolyn, that telling the truth so often hurts people and so seldom helps them. It's as if you took pleasure—"

"In hurting people?"

"No, of course not! But it so often turns out that way. Other people don't tell all they know."

"I'm frank," said Carolyn. "I do what I think is right. People shouldn't do things they're ashamed of folks knowing about."

Proctor bit his lip, didn't answer.

ON the way to the Rays', who lived just down the road, so they didn't have to take out the car and waste gas, Carolyn was gay. The storm had passed—the way storms always did with her. She was bewildered because Proctor was still silent.

"I declare, a person has to weigh words with you!"

"An outburst like that sort of does me in. I can't take it."

"If I can't talk to my own husband!"

It was a lovely evening. Across Brandon Road lay the Country Club, deep with the green of late summer. Hillsdale was a long and narrow town and Brandon Road was high—you could see the town, peaceful and quiet.

"It's nice here," Proctor said.

"If you like a small town!"

"I thought you liked it. You've been here all your life."

"That's why I'd like to get away. I've always dreamed of living in a city. You wouldn't like to move, I suppose?"

"I'm established here. What could I do in a city?"

"But I established you."

"I know, dear. But you did your work too well. I like it here. I'm satisfied."

"Even with me?"

"With you—very much. If—if you'd let me. There's so much that's so fine about you. You know I love you, Carolyn."

"Do you?" She was smug again. "Then don't pick on me!"

The evening went very well. They played bridge and Carolyn played a good game. There were drinks then, and sandwiches. And they chatted.

WANTED: TO SWAP

Can opener,
  Newest make—
For a cookbook,
  Hoe, or rake.

St. Bernard,
  Fond of meat—
For a dog that's
  More petite.

Carving set,
  Antiskid—
For soup kettle
  Complete with lid.

New sedan,
  An utter wow—
For rabbits, chickens,
  Goat, or cow.

Good golf bag
  And one odd putter—
For a quarter
  Pound of butter.

—LUCRETIA PENNY.

"Are you satisfied with me?" Carolyn asked on the way home. "Wasn't I nice to the Rays? I thought four times before I said a word!"

On Friday, Carolyn Proctor went to the Red Cross. They were making dresses for little girls from remnants that a local mill had sent. As usual, she took charge. I don't know what they'd do without me, she told herself.

"We ought to put some style into these! The others were too plain!" she said.

"They'll be neat and pretty," some one said.

"The trouble is," Carolyn said, "we neglect style. It's so easy, in this town. Look at the things Miss Ella Reynolds has in her shop! It's all right to go there, because we all feel sorry for her. But such old-fashioned stuff! She was probably all right in the '20s, when she started! But today!"

"I like her things," some one said.

"YOU'RE easily satisfied," Carolyn laughed. "Not that I don't go there for cakes—things like that. But everything else is so old, it's a joke!"

Some one changed the subject. No one told Carolyn that Miss Ella Reynolds, who hardly ever had time for such things, had taken the morning off to work at the Red Cross and was sitting now, at the other side of the room, her back turned, working on bandages. And Miss Ella heard very well for her age.

Margaret Ray asked Carolyn to have lunch with her. It was much easier to eat at the Spinning Wheel than to go home, for they had planned to go to the Aid Society of the church in the afternoon.

Over their mushroom patties Carolyn told about Hal.

"I didn't know if I should tell you. But I thought it over—felt it was my duty. If you know, you can *do* something, and not have people laughing behind your back! She's just a waitress. If you put your foot down—"

Carolyn couldn't tell if Margaret Ray was grateful or not. She sat there and crumpled her muffin and said, "I don't think you're right about Hal!"

"Of course I'm right! Every one else knows—only they're too big cowards to tell you."

Margaret Ray developed a headache and didn't go to the Aid Society after all. Carolyn didn't know if it was the news or the weather or the fact that she hardly tasted her luncheon.

On the way to the Aid she met Steve Hogan. Steve was good-looking but odd. He ran a model farm, and though Carolyn liked him, she thought he looked "dissolute."

"I'm glad for your sake they've limited the gas!" She waved a roguish finger at him.

"What do you mean?"

"As if you've forgotten! Last year—when you were arrested for drunken driving!"

"That was a long time ago. I'm not even drinking now. And if you'll remember, even then I proved—"

"Well, it's a good thing you gave up drinking. Our streets aren't safe when young men behave that way." She laughed gaily. Mrs. Bradley was coming down the street. Carolyn hailed her.

"Hello!" she called. "I haven't seen

(*Continued on page 54*)

RADIONICS*

"the impossible we do immediately the miraculous takes a little longer"

ARMY SERVICE FORCES—

The Army is . . . men . . . trained men . . . equipped and maintained. On the home front . . . in factories and on farms . . . civilians produce the armament and food and supplies. The bridge between civilians who furnish and soldiers who use . . . is . . . the Army Service Forces. Wherever the soldier is . . . whatever he does . . . the Army Service Forces are charged with seeing that he lacks no essential thing. To fulfill the task outlined in the twenty-one words above . . . literally . . . the "impossible" and the "miraculous" become daily routine with the Army Service Forces.

"AYE, AYE, SIR"

In old English, "Aye" meant "yes."

It means far more in the Navy.

"Aye, Aye, Sir," means that the order is understood and will be obeyed.

The Navy has given Zenith many "orders" since this war began.

Our prompt "Aye, Aye, Sir," has, we believe, been justified by the "intelligence and initiative" (as the Navy says) with which these orders have been executed.

—in days of civilian radio, Zenith was proud of its long series of "firsts"—improvements which made radio history and established leadership in the industry.

—today our viewpoint has changed—materially.

—engaged exclusively in war production, the things we have been called upon to do—the tasks we have succeeded in accomplishing, make past improvements in civilian radio literally look like "child's play."

—the work of our engineers in radionics has made the "impossible" possible and accomplished the "miraculous."

*—mark that word "RADIONICS" (with its subdivisions of Electronics, Radio, etc.)—it has brought into reality and being, devices which only a year or so ago came in the "impossible" and "miraculous" categories.

—today Zenith works in the science of radionics for our armed forces alone.

—in that bright "tomorrow" when peace returns—

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—that statement is based upon experience which we can not now reveal—but you may take our word that it is a fact.

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(Continued from page 52)

you in ages! I was scolding this naughty boy for endangering the lives of children by driving while intoxicated."

Steve Hogan spoke to Mrs. Bradley, turned to Mrs. Proctor again. "It was late at night—the only time—"

"Oh, well, it's all over! But I believe a warning is a good thing." She laughed again.

Steve Hogan made his escape. And Carolyn continued down the street with Mrs. Bradley.

"These young men!" she said. "Though you don't see much of them, I guess. It's too bad, the way you've buried yourself from the world."

"I haven't at all," Mrs. Bradley declared. "I go to all the church affairs, and I see my relatives, and—"

"Oh, I know that! But you seem to go there only when they aren't having any one else in. You owe it to yourself to go out more. You'll be an old lady, if you don't watch out!"

Carolyn was in a very good humor when she reached the Aid. But it was a business meeting, so she didn't have a chance to talk to any one. She went out with Amy Stevens.

"You going right home?" she asked.

"Bill Hendricks is going to pick me up. He has a C card. Want us to drop you?"

"That would be very nice."

Bill Hendricks drove up just then.

"We're going to drop Mrs. Proctor," Amy Stevens said.

"Good! Get in, then! But I'll drop you first, Amy. Save gas. And I'll pick you up around eight. O. K.?"

"Fine," Amy said.

They dropped Amy. And Carolyn turned to Bill Hendricks.

"I was hoping to get a word with you alone," she said.

"What about?" Bill was polite.

"I don't know how to say it, but it's been worrying me."

"You'd better shoot, then."

"It's—about Amy. You haven't lived in Hillsdale long."

"Five years."

"That's not long, really. You don't know how things are. Well, what I wanted to tell you was that Amy—well, she's years and years older than you are. She's taught school for—well, for fifteen years. Never had a beau! Young men didn't seem to take to her. Oh, she's a very nice girl—but folks sort of laugh to see you taken in."

"I'm not taken in, Mrs. Proctor."

"OH, if you mean you're just being kind to her, I'm glad of that. I was only worried if you were serious. A woman as old as Amy Stevens and a boy like you!"

"I'm no boy. I'm thirty-two."

"Thirty-two. And not in the Army!"

"It's my heart. I've tried hard enough to get in. And what I'm doing amounts to war work, you know."

"Oh, I see!" Carolyn Proctor's voice held disapproval.

She was glad when she arrived home. He was a peculiar young man. Not in the Army! And going with a girl so much older!

The house was quiet and cool. Carolyn went to her room, changed her dress.

She tiptoed downstairs to see what Mrs. Crews was doing. Mrs. Crews wasn't in the kitchen. Odd!

In the living room she found Mrs. Crews on her hands and knees with a whisk broom, a rag, and a dustpan.

"Whatever are you doing?" Carolyn asked.

"It's the little vase. I—I broke it."

"How—how could you be so careless!"

"I was putting some flowers into it—"

"Where are the flowers?"

"In the kitchen. Jimmie brought them."

IN the kitchen was a bunch of half-withered roses.

"Stole them, more than likely!"

"Not at all! Some one gave them to him. And he thought I—that is, you—would like them. So I got the vase and told him—"

"Then it was Jimmie who put the flowers in the vase?"

"Yes, ma'am. And I—well, yes, he took them in and the vase slipped—"

"So it was Jimmie! And you lied to me, Mrs. Crews!"

"Well, he was awful sorry. He's so young—and he thinks you pick on him. So I thought—"

"*I* pick on Jimmie! I've done all I could for him—and this is the way he repays me! A broken vase and you trying to take the blame! I want to tell you one thing here and now—Jimmie is going to a reform school—or I'll know why."

"But, Mrs. Proctor, Jimmie is a good boy!"

"He is a very bad boy, and you would see it if you weren't so wrapped up in him! This is nothing—by itself. But I'm sure he took the money out of my purse that time, even if I did find it afterward. And the time he took those things for that picnic."

"But, Mrs. Proctor—"

"Oh, I know what you're up against. A widow with a son. I've tried to do what I could—but this is the last straw. Jimmie is no good."

"Oh, Mrs. Proctor! He gets good grades at school. And he's been working for Miss Ella Reynolds for over a year. And he delivered papers before that! It's only natural he should be full of life."

"Don't make excuses for him! He's a sly, stubborn boy who might easily turn into a criminal. I'm going to see he gets into a reform school right away."

Carolyn Proctor went up to her room. That nice vase with the roses! She'd won it at a bridge party. That bad, sly Jimmie! He'd learn a useful trade in a reform school.

Carolyn tried to ignore Mrs. Crews' sniffles and red eyes while she served the dinner. No use disturbing Alex with that!

"What *is* the matter with Mrs. Crews?" he asked, after she'd served the dessert.

"She's having trouble with Jimmie. He's a bad boy."

"He never struck me that way."

"You've never paid any attention to him."

"I wanted to make friends with him—and you said it would give him wrong ideas."

"Well, you see!" said Carolyn, as if she'd scored a point.

They played bridge at the Country Club that night. On the way home, Alex Proctor said to his wife:

"Did you say anything to Margaret Ray about Hal?"

"What makes you think so?"

"Well, it was obvious they'd had a quarrel."

"I didn't notice anything."

"No. You only notice what you want to," he said.

"Don't pick on me again! I've had a hard day," Carolyn said.

The next morning was Saturday, so Alex Proctor went to the Country Club for a game of golf.

"Coming home for lunch?" Carolyn asked. She rather resented his playing, but couldn't very well stop him.

"I don't think so. Aren't you having lunch with the girls?"

"It fell through. A couple of them are going to drive over to Summerport. And Margaret Ray has a headache."

"A headache?"

"Yes. Is that so unusual? Said she didn't want to sit indoors. Said she'd go for a walk probably, instead. I may meet her after lunch."

"Oh, I see!" He seemed satisfied. "Well, I'm off!"

"Have a good game!" Might as well be gracious.

"Thank you. I bet I'll enjoy it!" he said.

CAROLYN PROCTOR dressed carefully in one of her black-and-white prints. She decided to do a good deed—to call on old Mrs. Wood, who was ill. Poor old Mrs. Wood! Her husband drank, and her only son was in the Army—the first decent thing he'd ever done.

Carolyn wrapped a couple of jars of preserves in paper. All the way there she thought of what she should say to Mrs. Wood. She'd tried, a number of times, to persuade her to go to an Old Folks' Home but with no success. She'd get decent treatment there, at least. She had nothing now. Mrs. Wood objected to the idea. The poor old thing thought she was better off living in abject poverty!

She found Mrs. Wood in an even worse state than she had feared. Either the poor old lady was delirious or she had been drinking. Carolyn put her little package on the table.

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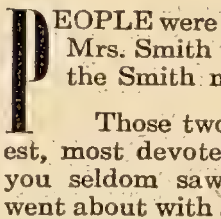

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Wood came in. It was obvious he had been drinking—no margin for doubt there.

"If it isn't old Stick Her Puss In!" he said. He was in fine form.

"What do you mean?" said Carolyn coldly.

"You know! Here you come again, trying to make trouble between me and my wife."

"No such thing! I brought your wife a present. If—you looked out for her—"

"Then you fine ladies wouldn't have to bring your fine presents! We got along for years—and you come along and talk about an Old Folks' Home."

"Don't you think she'd be better off?"

"She's all right! Gets enough to eat! Likes her nip! Getting old! Who isn't?" He came close to Carolyn. "You in right with your Maker?" he asked.

SHE got away from that terrible cottage. She started down the road and across the Country Club grounds. To her horror, she saw that Wood was following her. She was frightened. She tried to run.

"Wait for me!" he called, running too. He caught up with her. "Just a friendly little chat," he said.

Carolyn was breathing heavily. "It's your wife, not you, I'm interested in," she said, plodding on.

"No hard feeling," he said. "You ladies mean well enough, I guess."

"That's quite all right," said Carolyn graciously. And walked as fast as she could.

There were some lovely mushrooms growing there. She picked half a dozen. Put them in her handkerchief. She felt she knew good mushrooms when she saw them.

Wood caught up with her again. He had something in his hand. "Here's a beauty!" he said.

Carolyn looked at it. It looked like the others.

"Thank you!" she said, adding it to the mushrooms in her handkerchief. She was relieved when Wood wandered away.

When she got home she went directly to the kitchen.

"Here are some mushrooms," she told Mrs. Crews. "If you're preparing something creamed, you might add these to my lunch."

"It's raining mushrooms!" said Mrs. Crews.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, Jimmie came in with a nice little basketful Mr. Steve Hogan sent you—some of the ones he raised on his farm. Then Mr. Proctor came home for his sweater and he brought some." Mrs. Crews eyed Carolyn's addition doubtfully.

"You sure these are good?" she asked. "We've got a lot. If you aren't sure—"

"They certainly are good!" said Carolyn Proctor. "Don't you think I know how to tell good mushrooms from poisonous old toadstools?"

"All right!" said Mrs. Crews. "I'll have creamed mushrooms on toast for you and a nice green salad and some blueberries."

"That will be fine," said Carolyn.

The mushrooms looked very nice. Carolyn said so. She was tired from her long walk. And hungry. She ate two helpings.

It wasn't until later in the afternoon that she started getting severe abdominal pains. She called to Mrs. Crews—but Mrs. Crews had gone out to do the Sunday marketing. Carolyn was too ill to reach the telephone.

She was in a collapse when Mrs. Crews found her. Mrs. Crews telephoned for Dr. Rutter. It was too late for him to do anything. Carolyn died without regaining consciousness.

Dr. Rutter questioned Mrs. Crews. She told him about the mushrooms—about Mr. Hogan's gift and Mrs. Proctor bringing some home.

"Of course!" *Amanita muscaria,*" said Dr. Rutter. "The symptoms come on quickly. . . . Those Hogan mushrooms are always fine. I eat them myself. But why people who don't know mushrooms will gather them up in the woods or over on the golf course—it's beyond me! That's what happened. Of course—"

He knew how unpleasant an investigation and an autopsy would be for the family. He had questioned the housekeeper, whom he'd known for years, and she'd told a perfectly straightforward story. Hogan's mushrooms, good. The ones Mrs. Proctor gathered, bad. An open and closed case! No use making things worse for the family! He signed the death certificate.

The funeral was large and impressive. Every one who was any one in Hillsdale was there, and, besides, there were a lot of people, like that poor Mr. and Mrs. Wood, whom Carolyn had befriended. The flowers were magnificent. Even young Jimmie Crews brought a beautiful bouquet. The minister spoke feelingly of the deceased and what a power for good she had been in the community.

"YES, yes!" Mrs. Bradley prodded Miss Ella eagerly. "That Saturday morning—"

"Well, Lutie and I sure were busy. I was glad Jimmie was around to help. He finished cutting the lawn and I sent him out with some things. And on the way back he saw Mr. Steve Hogan. Yes, that's the way it was."

"That's the way it was!" nodded Mrs. Bradley.

"Mr. Hogan said, 'Your mother still with Mrs. Proctor?' And he said, yes, she was. Then he asks does Jimmie still work for me, and he says yes, again. So Mr. Hogan says, 'Come out with me and I'll give you some mushrooms for them.' Jimmie says his mother don't eat mushrooms; but Mr. Hogan said they were for Mrs. Proctor. So he gives Jimmie two baskets and points out which was for Mrs. Proctor and which was for me. Mine were fine!"

The two ladies nodded.

"So Jimmie comes back and gives me my mushrooms. And, loud enough so any one in the shop could hear, he says, 'I got the mushrooms for Mrs. Proctor out on the porch!' There they stand for quite a while."

"And in the shop—" prompted Mrs. Bradley.

"There was Lutie, who didn't like Mrs. Proctor, because she was always telling her she was going to be an old maid. So smug she was, too!"

"The others—"

"WELL, there was Miss Stevens, I remember. Who is Mrs. Hendricks now. Her eyes were red because she'd had words with Bill Hendricks. Not a quarrel exactly, for she was still seeing him, but words, on account of something some one —it was Mrs. Proctor—had said about her age. She told me about that, later on. And there were others —you were there, too, you know!"

"Yes, me, too! It could have been me! I had reason," Mrs. Bradley nodded. "And you, too!"

"Sure! And I'd heard what she'd said the day before—at the Red Cross."

"And then—"

"Miss Stevens comes out on the porch and sees Jimmie starting out again—with the mushrooms and a lot of other things.

"'Mr. Hendricks will be along any minute, Jimmie,' she says. 'Can't we give you a lift?' So presently Mr. Hendricks drives up—and Jimmie gets in. He had a cake for Mrs. Ray. So they said they'd drop him there.

"And here's something funny: Hendricks asks Miss Stevens and Jimmie if they'll have a soda. Miss Stevens sticks her nose in the air and says, 'No, thank you!' So Hendricks grabs Jimmie and takes him out. And while they are gone, Miss Stevens goes for a walk—and in this narrow town she could easily go where the poisoned mushrooms grow and be back again. Jimmie sees her getting into the car as they get back from the drugstore. I don't think she did it, mind you, but she could have!

"Well, they drop Jimmie at the Rays'. Jimmie gives Mrs. Ray the cake, and tells her he has mushrooms for Mrs. Proctor. And right away she tells Jimmie to put the basket down and go in the kitchen and have something to eat—though it wasn't even lunchtime. She had on her hat and she went out. Jimmie had some cake and milk and played with the puppies they had in the kitchen. And she was back before he got the basket. It could have been Mrs. Ray just as easy! Mrs. Proctor had told her about Mr. Ray's little fancy in Summerport! Not that I say she did it. But she could of!"

"But that's not all!" Mrs. Bradley was having a fine time.

"I'll say it's not! Mr. Proctor coming home for a sweater—and the day turned just the least bit colder. And bringing mushrooms with him! Mrs. Crews forgetting to tell the doctor that! I guess she had enough on her mind. Mrs. Crews says Mrs. Proctor was always rubbing into her husband that it was *her* money, and making him feel terrible because of things she said. Mrs. Crews used to hear them! I'm not saying that I blame him. But it sure could have been Mr. Proctor!"

"It could have been Jimmie!"

"Yes, Jimmie! He knows a lot that went on that day! Or Mrs. Crews! Mrs. Proctor had started in again on sending him to a reform school. Jimmie, the best boy in town! Either one of them could have done it easy. Not that I think—"

"And then, Mrs. Proctor coming home—"

"Yes, Mrs. Proctor bringing her own mushrooms. Her own death, as likely as anything! And being so sure she was right when Mrs. Crews questioned her. And Mr. Proctor being so sure. And Mr. Hogan being so sure—"

"But his were good!"

"Mine were good. But he'd told Jimmie which were for me."

"So that don't help!"

"It sure don't! And the doctor going ahead and making out the death certificate. Poisoned mushrooms! It sure was that, all right! And that was all there was to it. If I was a detective—"

"Who would you arrest?" Mrs. Bradley tried not to let her voice show eagerness. Maybe this time—

"But I'm not a detective," said Miss Ella. "If I was, I'd probably get things in an awful mess. As it is, everything is getting along all right. The Hendricks are going to have a baby. And Mr. Ray quitting the waitress and being home every evening—for a while, anyhow. And there's something else. Want some real news?"

"You bet I do!"

"Well, just between you and me, I wouldn't be surprised if Mr. Proctor started being interested in Lutie. Seriously, I mean. He came in today to get some homemade cookies. I started to wait on him, but no, sir, he acts like he don't see me—and marches straight over to Lutie—and they stand there, talking. She's a pretty girl, Lutie. Nice. Cute, too!"

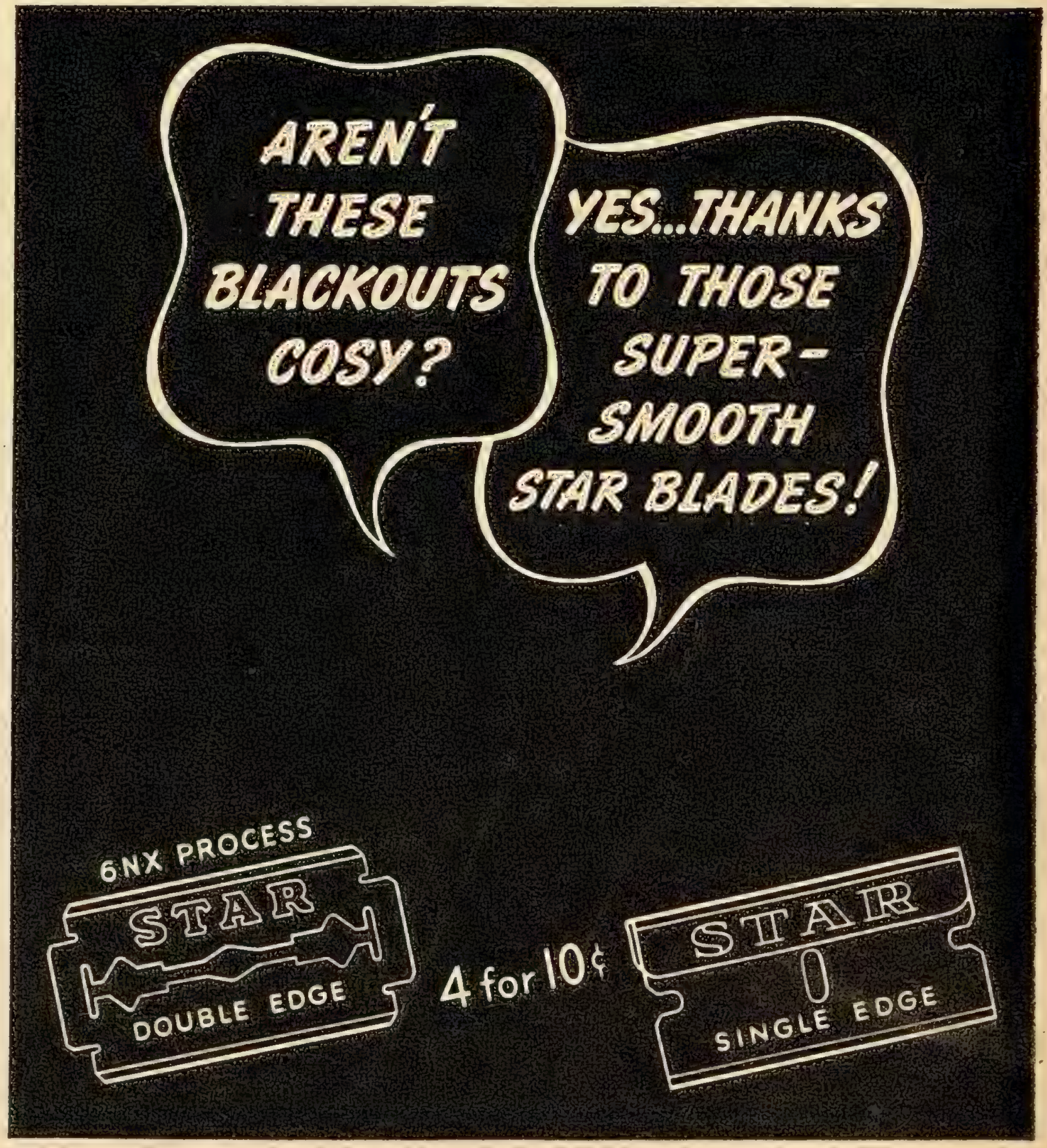
"SHE sure is! It would serve her right—Mrs. Proctor, I mean—if Lutie had been the one."

"Could have been! But I don't think so. Could have been any one of them. Or us. I can't tell, not being a detective."

They didn't even know about Mr. Wood. Though, as Miss Ella pointed out, one more or less wouldn't solve anything.

Miss Ella and Mrs. Bradley sighed contentedly. They could keep on talking forever about The Accident —for they knew they'd never really know the truth about it.

THE END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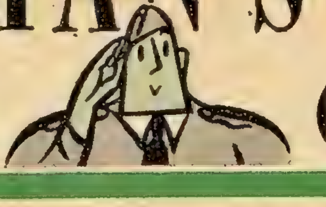

THERE'S a certain professor in this country whom I would like to get my mitts on.

Why? All right, we'll start at the beginning. I've just been reading a letter from Private Leonard K. Kulisch, who's west of Frisco doing a job on the Nips. He writes:

"When a soldier's got a sweetheart back home, naturally she has to make up her mind whether to wait for him or to marry some other fellow.

Mitts on!

"I happen to know, Sarge, that there's a certain professor in a Middle-Western college who openly tells his classes that it is not the proper thing for the sweetheart to wait. He harps on how long the war will last and tells of the shortage of men that will exist after the war.

"This professor tells our sweethearts back home that if they do not marry right away, they probably will become old maids.

"Now, Sarge, shouldn't our sweethearts wait for us? Shouldn't they believe that we will soon be returning safely—as we on the fighting front believe? At least until they pick up a guy's dog tag?"

I don't mind telling you that I burned up as I read that letter. Who that professor is, I do not know. But the stuff he gives out with sounds like what Goebbels puts on the Axis radio.

The fact is—as revealed in my mailbag—that the great overwhelming majority of American sweethearts are sticking to their soldier boys through thick and thin.

An American girl, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, just isn't the type to give her sweetheart the gate when he's giving everything he's got to Uncle Sam. And anybody who goes around telling our girls to let the boys down is a disgrace to the country, in this man's opinion.

So there's a danger of becoming an old maid, eh? What about Jack? Maybe he's in danger of shrapnel or malaria. But he isn't quitting! He's got something to fight for. Yes, and that's the way our American girls feel about it. They've got something to wait for—and they're waiting.

You might as well send a bullet into a doughboy's back as to tell him, when he's in a stinking foxhole somewhere, that the girl he's fighting for just couldn't wait until he finished the job.

Keep the heart fires burning! There's a motto for every soldier's sweetheart in this man's war. And nuts to you, professor!

OLD SARGE.

* * *

A group of us were having a bull session the other night and the question came up: If it was left up to us, what kind of punishment would we mete out to Hitler, Mussolini, and Tojo when the war is over? When it came my turn, here's what I suggested: Put all three of them in a big cell together. Feed them regularly and don't torture them at all. Just give each of them a nice sharp knife.

Get the idea, Sarge? I predict they'd all be stabbed in the back within forty-eight hours.

S/Sgt. P. McD.,
Somewhere in Sicily.

Nice going, Sgt. McD. That's one of the most ingenious plans I've heard yet. It seems to sum up the enemy and all he stands for. How about some more suggestions? What would you do with those three after the war? I'll print the best letters.

* * *

So the War Department has created a service medal for WAACs who become WACs. That's fine. But I don't see why some one hasn't thought up the idea of a nurses' medal for all nurses of the A. N. C. with over a year's service. Those girls are doing a great job. They are always on the beam with a ready smile and do everything in their power to make a soldier's stay in the hospital happy.

Old-Timer, Scott Field, Ill.

Check and double-check. Any one who wants to hang ribbons on the Angels of Mercy can count on Old Sarge.

* * *

Being over thirty-eight, I have been transferred to the Enlisted Reserve. I came out a staff sergeant. If I get called back in the Army, do I go back in grade or as a private? Also, can the draft board send me back, or who would call me if I were needed? And can I wear my uniform while in the Enlisted Reserve?

C. I. K., Culver City, Calif.

That seems to be three questions. First: If you are recalled to active duty, you will go back in grade, that is, as a staff sergeant. Second: The Army will recall you, if necessary, not the draft board. You are an Army Reservist, and as such the draft board does not have jurisdiction over you. Third: You may wear your uniform only to Enlisted Reserve functions, such as drills or parades, or when under orders.

* * *

Can you state the total casualties in the United States Navy so far in this war?

Ensign J. T. L., U. S. S. ———,

The latest official figure at this writing totals 29,589 Naval casualties since December 7, 1941. The figure breaks down as follows:

10,219	**dead**
5,213	**wounded**
10,005	**missing**
4,152	**prisoners**

These figures include the Navy, Coast Guard, and Marine Corps.

* * *

If an officer does not get his thirty days of leave during the year, can he carry the time over and take sixty days the next year?

Knives

Second Lieut. J. K. S.,
Fort Sill, Okla.

Ordinarily, yes. Officers, as well as enlisted men, are entitled to thirty days of leave annually, where possible. (You call it furlough time in the case of enlisted men.) However, the "where possible" cancels a good many leaves and furloughs during wartime.

Enlisted men cannot save up their furlough time from year to year. Officers may accumulate their annual leaves for as long as four years and request a four-month leave after this accrual.

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AMERICANS IN QUEST OF A FOREIGN POLICY

Continued from Page 13

is his first lieutenant, the Secretary of State, who is responsible only to the President. He is appointed by the President and may be dismissed by him. The people's Congress has no legal power, not one jot of it, in the creation, initiation, negotiation, or execution of any part of America's foreign policy. The senators and representatives do exercise, to be sure, a *veto* power: one third of the Senate can say no to any international treaty the President lays before them; the House can refuse, by a simple majority, to grant the President the monies he may need to carry out foreign policies which he has devised. But these are totally negative and nonconstructive powers.

THE important thing for Americans who are in quest of a foreign policy to realize today is that the President is not required by the law of our land, nor is his Secretary of State, to report to the House or the Senate, or to any member or committee in Congress, the status of his foreign negotiations at any time, nor even the reasons which he may have for entering upon any given course of action in relation to a foreign power. Nor need he give to the people, through the press or radio, any information as to the action he is taking with heads of foreign states. He may present to the American people as much or as little of the facts as he personally sees fit. He may suppress information of the utmost importance to every citizen if he cares to do so.

Mr. Roosevelt did exactly this—according to the State Department's own White Paper on Japan, published after Pearl Harbor—when he failed for three or four years to take the American people into his confidence about the growing threat of war with Japan. Mr. Roosevelt was well within his constitutional rights to decide that, in his *personal* opinion, the true facts would "alarm" the people or the people were "not ready" to hear them. (This was the excuse his State Department gave after Pearl Harbor.) Also, a President may suppress disturbing international facts because a domestic election is in the offing. This is certainly part of the reason the American people were not told about the terrible menace of Japan in 1940. Today another election is in the offing. That may or may not explain why all intelligent debate about the fate of Poland, Latvia, Estonia, and Lithuania in the postwar world is being soft-pedaled.

For, in addition to the Senate's negative veto power on treaties and the House's on monies, the only brake on the President's *positive* power to take any course of action he personally wishes in foreign pol-

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icy is that he must face a national election every four years. And this brake cannot operate fully unless the people are in full possession of the vital facts. Naturally, if a President's own foreign policies are sound and popular, he will not hesitate to reveal them. But if they are either unsound or unpopular, or both, he will naturally tend to conceal them, particularly at election time. And, remember, it is the Constitution which makes this concealment possible.

In the days when the founding fathers lodged all the powers having to do with the making of America's foreign policy in the hands of the President alone, there was indeed a vast difference between American domestic and foreign policy. In sailing-ship days the oceans were a barrier between us and the rest of the world. And "foreign affairs" consisted largely of military treaties (which, being remote from Europe and Asia, we didn't want) and rude and fairly simple trade treaties made with sovereigns. But since then, because of the steamship, the radio, the airplane—and the industrialization of the civilized world—the elaborate integration between any nation's foreign and domestic policies has become almost complete.

Today an economic decision taken by a European government has instant world-wide repercussions. Witness what happened in American economy when the European nations went off the gold standard after World War I. Even a political decision taken in Europe can shake our political parties to the roots. Witness the impact of Russia's Third International on American domestic politics. And certainly we know that a military decision taken anywhere in Asia or Europe can embroil us in a world war in no time.

As the wise or stupid operation of America's "foreign policy" certainly affects the decisions of other foreign powers in matters economic, military, and political, so it will be seen that our foreign policy is bound to shape our domestic policy directly. The shaping of a wise foreign policy for America will certainly ensure its domestic prosperity. The unsound handling of this nation's foreign policy will inevitably make a bloody mockery of all the social security laws, tax laws, or any other laws that Congress passes at home. Tomorrow the man who handles our foreign policy—and, according to law, it is only one man—has it in his power, if his decisions are not wise, to plunge this country into another and more terrible war, or to put upon the backs of the people taxes so heavy that the wisest "domestic policy" would be incapable of long withstanding the shock.

As Brendan Bracken, the British Minister of Information, said to me not long ago: "By the terms of *your Constitution,* your President wields more personal power than any man living, or any man who ever lived." The content of "foreign policy" in modern times includes every phase of a nation's political and economic life. And our President alone has this power, not only over our own nation, but, since our country is so vast and rich, to a large extent over the fate of all the nations of the world! No emperor, no dictator, no sovereign in all history ever had the power over so many billions of lives as our President has today.

Remember, Franklin Roosevelt does not have this power because he *grabbed* it. It is a power that was given him by the Constitution, but which when given was not very great. Like Topsy, it has just growed.

And the only three brakes upon that prodigious power are: 1. The Senate's right to veto treaties. This brake is less and less effective, as the modern trend is against foreign agreements being presented in the shape of treaties to the Senate. "Executive agreements" is the new technique by which modern Presidents have sought to by-pass the Senate. 2. The right of Congress to refuse monies. This brake is growing weaker, too, since a strong political majority in Congress will generally pass anything its President hands down from the White House. 3. Public opinion. And this brake, which should be the most effective, is only effective if the people themselves are at all times alert to the international situation and well informed of the facts, either by the President and his Secretary of State or, in spite of him, by a zealous free press and radio.

Not many sounds in life—and I include all urban and rural sounds—exceed in interest a knock at the door.
—*Charles Lamb.*

I do not wish in this article to discuss whether or not the prodigious decisions which the President has made alone in the past ten years were always wise, or whether the power now in his hands is being wisely or ill used for the best interests of the American people. I had my say on that some months ago on the floor of the House, when I pointed out that, in my opinion, not only did the people of the U. S. A. have no American foreign policy but the President himself had none, or that *if* he did have one, few Americans knew what it was. Certainly no member of Congress on either side of the aisle knows, even today—and I ask them, Democrats and Republicans alike, all the time. No one is stupid enough to suppose that the President's many expressions of noble democratic sentiment and good will to all mankind are the same thing as a definite foreign policy toward Europe and Asia.

Of course, my opinion of the President's foreign policy is naturally subject to suspicion, as I am a Republican in stern opposition to many of Mr. Roosevelt's policies, both domestic and foreign. For I do not believe in the current Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde explanation of the President. How absurd are those romantic-minded Republicans who can believe that Roosevelt is an owl abroad, a wolf at home; a saint in foreign affairs, a devil in domestic ones. A man is all of a piece. I believe that Mr. Roosevelt is precisely as astute, as inspired, and as efficient in his conduct of foreign affairs as he is in his conduct of domestic ones.

However, I may be biased. Listen, then, to the pro-administration New York Post. It recently lamented as follows: "There can be only one logical deduction [from all this]: we have no foreign policy at all." And again the Post said: "There isn't any doubt that the enemy was helped enormously by the State Department's failure to have a policy ready to meet the situation when Mussolini suddenly collapsed." Post columnist Samuel Grafton summed up his view of the situation on August 28 when he wrote: "We slog along on our dusty policy of no-policy."

Dorothy Thompson, who went over to the Democrats in 1940 because of her devotion to President Roosevelt's foreign affairs, was shocked when he recently fired Under-Secretary of State Sumner Welles. Said she: "He was in favor of pursuing a more energetic and constructive policy. Or—to say it all more simply—he was in favor of *a* policy."

In an article for the September American Mercury, Miss Thompson opined: "At the very outset of the war, we should have enunciated clearly the purpose for which we were fighting, the kind of Germany, Italy, and Europe that we wanted to see. For without a policy, unconditional surrender is meaningless and can even be catastrophic."

The New York Herald Tribune, which has often gone along with President Roosevelt because of his "foreign policy," has at last become disillusioned and cries out that the necessity of acquiring a democratic foreign policy "is becoming more urgent every day."

Walter Lippmann, Herald Tribune columnist, is likewise profoundly disturbed. Says he: "Our foreign policy is not, it is sad to say, in a sound and promising condition. . . . The formulation of United States foreign policy is now the paramount business of the President. . . . It is in the realm of diplomacy that we are most dangerously weak."

Two magazines which have been great New Deal lovers are the Nation and the New Republic. They are now vigorously leading American liberal thought in charging that Mr. Roosevelt's foreign policy is either deplorable or nonexistent. And for those who believe, as I do, that the voices of American women are half the voices of the land, it is interesting to note that in a broadside entitled Prelude to Post-War Planning, the *nonpartisan* League of Women Voters states: "During the last twenty years we have had no positive foreign policy."

I mention these things not to condemn the President but to highlight the present American paradox in foreign affairs—an all-powerful President either not using his powers or tending to use them in a manner which many liberal and clear-thinking citizens misunderstand.

An understanding of this paradox is a matter of life and death for the children of every parent who reads these words: We have a President with the vastest powers ever given to man, who so far has not formed an intelligent, coherent, democratic foreign policy, or, indeed, any foreign policy which he *shares* with the people.

WHY is this so?

There can be a limited number of explanations: 1. Mr. Roosevelt is a man who does not know his own mind, who has no clear idea on foreign affairs. 2. He is totally unaware of the terrible political forces at work in the world. 3. He is incapable of handling them if he is aware. 4. He is subject primarily to political considerations. 5. Or, with all his powers, Mr. Roosevelt dares not commit the U. S. A. to any *consistent* aboveboard course of action (the only dynamic, fruitful kind), either because he fears the wise course would be unpopular at election time or because he fears he hasn't the people's representatives "with him," *i. e.*, "for him blindly." In short, he refuses to act vigorously in many vital matters until a majority of the whole American people make up their millions of minds on every detail of foreign affairs from Russia to Libya, from Singapore to Manila.

Probably in Mr. Roosevelt's case it is a combination of a man who doesn't always understand the forces at work abroad, and a man who feels the American people won't like his personal solutions, however sound, at election time.

What is the answer to this horrible impasse between the Chief Executive and the people on foreign policy? We must know, because if we do not find a way out of it your grandsons will die in vain to make the world safe for democracy in 1967, as your sons are dying today and their fathers died in 1917.

I will not say there is any one answer. There are two. But I do say only *one* is a democratic answer.

1. We can rob the Congress even of its veto power by allowing the President to short-circuit the Senate altogether and doing away with all treaties. Or we can further weaken the Senate veto power by saying that ratifications of whatever treaties do come to the Senate shall be by simple majority. The effect of either course would be to break the stalemate in favor of *greater* Presidential power. This is the solution that the administration is seeking now. This would do away altogether with *any* legislative brake on the President's executive power. He would then have the *same* power over our foreign policy as Hitler had over Germany's or Stalin has over Russia's. Like them, he would have to deal with "public opinion" only. Plainly, this is not a wise solution from the average American point of view. And strangely enough, except for those Democrats who expect to benefit immediately, it is not the solution any patriot would choose. Not Sam Grafton, not George Soule, not Dorothy Thompson, not Walter Lippmann, not the vigorous and wholly New Deal editors of the Post, would look upon such a solution with equanimity. For though they trust Mr. Roosevelt, he cannot live forever—and could they be sure they could trust his successor in office not to abuse these powers?

2. There is a second solution and it is the democratic one: It is for the President to *share* his vast powers with the people through their representatives, so that *together* the President, the people, the Congress, and the State Department may arrive at the choice of a sound American foreign policy.

There are two ways this could be done: First, by amendment to the Constitution which would require the President and the Secretary of State to consult at regular intervals with the Congress, or members thereof, and to subject himself to questioning at regular intervals on his conduct of foreign affairs. But a constitutional amendment is a long and tedious process. Second, the President himself could offer to appear once a month before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and the House Foreign Affairs Committee, and to subject himself to questioning on his conduct of foreign policy. And he could require his Secretary of State to do likewise. In this way, via their representatives, the whole people would be taken into the full confidence of the President and at all times be aware of what course he was pursuing in the interests of America, and *why*. To say that "this won't work" is simply to say that democracy won't work, and that we have fought a great and dreadful war in vain.

CONDENSED VERSION

This streamlined
Job's
No pointless
Caper:
It uses
Hardly
Any
Paper,
And cuts down
Wordage
Useless,
Sloppy.
Gov't
Bureaus
Kindly
Copy.

—*ETHEL JACOBSON.*

A RECENT magazine article by Democratic Senator Carl Hatch of New Mexico, called Unite Now for Peace, is revealing. With the greatest good will and patriotism, Senator Hatch makes the old, old cry to the people to "wake up and take part." Then he bemoans the terrible division of opinion among ninety-six senators, which is, he fears, going to lose the peace. It strikes him as horrible and undemocratic that our senators have a variety of views on international subjects. At the beginning of his article he says he wants them to "make up their minds" that we must co-operate with Europe and Asia. A paragraph later he admits that, by and large, they *have* made up their minds to do so. What Senator Hatch really means is that all the senators just won't make up their minds to do—what? Unite solidly behind the President's foreign policy, *whatever* it is, or may be in 1944. And then he lets the cat out of the bag unwittingly. He writes: "The President met with the Committee on Foreign Relations before the invasion of Poland began, but that meeting was not fruitful."

In short, Mr. Roosevelt met *once*, before the European war, with the Foreign Relations Committee. This was in a period during which the American people and their legislators, in long ignorance of the *facts* about Europe and Asia, were torn by the desire to "stay out" and the fear that we might be plunged in. And because that was not a "fruitful meeting" Mr. Roosevelt never met again with the Foreign Relations Committee to explain anything to them at all.

But in spite of his natural partisanship, Senator Hatch knows the answer, too. For, partisan or not, like all Americans he is a patriot. Says he: "It seems clear to me that a method for closer contact between the President and the Senate must be provided. It seems entirely reasonable that there should be frequent meetings between the President, his advisers, the Secretary of State, and the members of the Foreign Relations Committee. It is a national problem and not a party matter. It is also a matter of life and death for us as a nation."

I quarrel (mildly) with Senator Hatch simply because, knowing as he does there have been no such meetings for four years, he complains that some of our senators are ignorant non-world-minded fellows. To me, the wonder is that *all* aren't, cut off as they are from a free and regular intercourse with the President on international affairs. I believe, and I am sure Senator Hatch does too, that the present one-third veto power of the Senate would prove no handicap to the development of a sound American foreign policy, provided that at regular stated intervals the President and his Secretary of State presented themselves before members of the Senate to explain why the policy they envisaged, or the treaty they wanted to negotiate, or the "world peace plan" they were projecting was for the long-term interests of the whole nation. To say that the Senate, once in full possession of the facts, would not co-operate is to say that *only* the President of the United States is a patriot and all senators and congressmen are potential traitors!

SOME say that to disclose to "garrulous senators" delicate international negotiations would wreck any hope of carrying them through. When the Prime Minister of Great Britain frankly discusses his foreign policy not only with his ministers but with all the members of the House of Commons, they are capable of keeping their counsel or reacting as Britishers first, and as Liberals, Conservatives, and Laborites afterward. Does any one dare suggest an American is less patriotic than a Britisher?

I know, from actual experience, that many a Republican senator and congressman has, during this war, kept "secrets" of a military nature which he could easily have used to "embarrass the administration."

To sum up: A major obstacle in the quest of an American foreign policy is the gap left by our Constitution, which does not make it obligatory for the President to discuss his foreign policy with the people through their duly elected representatives. Perhaps the time has come for our President (who is a great tradition buster) to "bust" this tradition in the best interests of the whole American people, and to assume, in this world crisis, the moral and patriotic obligation which does not legally exist.

* * *

A Boston husband got a letter at his Army camp from his wife. It contained a sketch of their car's instrument panel and said: "This's the exact way the dashboard looks. Do we need a quart of oil?"

* * *

This, I venture to predict, the President will probably not do. There are few men in the world who part with legally delegated power gracefully. Then there is only one course left to Americans if they want a foreign policy. That is to demand that the President, on the radio and through the press, tell *them* fully and frankly what sort of foreign policy he believes they ought to have—and why, and submit the major facts concerning what he has done and is doing to formulate a policy that will keep us out of war for at least fifty years. His is the power and his is the knowledge. If he shares neither with us, our endless debates with one another on a foreign policy for America will be futile—and a source of endless disunity.

I have not attempted to describe a foreign policy for America, but I have indicated the first step that must be taken in that quest. If this step is not taken, we may never get a foreign policy. And a sound American policy, as Walter Lippmann has so well said, is the shield of the Republic. That shield must be wrought in the warm desires and enlightened wishes of *all* the people—and borne happily and in full acceptance of the honor by all their duly elected representatives. If it is wrought alone, in the mind of one man—as it is today—the shield is bound to be twisted and warped and very thin indeed. And when it is carried into battle it will serve not to protect us but merely as a bloody litter on which to bring our dead sons home to their sons, who will fight again within what would have been their fathers' lifetime.

THE END

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Works wonders for a beard that's tough!
And Thin Gillette lasts long as well—
Saves money, time; your face looks swell!
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Gillette
BLADES
4 BLADES 10¢
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4 for 10c
Rigid inspection assures absolute uniformity
Produced By The Maker Of The Famous Gillette Blue Blade

DESTINATION TOKYO—Continued from Page 30

He looked the ship over. "The Copperfin's been through plenty. She's a good ship."

Tex said, "I remember one night off the Solomons. The Nips depth-charged us silly. Tried to blow us apart—and couldn't."

The captain grinned.

"And remember the time," Tex said, "that—"

"Aircraft astern—coming down out of the sun!"

It was a lookout. Quade's eyes went up. There against the sun he saw a black outline of wings!

"Clear the bridge!" the captain snapped.

Quade was half shoved toward the hatch. Men were tumbling down. Some one gave him a push. He felt as though he were falling through space. Then he crashed in the conning tower. His ankles felt broken. Some one else came barreling through, almost on top of his shoulders. The Klaxon diving alarm began to shriek! The quartermaster stood by the hatch. As the captain came below, he banged it shut.

"Take her down!"

At once the gong for battle stations sounded. Quade's heart beat fast. The order to battle stations was being paralleled through the phones. He heard the voice clearly and sharply: "All hands man battle stations submerged!"

Quade followed the others down the ladder into the control room. The conning tower was being closed off. Men were coming to their stations. The chief of the boat was on the air manifold. The sound man was putting on earphones. The captain took his place. There was a rush of water into the ballasts. The depth-meter needle began to waver, then climb. Ten feet, twenty, thirty! The ship's bow was at a slant. The Diesels had gone off, and in the silence the sound of the water made a dull roar against the hull. The captain glanced at the sound man.

"Pick her up?"

"No sound at all, captain."

"Keep listening."

The depth needle kept rising fast. Forty feet, fifty, sixty, seventy! The sailors were tense and silent, working. Water gurgled against the sides of the ship.

IT was Quade's first dive, and he had expected a definite sensation. There was none. He was conscious mostly of the silence. It was the first time since they had left Mare Island that the Diesels had stopped, and the ship was empty of sound.

Time passed.

The sound man had a look of hard concentration but no expression.

Tension began to ease. The sailors' faces lost their set look. Quade's muscles began to unlimber, and he realized for the first time how taut they had been! He thought, It's funny, you're never aware of a thing like that at the time. The backs of his legs had been as tight as drums. They tingled now and felt weak. One of the sailors glanced over at the chief. Half smiling, he said:

"Ever say your prayers, Browski?"

"Sure," Browski said.

"Do any good?"

"I dunno. But I ain't takin' any chances." Browski looked around, and then suddenly—as though he felt he'd made a compromise with his convictions, he said, "Of course prayers do good!" He mopped his fat face and his small black eyes shone authoritatively. "On a submarine, my friend—all you *ever* need is faith in God and the captain."

There was the trace of a smile on Cassidy's face. He turned to the sound man.

"How's now?"

"Nothing, sir."

Cassidy nodded to the diving officer. "Put a bubble in her, Mr. Baker. Up to periscope level. We'll have a look."

The control-room crew went into operation again. Ballasts hissed out water. The depth-gauge needle began to drop. Quade could feel the ship rising under his feet. Still below the surface, they straightened out.

COCKTAIL PARTY

When I am in a crowded room
And hear but foolish chatter,
Instead of joy, I'm filled with gloom,
For nothing seems to matter.

The people are but phantom folk,
Attempting conversation;
How stale and stupid is each joke,
How dull each observation!

Yet true love sometimes finds its way
To such a place as this is.
And so I stay, and stay, and stay,
Watching the lovely misses;

Hoping a wild romance will start
With that sweet young beginner;
That she and I will both depart
And go alone to dinner.

—CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

The captain said, "Up scope!"

The telescope pumped slowly out of the deck. Cassidy laid his arms on the crossbars. He leaned forward, pressing his eye to the rubber eyepiece.

Then, without moving, he motioned the exec over. Cassidy gave him the scope. As Tex squinted into it, Cassidy said:

"Those are the wings that zoomed out of the sun at us!"

Tex began to laugh. He looked up. "An albatross!"

"Four-motor job," Cassidy said. Now he turned to Quade. "We're always diving for something like that. Against the sun even a sea gull with its wings straight out can look like a Zero." He smiled. "But an actual plane could make mincemeat of us—so we dunk first, ask questions afterward!"

"Yeah, man," Tex agreed. To Quade he said, "A sub's first maneuver on spotting anything that even remotely resembles aircraft is to get under fast!"

They returned to the surface.

GRADUALLY Quade was getting to know the ship. That same day Lieutenant Les Baker, the diving officer, explained buoyancy to him.

"You see, it's like this, Quade. We have trimming tanks—middle, fore, and aft. They preserve our balance in a dive. If we're too heavy at one end, water is pumped into the tank at the other."

Baker was about twenty-six. He had blue eyes, hair almost white blond, and large lips. He was high-strung, smoked as he talked. Submarines excited him. He liked them and liked his job.

"Before a dive, a sub always has to be compensated—that is, water admitted to or expelled from the tanks. Say a torpedo is fired. That weight has to be compensated for. The tin fish weighs twenty-seven hundred pounds. O. K. If it was removed from seventy forward, on the weight curve, you'd compute this way: twenty-seven hundred times seventy hundredths equals eighteen ninety pounds. This amount of water is flooded into the forward trim tank—the remaining eight hundred or so pounds into the auxiliary tank at zero.

"Still—the sub isn't ready yet. Since the last dive the engines have eaten up, say, one thousand gallons of oil. The fuel tank aft must always be full when we dive. When a gallon of oil is used, a gallon of sea water must take its place. But here's a hitch! One gallon of oil weighs seven pounds. One gallon of sea water weighs about eight and one third pounds. So, for every gallon of oil we burn the ship has become one and one third pounds heavier from sea water in the tanks aft. Consequently you now have to begin subtracting, or expelling water, to balance it."

He lit another cigarette. "It's the same set-up with food—every pound of chow that's eaten must be compensated for."

Next morning Quade met some of the crew—Mike, the Kid, Wolf, Tin Can, Pills, Yoyo, and one or two others. But it was hard to be at ease with them. They liked him, but looked up to him. It gave Quade an odd feeling.

And slowly now, through the hours, and sea falling behind them—in the steady routine of Diesels, phonograph records, men under the sun lamp, the thrashing of the washing machine, the sizzle of cooking foods in the galley, the shower baths, the conversations, the banging locker doors, the constant watch-standing, the eating and sleeping, the bright, ruby-red glow of lights through the darkness, he lost track of time.

So that one night, when he was in his bunk—the only sounds aboard that of the throbbing engines, the hum of the air blowers—he was surprised when the loud-speakers suddenly went on. It was the phonograph. A Guy Lombardo record. At first Quade couldn't understand why it had come on. Then he knew. The song was Auld Lang Syne.

It was New Year's Eve! Midnight.

Quade lay very still. Up in the forward room, he thought, the guys he'd met and talked with were awake, too—listening. Wolf, probably gazing over at his long-legged doll Nita. Tin Can, looking up through the glow of red stanchion lights at a picture of his girl attached to the bottom of the bunk just above him. The Kid—what was *he* thinking about? His first New Year's Eve on a sub. His first New Year's Eve at sea. And what about Mike? He'd said he had a wife in Vallejo, and two kids. Pills would probably be asleep, Quade thought. But old Browski wouldn't: the chief, in bed in the c. p. o. quarters, would be mumbling to himself—maybe making a resolution not to swear so much any more.

And the captain—Quade didn't know what the captain was thinking about. Or Tex, either, for that matter. Was Tex married? Maybe he had a girl somewhere. Quade had a girl somewhere himself.

Auld Lang Syne.

Engines. The dull thunder of water against the hull.

RAIN.

Rain against the windows. Guy Lombardo then too, through the little radio he'd had there on the mantel in that cheap cold Los Angeles apartment. Auld Lang Syne, and static, and outside the rain drenching down, palm trees bending in it, and he alone—abjectly alone.

Was that nine years ago? Was it that long?

It was the night he had seen Betty again—for the first time since she had waved good-by to him that day in Yokohama.

He had arrived in Los Angeles a month before to study languages, or rather, to put the finishing touches on the languages he already knew.

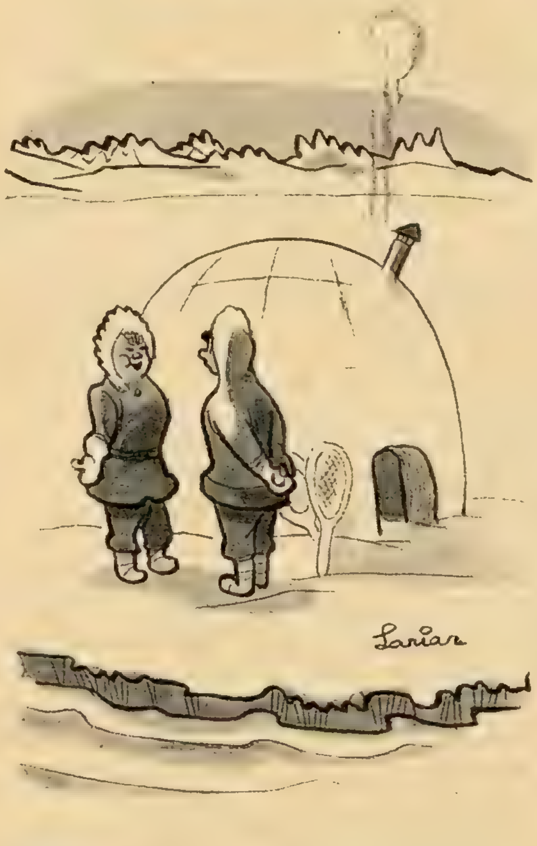
His professors in Tokyo had been none too good, renegades, most of them, who drank a great deal and were subject to moods. One of them, Baltzer, even took opium, and died one night in his house, his eyes wide open and popping and his skin all yellow. Some of the whites took up a collection and buried him. And Salvador, who taught Spanish, stayed drunk for a week. He was still there, married to a Korean woman, and still teaching at the university.

When Quade told his father about Baltzer, his father scarcely looked up from his paper. He said only that Quade would have to find a new instructor, perhaps a Jap—at least the Jap would stay sober. And anyhow, he said, Quade already knew the fundamentals of French and Spanish, his pronunciation wasn't bad, and the German, which Baltzer taught, would come to him eventually. It was a difficult language.

(One year—when he was sixteen—Quade tried Russian, under the impression that since he knew Japanese he could master it, but after a month he gave it up entirely; and in its place his father gave him lessons in diplomatic conduct, what little he knew of it, and told him stories of successful coups and intrigue. Once he touched on the relationship of espionage to diplomacy—he thought the United States should make use of it; but government policy was against it, and the United States, consequently, didn't know half enough about Japan, though it was an open secret the Japanese practiced widespread spying on the west coast of America. Very often the full extent of this was thought exaggerated, and it got to the point where you did not know whether it was exaggeration and a joke, or whether it was really true. This was the Japanese propaganda at the time, and very good propaganda, which Americans played to—caricatures of the buck-toothed spy with a camera. The Japanese were delighted that Americans could laugh over it. Meanwhile the files in Tokyo grew fat with photographs, maps, and blueprints of every strategic foot of land west of the Rockies.)

But Quade had learned what he could in Tokyo and now he had come to the States to learn more and to actually embark upon his career. (It was perhaps significant that the surging desire to cut loose on his own had started that day in Yokohama after the boat sailed.) He had delayed the departure only because he had not yet finished at the university. But now he was graduated, and over here, with the few dollars his father had been able to give him; and he was living cheaply, scrimping and saving, enrolled at U. S. C., studying German and not learning any of it.

THE HOME FRONT



"They say this will be the crossroads of the world after the war!"

Because here in America he could not think. It was the first time in his entire life that he had seen it—this country, his own land.

THE first day he had stood on the corner of Sixth and Main in Los Angeles and just watched the people go by, and didn't believe it, couldn't believe it, because he saw so many white faces! He looked at the clothes, and the faces, and the way people walked; he listened to sidewalk conversation, and watched men light cigarettes, and buy magazines, and all the time, inside of him, he was *singing,* because he was one of them! This was his race!

Then he went to Betty's address. (He'd written her once in care of Cook's Tours, but only a cautious letter. And when at last her answer came, it was quite simple and direct, so that he did not know whether he was a memory, a part of a world cruise, or some one still living, the way, to him, she was still living, and still part of him.) He'd never written again, of how he'd visited the places they had gone to, the dance hall where he'd kissed her, or the teahouses; or how he'd stood on the dock, picturing her there at the rail. But he had her address, and he'd made all his plans to come to the States, still not sure what it was about her that made him want to come. It could have been an emotion which he had built up all out of proportion, and which seeing her again would rub out. He had been careful to guard against that. He had written nothing, promised nothing.

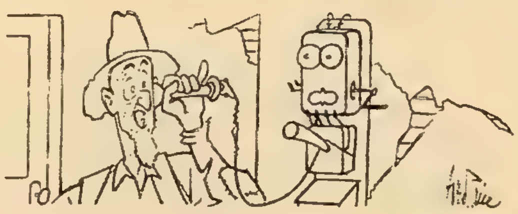
Now he went to the address that was on the letter. He still had the letter. It was very worn and he kept it in his inside pocket. The taxi seemed to go for miles and stopped, finally, in front of an apartment house on Franklin. When he went inside to the switchboard and asked for Betty Miller, they said she had moved and they did not know where she was.

Suddenly he felt sick. And he knew then he had not come to the States for himself, or a career, or to learn languages—but for her. He could not believe what the man at the switchboard told him and he asked again and again. In the end he left his intended address, in case, by chance, she happened to call—only the wildest hope.

Then he went outside and began to walk, and all at once, feeling

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S

FICTIONARY *(Unabashed)*



HAYLLO: A farmer answers the telephone.

TELLERPHONE: To give a bank clerk a ring.

FALLSHOOD: A fib on a Niagara honeymoon.

SKULLETON: Just the head.

DYERBOLICAL: Fiend who colors a blue dress red.

SAMMYCIRCLE: Kaye's orchestra in a half-moon.

HELLEGANCE: The devil in fancy clothes.

WAGNOSTIC: A dog who denies the existence of his tail.

PESKYMO: A guy who bothers explorers.

BOASTMASTER: He claims his office handles more mail than any other.

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strange in this country, his country, he wanted to cry. When he reached the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Vine, he stood there looking at the traffic all the rest of the afternoon. After it was dark he went into a drugstore and had a sandwich.

He called all of the studios and legitimate theaters, but none of them knew her; and then he called the Central Casting Bureau for extra players, but they refused even to tell him whether she was listed with them. He pleaded with the operator, told her his name and the whole story, but when he hung up he knew it had been futile; and at last, out of desperation, he enrolled in the German-language class, and sat bored through long, tedious sessions.

At Christmastime his whole world ended. There was a cable from Japan—his father had died suddenly. Heart disease. He had left less than a thousand dollars—and a few suits of clothes, all of which was being forwarded. On Christmas morning Quade went to church, and he cried in earnest now. He had never known such utter despair.

He had no friends. In the class, they had been told of his background, and regarded him as a freak—a white Japanese. They would talk to him of course, but they were not friends, really friends, and at night he was alone, sopping up movies, taking long walks, visiting points of interest.

AFTER the cable came from Japan he stopped doing this. Night after night he sat morosely in his room, the German lesson book open in front of him, but he staring into space. The apartment was dirty, rundown. Eighteen dollars a month. It was on the fifth floor. You took a creaky self-service elevator to get to it. It faced Sixth Street—the trolley line, coco palms. It was drab and bleak. There was a tiny cockroach-infested kitchenette, and here he cooked beans and fried eggs, mixed them up together for supper each night, and drank his coffee black.

He thought of his father, and missed him, and for the first time he was lonesome for Japan. He remembered the Thanksgivings, just he and Quade, Sr., and outside, snow on the ground, the plum trees stripped bare and black; his first geisha party; his first public bath, half a dozen Japanese girls joining him unconcernedly, all of them nude; and dining with white clerks from the banks and their Russian mistresses.

On New Year's Eve he was still in his apartment. His loneliness was almost unbearable. Rain came down in torrents. He had a tiny radio, and all through the evening, in monotonous detail, it repeated flood bulletins. He sat at the window and watched the trees blown in the wind, the glistening rain-swept street. Nobody was out in it.

And then, suddenly through the little radio, punctuated with static, he heard Guy Lombardo's band—and the first strains of Auld Lang Syne!

He stood up. He was wretched! He heard the wild cheering revelry through the radio. The whole room was filled with it, and with the song, and the static, and an announcer's voice saying: "Happy New Year!" He pulled the folding bed out from the wall and flung himself across it. And just then there was a knock at the door.

He was startled. He waited, and the knock came again. He rose, went to the door and opened it.

Betty stood there!

At first he scarcely recognized her. She wore a plaid rain coat, but it was drenched, and her transparent rain hat, pushed back on her head, was dripping wet; her white umbrella was making a puddle on the hall carpet, and her face was wet, even her eyelashes, but her eyes were shining—the same gray-green eyes he had first seen behind horn-rimmed glasses on a November morning in Tokyo. Oh, but they were different now, and she was different! She was a woman of eighteen—and she was looking at him, her face full of wonder and emotion.

"Russ!"

"Betty," he said. His voice sounded far away. He could not believe what he saw. "Come in, Betty."

She came inside, and he helped her off with her coat and hat. He was shaking like a fool! He had never been so excited. In the apartment's one room, he said, "Here, sit down," and made a place for her on the divan. "How did you find me?"

She told him. It was something to say—to break the shock of seeing each other again.

"I phoned the Fleur-de-Lis Apartments on Franklin. A girl I know lives there. And when I called there, the man at the switchboard recognized my voice. He remembered, because the address you'd left was still pinned up on his board. You'd been so upset about it, he said, that he'd put it there."

She stopped for breath. "I called you right away—got the number from information—but your landlady said the phones were in the hall—and she didn't accept calls after ten o'clock—even on New Year's Eve. So—"

"So you came over?"

She brushed her blonde hair back off her face.

"But why," he said—"why should you want to see *me* enough to—"

She was searching his face, hurt now.

"Oh, *Betty!*" he said, and he choked. He pulled her to her feet and into his arms. He was almost sobbing. He kissed her hands, her fingers, then he turned up her mouth and kissed her on the lips. He held her out, laughing now, all pent up, his eyes swimming.

"Gee, you look swell, honey! You look wonderful!"

HE kissed her again. She was warm and real; she smelled of wet face powder and perfume and of rain. He needed her, and he would cling to her and love her. He had come all this way for her, waited all this time, and she had come to him in the most desolate moment of his life!

"Is there—anybody else, Betty?"

Looking up at him, she shook her head. "You'll think I'm crazy, Russ—but—people have complexes, I guess, and I guess I believed it—that I'd find somebody on the world cruise—and you were the one, that's all." She broke off. "Oh, Russ, do you really think—" she was crying. "I didn't think that I'd ever see you again!"

He kissed her again and made her sit down and wiped away her tears, but she cried for quite a long time, without talking. Then she straightened her face. "We have to get caught up on each other. What are you doing here?"

He told her, and she told him about herself.

"My money's almost gone—I've been through dramatic school and in Little Theater plays." Her lips were very red and her skin was fair; she was considerably more grown up now; her voice was rich and soft and there was an adult poise about her. "But I couldn't get anything in the studios—that is, I haven't yet. I'm registered at Central Casting and I've had three days' extra work—that's all—in a whole year!

"But, Russ, I'm *going* to make out as an actress! I know I am. I feel it in my bones. I love the theater—I *like* to act! I feel born to it and happy doing it!" She paused. "That's how I got over you—I threw myself into the work, the schools, and those little plays! Nobody will ever know how hard I worked, Russ!"

Later, he made coffee, and she cried again, just once, and briefly this time. She did not go home that night; and afterward she moved her things over, and did not go home any more.

What will become of these lovers and their ambitions? You will find your interest mounting in this dual story of Russ and Betty, the Copperfin and her valiant crew—a story of peril and courage, of tragedy and joy. See Liberty next week.

Woman-Talk

By MARGARET FISHBACK

THE RETAIL DREAM WORLD: If people talked the way many store advertisers do, there would be even less brotherly love at large in the world today. Witness a famous Fifth Avenue store's recent ad on handbags, which takes six columns to boast: "WE'VE DESIGNED THE REALLY PERFECT BAG—AND IT'S OURS EXCLUSIVELY. . . . Once in a lifetime you come across a bag like this. Designed so intelligently—three wonderful pouches in one, of gleaming rayon satin or dusky broadcloth—you could put everything in it, and it would still look sumptuous!" Maybe so, but if people talked like that about their accomplishments, we'd all have rising gorge. On the other hand there *are* ads that call a spade a spade, such as a perfumer's contribution to the War Bond advertising cavalcade, with the simple statement: "More Bonds, Fewer Battles." And the lipstick ad which guaranteed that the advertised cosmetic wouldn't do anything but make you look prettier.

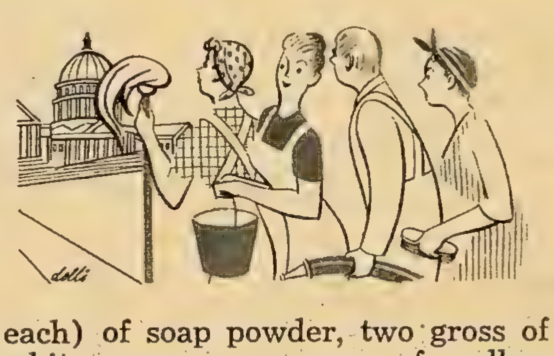
DOWN WITH PANTS!—If women were running the WPB, they'd manage to eke out enough rubber for elastic to keep baby's training pants from slipping. Vital to his sartorial elegance, they lose much of their chic when the original elastic gives up the unequal struggle. A pilgrimage to four of Manhattan's largest stores netted me nil in the pants line. Since the WPB has finally loosened up on baby vehicles, how about easing the pants crisis?

BEST SELLER: If you think Wendell Willkie's One World is the current best seller in the book field, have another think. According to the New York Herald Tribune, the Bible is outstripping not only Willkie but is being produced at a rate as great as the combined production of Willkie's book, plus Lippmann's U. S. Foreign Policy, Eve Curie's Journey Among Warriors, Harry Emerson Fosdick's On Being a Real Person, and William L. White's Queens Die Proudly. Publishers' Weekly says there is a strong expectation in the trade that Bibles and Testaments may have to be rationed. Publishers report a colossal boom since Pearl Harbor. The largest output, that of the nonprofit American Bible Society, ran to a total of 8,230,865 in all languages in 1942, with the U. S. total at 5,371,293. Another publisher reports shipments the first five months of 1943 at 1,642,000, with unfilled orders for another 1,000,000. Large orders come from our fighting men for pocket-sized editions. It would appear that though soldiers may be tough talkers, their spiritual standards have not slipped.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—News item from Fort Devens, Massachusetts: Private Aloysius Arturo Nakonieczny, of Philadelphia, has changed his name to Vladimir Wojahecki Makonieczny."

Dear Vladimir, né Aloysius,
Your choice of names is too ambitious.
Your baffled friends must have rehearsed
For years e'er they could spell the first.
And now you thwart them with another
That would defeat a doting mother.

NOTES FROM THE CAPITAL: Arthur E. Cook, who had to clean the Capitol building of two years' accumulation of dirt, called on the Fire Department's high-pressure hose to wash the outside. Indoors was a tough job, however, since this summer was the first time Congress has skipped out since the war got under way. The housecleaning took seventy-two barrels (300 pounds each) of soap powder, two gross of white soap, one gross of yellow laundry soap, 2,000 yards of cheesecloth, half a gross of hair brooms, half a gross of corn brooms, 300 cakes of window cleaner, plus a staff of twenty men and sixty women to scour walls, ceilings, marble columns, crystal chandeliers, and nearly 100 statues. . . . Senator Bennett Champ Clark has lost weight. . . . Representative Clare Boothe Luce has a new hair-do—parts it in the middle, and ties her bun in back with a bow.



THE TERROR BEGAN AT TWILIGHT

Continued from Page 19

of the camp. It was about ten feet long but had not been completed and was less than three feet deep. Into it crowded two sergeants, Father John Cullerton, a Catholic chaplain from Waterbury, Connecticut, who had arrived only that afternoon, and the writer.

I had forgotten to take off my canteen belt, and we had no time to remove the jagged rocks on the floor of the hole, so our first fifteen minutes lying there were filled with torturous efforts to wriggle into something like a comfortable position.

The screams of the enemy's bullets and the answering rattle of machine-gun fire to our right and left soon made us forget our discomfort.

As if on schedule, the jungle around us exploded at exactly seven o'clock. Figures scurried through the blackness. Gunfire flared on every side, and soon the leaves overhead were shredded as bullets tore through them.

There was no moon. The jungle, twisted and mysterious, a devil's dream of vines and tired trees, of broken branches and hidden trails, stretched all around us, filled with sudden death.

For almost thirty minutes there was a continual roar of fire. The earth trembled. Suddenly there was a series of familiar short explosions right on the rim of our hole. Dirt rained down on us, and a moment later something struck me in the spine.

I THOUGHT I had been hit, but, rolling over, found the concussion had toppled a good-sized rock down on the small of my back. Those tremors had been too familiar, and we knew in a flash the answer:

The devils were throwing grenades!

There was no way of telling where the fire came from. You couldn't look out of your hole; that would be suicide. All you could do was lie there and wait.

Lie there, wait, and sweat. Lie huddled on your belly, your mouth pressed into the red earth, not knowing where or when the Jap would strike next; not knowing whether that was friend or foe moving out there in the bush not thirty yards away.

But knowing very well what you heard of Japs leaping into holes, their knives lashing out in hate. . . .

Then the yellow men started to scream.

We will never forget those screams. They were like nothing we had ever heard or want to hear again. The longer the night dragged on, the more horrible they became. The Japs would shriek in their native tongue and in some language of the islands we did not understand, the shrieks starting at a low pitch and rising to a weird sopranolike chant of sheer madness. Then they would chatter loudly and fast, as if arguing among themselves, or simply grunt and moan.

Occasionally one would call out in English, pleading for help. It was about an hour after their crazy chorus began that we first heard the moaner—the beggar who pleaded for water.

He was close; we were sure of that, for his voice was very clear. And what a voice it was! There was agony and pleading in it. The man was wounded, there could be no doubt of that. We had no doubt, either, that he was a Jap, for though he called in English he had a peculiar accent, an accent that wasn't American.

FOR fully two hours, at ten-second intervals, he moaned—long, heartrending moans interspersed with frantic pleas for water. Lying there in the darkness, the ache in our cramped arms and legs stabbing through them like blades of scorching steel, we did not answer. The Jap was clever, but not clever enough to fool us. We were not going to reveal our position.

So the moaner kept it up. It might have continued for three hours. Then suddenly he called no more.

It wasn't until late the following morning that we learned two things for certain. He had been a Jap, and he hadn't been faking. He had died not fifteen yards from our hole; died needing water. Half of his stomach had been shot away.

Meanwhile the night dragged on. Occasionally we'd steal a peek at a wrist watch. Ten o'clock. We had been lying there since six and there was no relief in sight. Hours and hours stretched ahead of us, long, dark, and foreboding. We couldn't get out of the hole even for a minute, and the thought of being crammed in it for eight or ten more hours was torture.

We hadn't much time to think, however, for the next couple of hours proved probably the worst of the entire ordeal. It started to rain—lightly at first, but soon harder and harder until the hole slowly but surely started to fill with water.

It was then we heard a new voice. It was an anxious voice, desperate, and it, too, was gasping something out of the jungle blackness about fifteen feet from the hole.

"This is Sergeant X," it said. "This is Sergeant X. Please don't shoot. I must get ammunition. I must see the general. Please let me come in. Please don't shoot. Answer me. Answer me!"

We lay there wondering. If this was a Jap, he spoke perfect English—and one leap would carry him and any one with him down on top of us.

The sergeants gripped their weapons, straining eyes and ears to detect

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all want to trade
For sandwiches
our Mom has made!
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BROOKS COMPANY 210-B State St., Marshall, Mich.

a movement in the bush. But we could see nothing. There was a tree stump about three feet from the hole's rim, but the vines and bushes surrounding it were so thick it was impossible to see more than six feet in any direction.

The pleading was renewed. "For God's sake, let me come in! I'm no Jap—I swear it. This is Sergeant X of the 103d. I must get ammunition for my machine gun. My men are running low and the woods out there are full of Japs. You're supposed to be officers. For God's sake, answer me—answer me!"

We didn't. The Japs had American-educated officers serving in the Solomons. We would not be trapped, no matter how pitiful the plea.

The sweat crawled down our necks to join the puddle of rain inexorably filling the hole. There was a long pause. Then, nearer and nearer, came the voice again:

"Look—I'll take off my helmet, I'll stick out my head. Please don't shoot. You can see me now, can't you? Please don't shoot!"

Suddenly, just behind the pile of dirt heaped in front of the hole, a shadow moved. I took a chance, lifted my head. There, silhouetted against the tree stump, was a sweating American boy, his face streaked with dirt.

"Get in here quick!" we gasped, pulling him into the hole.

HE lay there breathing spasmodically for a long while. When he could speak, he lectured us for not answering him sooner. We explained our orders, told him he should have given the password. He told how his machine-gun crew was running out of ammunition. "There must be fifty Japs right out there—they keep crawling around in all directions," he said. "I've got to get to the general."

We told him to keep repeating his name as he crawled to the general's foxhole twenty-five yards in toward the center of the camp, and we promised not to challenge him when he returned—if he gave the password!

He agreed, and a moment later slipped out of the hole and started crawling on all fours through our tent, past our cots and the bedrolls, into the blackness of the camp beyond.

By this time life in the hole was unbearable. We were four human dishrags sliding around in a tub of chilling mud. The padre said, "Let's take a chance and crawl up under the tent. At least we'll be out of the rain."

Was it worth the chance? Certainly we'd be more comfortable there, but we'd also be more exposed. We didn't relish the idea of being caught in cross fire, but—

We gambled. One at a time we sneaked over the edge of the hole and under one of the cots, and we lay there waiting. Hearing no sound, one of the sergeants dragged a canvas bedroll over and slammed it along the side of the cot, between us and the hole.

We lay on our bellies. Forty-five minutes must have dragged by before we heard a sound behind us—the password, whispered—and into the tent, crawling on his belly, lugging four small wooden boxes, came Sergeant X.

"I got it," he said. "Now I've got to get back to my men."

He lay beside me, his chest heaving. The boxes were heavy though small, and carrying four of them would have been awkward enough if he could have done it upright. To creep with them was almost a physical impossibility. But he had no choice.

WE pleaded with him not to go back. He had about sixty or seventy yards to stumble and crawl after he crossed the hole, and no one out there but his own men knew he was an American. His hero's path twisted through the underbrush right between two of our machine-gun positions. Besides we had a native patrol lurking out there in the jungle—a patrol of crack marksmen.

The boy wouldn't listen. He thought only of his men. "I'll be all right now," he whispered. "I've worked with these boys for a year. They all know my voice."

The rain had stopped, and from behind a cloud the moon suddenly appeared. Its rays bathed the jungle.

Sergeant X was ready. "I can make it now. Good luck!" he said.

Once more we grabbed his arm and pleaded that it would be suicide; that his men hadn't been firing and would be all right.

"Thanks," he said quietly. "I've got to go."

We shook hands with him, the padre patted him reverently on the shoulder, and he crawled past the cot, down the hole, up the other side. He crouched there, the speckled jungle suit shining in the moonlight. He dropped one of his boxes and had a hard time wrestling it back into the crook of his arm. Then, bent almost double, he started creeping. We raised our heads and watched his torturous journey for maybe thirty seconds.

Suddenly the jungle swallowed him and we could see him no more. Perhaps a minute passed. We thought of the magnificent courage of this kid we had never before seen; of the guts it had taken to make that journey even one way; of his devotion to his men.

A terrible chatter—the typewriter tattle of a machine gun—burst out there to our left. There was a short pregnant silence in which every one of us must have gasped a prayer for him. Then there was one more loud rifle blast, and after that all was still.

None of us spoke for a long time. We just lay there in silence and tried to flee from the truth—the truth that the Sabbath morning brought when they found him.

He lay on his side not thirty yards

from the foxhole, the ammunition boxes under his body, riddled by machine-gun bullets.

So did we say hail and farewell to a hero. Thus did a brave boy die.

NOT long after Sergeant X had left us, the night exploded again with new fury. Through the starlit sky there came suddenly a familiar whine and shriek, followed by a tremendous explosion which shook the ground all around us and rained branches and dirt on the tent.

Artillery fire!

All over the camp men burrowed deeper into their holes. Had the Japs come down to shell us from the sea? The thought was horrible, for there is nothing more nerve-racking than shelling when your only protection is an open hole in the earth!

One after another the shells came, their whine and whistle racing through the trees, their explosions following. Gradually they began to land farther out in the bush, and we breathed a bit easier.

Somehow the word soon passed over the grapevine that this was our own artillery. Our big guns had opened up from an adjoining island. Thanks to the expert directing of Captain James R. Ruhlin of Bangor, Maine, ton after ton of shell was poured right over our lines into the enemy force attacking us.

After the opening salvos, which landed within thirty yards of our C. P., the guns got the range. From 11 P. M. until dawn they kept the sky alive. That artillery fire was completed without a single American casualty, and can claim a major share of the credit for saving the command post!

The night was endless. The shellfire made sleep out of the question, and though we doubt if it killed many Japs, it at least shut them up.

By 3 A. M. it was almost impossible to keep our eyes open. Half a dozen times we must all have passed out when there was a lull in the firing, only to be brought back again, by the roar of it, into the terrible world of the living—and the dead.

SUDDENLY it was daylight and things became much quieter. There was no telling how many Japs still lurked in the bush surrounding our camp. From six o'clock till seven there were only brief bursts of gunfire around the perimeter, and gradually officers crept out of their tents and foxholes and began to move around.

You looked around at the tired, gaunt faces of these men. They didn't talk much at first—just counted faces. An Operations officer had been shot through both legs, caught by machine-gun fire. About five of our men had been killed, and the wounded reports were not too bad.

The Japs had not done quite so well. Their dead were scattered all around the post. Most of them, of course, protected by the jungle and the coat of night, had slipped away, but on the main road leading down to the beach we found five Jap bodies. In the middle of the road the biggest of these men, an officer, lay on his side. His face and thin mustache were twisted in a horrible grimace, and he had already been stripped of his saber and chevrons by souvenir hunters. Around him lay four infantrymen, small but husky. In front of the camp two other Japs lay face down in the mud. Immediately in front of the correspondents' hut was a full rice bag, evidently thrown as a final gesture of defiance by one of these terrorists.

There were about twenty-five corpses scattered around the camp, while down near the beach we found a half dozen more. There, too, we heard how the Japs had given their lives in an empty display of false courage. A Marine commanding officer told us how a young New Yorker, Sergeant Maier Rothschild, had seen to that.

Rothschild, one of the only two men down there expert in operating a machine gun, had been at his post all through the attack. Shortly before midnight he had sighted six Japs led by a field officer, sneaking through the brush toward the beach.

"The men around the sergeant thought he had gone crazy," the Marine officer said, "for suddenly he started to sing Blues in the Night. He continued to sing and hum it until he opened up with his gun.

"He and his buddy, who was killed in the action, cut down five of the Japs, but the Jap officer came right along until he was on top of the gun. His boots trampled the ammunition belt, twisting it under the gun, so Rothschild pulled his pistol and finished him off with that.

"The machine gun subsequently jammed, but though he was now alone and had only seven rounds of pistol ammunition left, Rothschild remained at his post the rest of the night."

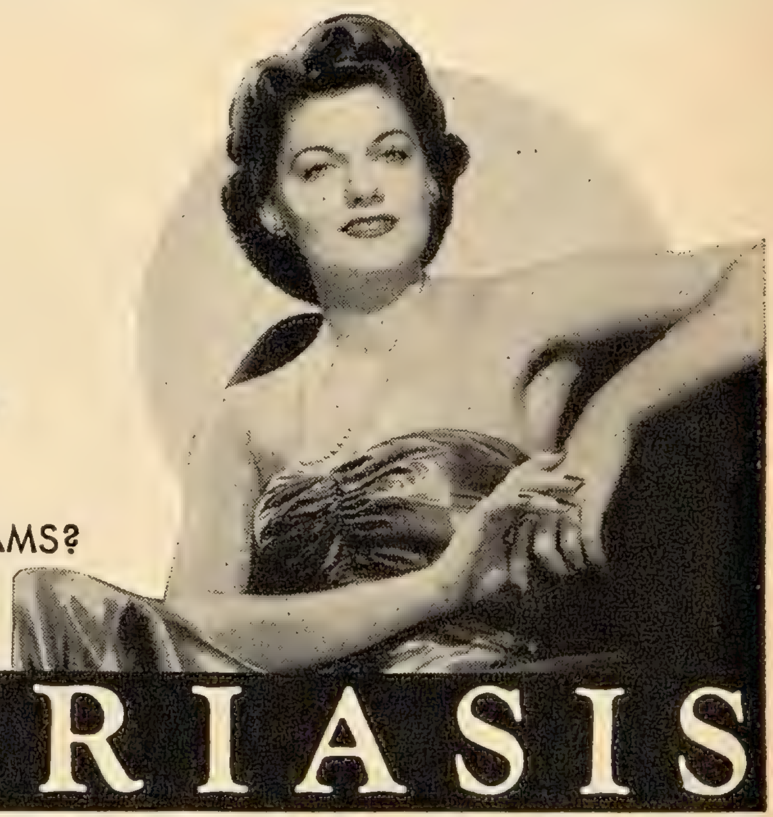
BACK in camp, cigarettes were lit and the kitchen crew got a pot of coffee boiling. From all corners of the C. P. tired men came forward to reach for a cup. Breakfast was finished by eight, documents were carefully counted, then the order to break camp was given. Work crews turned to immediately, pulling down tents, moving officials' trunks, and loading jeeps to push on to a new location—and new foxholes.

The Jap knew where we were. He had struck once, brazenly, but thanks to the courage of a handful of men and their execution of their orders, he had paid heavily for his brashness.

He had been beaten off. Later in the day he would be back. That was certain. But this time he would not find us waiting.

The battle of the command post was over.

THE END



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LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

The princess graciously—but firmly—refuses to marry the count (Curt Bois). He has a twitch.

But the princess meets a commoner and a cherry coke —on the same day. And that's when the fun begins.

Eddie gives the princess her choice: she can be Mrs. O'Rourke—or the princess—but certainly not both.

BY HARRIET GOULD

PRINCESS O'ROURKE

(Warner Brothers)
Olivia de Havilland, Charles Coburn, Robert Cummings

PRINCESS O'ROURKE is one of those sprightly crisp comedies that come out of Hollywood all too infrequently. This delicious Cinderella story in reverse is fresh, the dialogue is witty and sparkling, and the whole production reflects the sophisticated humor of its guiding light, Norman Krasna.

Though Mr. Krasna has produced several pictures and is credited with writing many others (including such cinematic gems as Fury, Bachelor Mother, and The Devil and Miss Jones), Princess O'Rourke is his first combined author-director assignment.

And he's done himself proud, for Princess O'Rourke leaves you wanting lots more of the same.

Princess O'Rourke is the fairy story of a modern-day princess (Olivia de Havilland), an exile from her war-torn mythical kingdom.

She sits in her gilded bird cage—a swank New York apartment—turning down one royal suitor after another as they are paraded before her by her domineering uncle (Charles Coburn).

By an amusing set of circumstances she meets Eddie O'Rourke (Robert Cummings), airplane pilot and Typical American Boy. He doesn't know who she is—and she's afraid to tell him—until they are both hopelessly in love. Meanwhile busybody uncle has been getting reports from the F. B. I.

When he discovers that Eddie is one of nine sons, he has visions of nurseries full of potential kings, so he gets permission from the princess' father for her to marry a commoner.

Although not wildly happy at the turn in his romance, Eddie isn't bothered too much by this business of being a prince consort ($150,000 a year for pocket money; mustn't leave the room without the princess' permission, et cetera), but when they tell him he has to give up his American citizenship, Eddie says in bell-like tones, "Nuts!"

But don't worry, for, like all fairy tales, everybody lives happily ever after.

One of the nice things about the picture is that although the plot is out of this world, Krasna has made the situations and dialogue solidly real.

Olivia de Havilland, Charles Coburn, and Robert Cummings couldn't be better in their roles, and Jack Carson and Jane Wyman are perfect in supporting roles.

SAHARA

(Columbia)

Humphrey Bogart
Rex Ingram
Bruce Bennett

IF stories like this one hadn't actually been in the news, the tendency would be to toss Sahara off as one more Hollywood pipe dream on how we are winning this war. For Sahara is another of those movies about thirteen Allied soldiers delaying and capturing a whole German battalion—but this time the subject is handled with enough intelligence to lend credence to the goings-on. Tough-talking Humphrey Bogart heads up a lone tank crew retreating before the early German advances in North Africa. By a believable ruse they draw a German battalion off its route, because of their advantageous position; are able to force the Germans' surrender. A swell all-male cast makes Sahara a fine addition to the *good* war films.

SWEET ROSIE O'GRADY

(20th-Century Fox)

Betty Grable
Robert Young

THIS lush, colorful musical about the roaring '80s is easily the best of Betty Grable's song-and-dance festivals. It's a frothy and amusing story about an ex-burlesque artiste who becomes a tony chanteuse with ambitions to live down her past and marry a duke. Unfortunately for her plans, she gets involved in a knock-down feud with a Police Gazette reporter who insists on revealing her past—with pictures. The story ends just the way you'd expect. The music by Mack Gordon and Harry Warren is lilting, the production numbers lavish and original, and the top-notch supporting cast is headed by Reginald Gardiner and Adolphe Menjou. Betty Grable still can't act—but with that "pin-up" figure, she doesn't have to.

Inside Paramount

Published Here
Every 4 Weeks

"RIDING HIGH" is the title of the next big Paramount color musical.

• • •

"Riding high" is also a neat description of what Paramount and Paramount pictures are doing these days.

• • •

We have never been prouder than we are of "SO PROUDLY WE HAIL," "LET'S FACE IT," and "TRUE TO LIFE," and all the nice things so many nice people are saying about them.

• • •

And the latest accolade to "FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS" is Reader's Digest's unequivocal statement that Ingrid Bergman, playing opposite Gary Cooper, "gives the kind of performance you'll tell your children you saw!"

• • •

Looking 1944ward, Paramount's future is not only rosy but positively Technicolorful. Now facing, or about to face, the magic color cameras are the gloriously spectacular "LADY IN THE DARK," from the famous stage hit; the best-selling "FRENCHMAN'S CREEK"; the heroic "STORY OF DR. WASSELL"; the musical "RAINBOW ISLAND."

• • •

Others that will perpetuate the old Paramount custom of great musicals are "Going My Way," "And The Angels Sing" and "Incendiary Blonde," based on the life of Texas Guinan.

• • •

So many favorite best-sellers will be brought to the screen by Paramount that we can list only a few: "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay"; "The Hour Before The Dawn"; "Hostages"; "And Now Tomorrow"; "The Uninvited"; "Double Indemnity."

• • •

Produced for laughing purposes only will be "No Time For Love," "Miracle of Morgan's Creek," "Standing Room Only," "Hail the Conquering Hero," and more of Henry Aldrich.

• • •

The list of stars that you will see in coming Paramount pictures is, to say the least, imposing. Alphabetically speaking they include:

EDDIE BRACKEN
CLAUDETTE COLBERT
GARY COOPER
BING CROSBY
JOAN FONTAINE
PAULETTE GODDARD
BOB HOPE
RUTH HUSSEY
BETTY HUTTON
VERONICA LAKE
DOROTHY LAMOUR
FRED MacMURRAY
MARY MARTIN
RAY MILLAND
VICTOR MOORE
DICK POWELL
EDWARD G. ROBINSON
GINGER ROGERS
BARBARA STANWYCK
FRANCHOT TONE

• • •

For stars, for music, for color, for fun—see
Paramount Pictures

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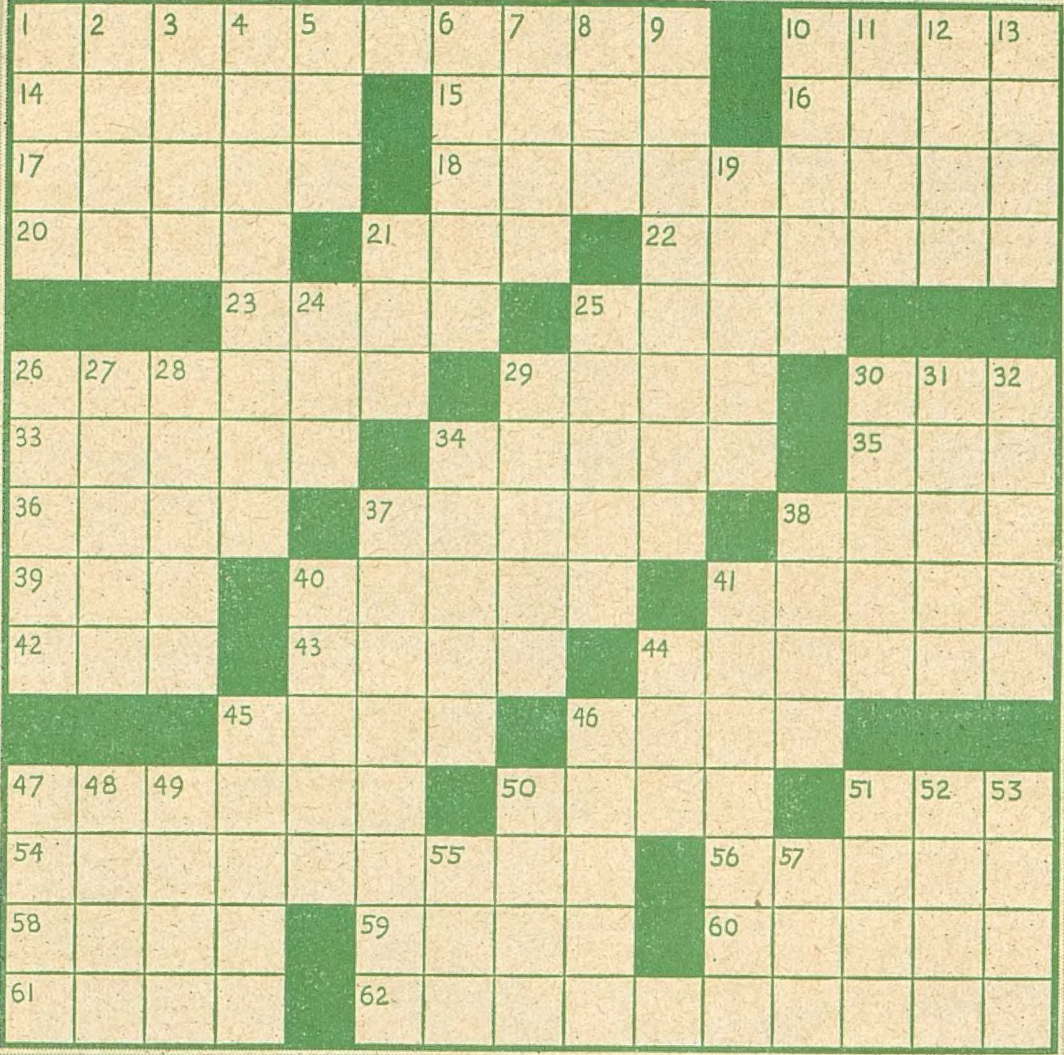
PICTURES WORTH SEEING

FILM	GIST	LIBERTY SAID:
ADVENTURES OF TARTU (M-G-M) **Robert Donat, Valerie Hobson**	*Spy thriller* (a British chemical engineer, aided by the Czech underground, has to blow up a Nazi poison-gas factory).	Well acted suspense-packed thriller . . . Donat's "spy" an exciting, finished performance. (10-30-43)
BEST FOOT FORWARD (M-G-M) **Lucille Ball, William Gaxton**	*Musical comedy* (a glamorous movie star spends a hectic weekend at a boys' military academy).	From the Broadway play . . . fresh-as-paint production numbers . . . good tunes . . . nicely paced and thoroughly entertaining. (8-14-43)
CLAUDIA (20th Century-Fox) **Dorothy McGuire** **Robert Young** **Ina Claire**	*Comedy-drama* (a pair of newlyweds discover that being adult doesn't mean you're grown up).	A good picture . . . sentimental, humorous, and real as apple pie . . . a solid treat . . . McGuire rates huzzas. (9-25-43)
FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS (Paramount) **Ingrid Bergman, Gary Cooper, Katina Paxinou**	*Drama* (the screen version of Ernest Hemingway's great novel of love and war in Spain).	One of the *must* pictures of this or any other year . . . long, perhaps, but superb in action and direction. Breath-taking Technicolor. (8-28-43)
GIRL CRAZY (M-G-M) **Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney**	*Musical comedy* (M-G-M's version of the Gershwin stage show that started Ginger Rogers and Ethel Merman off in 1930).	It's a lulu . . . not at all dated . . . outstanding performances . . . top-notch production . . . wonderful timeless Gershwin tunes. (10-30-43)
HEAVEN CAN WAIT (20th Century-Fox) **Don Ameche, Gene Tierney, Charles Coburn**	*Comedy-drama* (a man dies and applies for admittance to hell, sure heaven won't have him. He tells the story of his life).	Delightful and adult satire . . . moves at a sprightly pace . . . good cast . . . witty and subtle situations and dialogue. (8-21-43)
LASSIE COME HOME (M-G-M) **Roddy McDowall, Donald Crisp, Dame May Whitty**	*Drama* (the poignant story of the love and devotion of a dog for her master. Taken from the late Eric Knight's novel classic).	A natural for children and an unsophisticated extra treat for adults . . . superb acting . . . beautiful Technicolor. (10-16-43)
SO PROUDLY WE HAIL (Paramount) **Claudette Colbert, Veronica Lake, Paulette Goddard**	*Drama* (the stirring story of the first American women at the front lines—Army nurses on Bataan).	Vital . . . authentic and stirring war film . . . casting is just about perfect. (8-7-43)
THANK YOUR LUCKY STARS (Warner Bros.) **All-star cast**	*Musical* (the Warner Brothers' parade of stars—set to music with just a hint of plot).	Bette Davis, Ida Lupino, Humphrey Bogart, etc., lampoon themselves . . . good music . . . super (mis)cast. (10-9-43)
THE CITY THAT STOPPED HITLER—STALINGRAD (Paramount)	*Documentary* (a dramatic record of the 162-day Battle of Stalingrad).	Double-checked *must* on your list . . . you'll cheer . . . your first chance to see Russia's secret rocket weapon. (10-16-43)
THIS IS THE ARMY (Warner Bros.) **U. S. Army**	*Musical* (movie version of those two great all-soldier shows—Yip Yip, Yaphank and This Is the Army).	As good as the original—and better in spots . . . heart-warming film packed solid with entertainment. (9-11-43)
THOUSANDS CHEER (M-G-M) **All-star cast**	*Musical* (Metro's parade of stars plus José Iturbi and a nice love story).	A horn of plenty in Technicolor . . . long, but a whopper of a show . . . almost every Metro star takes a turn. (10-23-43)
WATCH ON THE RHINE (Warner Bros.) **Paul Lukas, Bette Davis**	*Drama* (the story of an anti-Fascist who fights and lives for freedom).	Sensitive, intelligent movie . . . has depth and significance . . . wonderful script, acting . . . one of the year's best. (9-4-43)

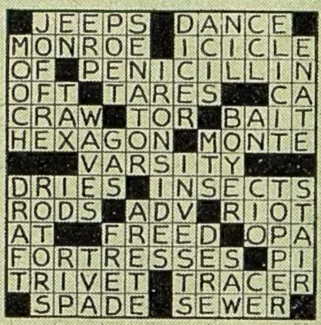
COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

BY TED SHANE



HORIZONTAL

1 Softies associated with napoleons (two words)
10 Huffed and puffed
14 Rhino radiator caps
15 Wolf, had glass eye, now extinct
16 This lyre's worth dough
17 Forgets to include
18 Hindquarters of the Chairborne Infantry
20 It's due for a change
21 'Arf, found in 'arf 'n' 'arf
22 Cause of oral burpitude
23 We'll soon make a Brenner Pass at them
25 Has-been wolf
26 Large wriggly thing found in a dog kennel (two wds.)
29 What Wimpy calls an 8-course snack
30 Mud puddle with vitamins
33 Their main diet's 'fraidy cats
34 Mushrooms
35 American Republican Soviet (abbr.)
36 A nasty crack
37 Drunk and disorderly
38 Jap exterminator
39 Nixish
40 Dishes out for dough
41 Dream waters—
42 —and one who would drink them all up
43 They're better than zeros
44 Young man who thumbed his way to fame, sitting at an intersection
45 Vot der Cherman iss leaving Russia in dis vinter
46 Hard-hearted English politician
47 You've got to do it to get in a stepin (two wds.)
50 Used in a good punch
51 If short of sugar, you can raise a lump with this
54 Collection of mugs, stands around savage clip joints, worshipped by barbarians (two wds.)
56 A Nazi
58 Once it was the home of this and land of the brave
59 Litry sooperdooper
60 Save your sneakers; you can do this with them
61 Fresh yeggs make a good one
62 Take good care of them, Mr. Taxpayer; they're worth $390 apiece



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O	F	■	P	E	N	I	C	I	L	L	I	N
O	F	T	■	T	A	R	E	S	■	■	C	A
C	R	A	W	■	T	O	R	■	B	A	I	T
H	E	X	A	G	O	N	■	M	O	N	T	E
■	■	■	V	A	R	S	I	T	Y	■	■	■
D	R	I	E	S	■	I	N	S	E	C	T	S
R	O	D	S	■	A	D	V	■	R	I	O	T
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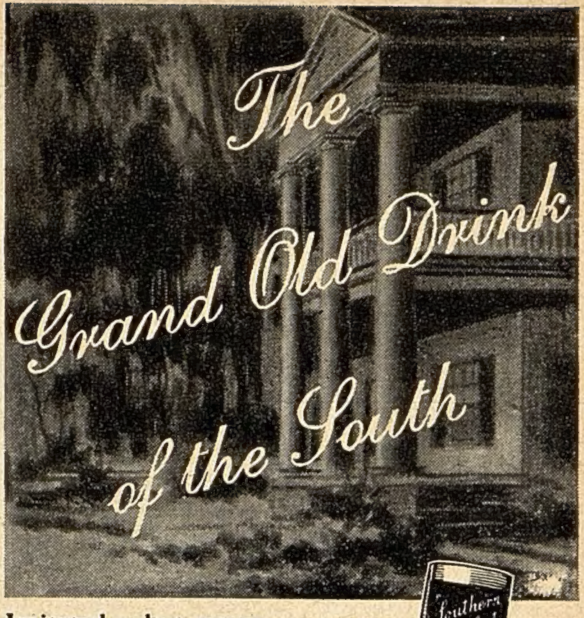
F	O	R	T	R	E	S	S	E	S	■	P	I
T	R	I	V	E	T	■	T	R	A	C	E	R
■	S	P	A	D	E	■	S	E	W	E	R	■

Last week's answer

VERTICAL

1 Why go hungry? Get one from your ax
2 Omar becomes a city (anagram)
3 Rice becomes a guy
4 Be sure to take one on your next picnic
5 Mumbles Silly Syllogisms (abbr.)
6 The Alpskis
7 What the golfer yells as he fires his mortar
8 Itty bitty kiddie finguh
9 Hush-hushed
10 This oldtime cutup was mighty sharp
11 I/II of CVI
12 Boots one at short
13 Part of the nation's capital that strikes terror in little Johnny
19 Now you see 'em, now you don't!
21 Nazi in a fur coat
24 Backward sun
25 Land of the Brave (pl.)
26 They're terribly petty and have mates they whistle at (contr.)
27 Your home this winter
28 Oink (pig latin)
29 Wails (but not Great Britain)
30 Litry booze parlor
31 First thing the editor's wife always wins in magazine contests
32 Chrysanthemum with a haircut
34 Aircooled, as socks
37 What Jeffers did for that worn, tired feeling
38 The bigger it is, the harder it falls
40 Place that burned 'em up in Colonial days
41 How the best stockings come these days (100% run proof)
44 Tain't hers
45 We mustn't stint on its delivery to Japan
46 Kind of work
47 Matches must have an awful one; they always need scratching!
48 She was a good cook
49 After Dobbin disappeared, he turned up in this
50 Mighty sharp in the Lip Dep't
51 What Mexicans 're always telling you to Aw go
52 He gets all the work; you get all the dough (contr.)
53 Flies with tail gunners
55 Wot the Henglish future's filled wiv—
57 —and miner's teeth're filled with

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.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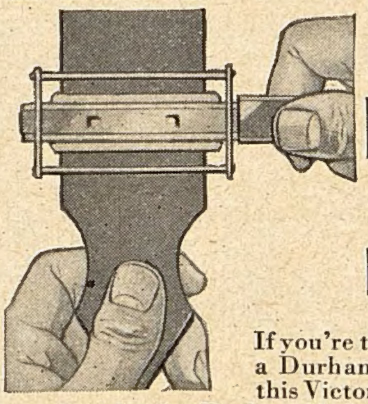

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DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., Dept. R, MYSTIC, CONN.

RATIONING SHOULD BE SIMPLIFIED

RATIONING is necessary in wartime and every one is glad to submit to it, but to the average citizen it seems to be a very complicated procedure. In fact, any one who goes before his local rationing board for permission to buy an extra pair of shoes for little Junior becomes firmly convinced we not only have too many rationing regulations but the ones we have are far too complex.

There might be some question as to whether or not we have more rationing than is actually needed, but there is no doubt whatever that the rationing regulations are drawn in extremely complicated fashion.

Laws are written by lawyers, passed by legislative bodies composed chiefly of lawyers, and administered by bureaucrats who seem unable to open a window without legal advice. Now, we have nothing against lawyers as such. As a rule they are brainy and astute fellows. But their whole training places emphasis on the avoidance of the off-chance—on making sure there is no slight loophole by which any one can get away with anything. On the surface this seems praiseworthy, though it is remarkable indeed how many loopholes lawyers can find in loophole-proof laws written by other lawyers.

Nevertheless, this insistence upon writing airtight laws, and promulgating still more airtight regulations under them, casts a net over the functioning of our lives in which all of us become constantly more enmeshed.

For example: If farmer Jones needs a new tractor part to replace a broken one which has brought the functioning of his farm to a halt, he must fill out lengthy papers and go through a complicated process before he can get it—perhaps weeks later. He must do so because the regulations governing the issuance of replacement parts for tractors were drawn by lawyers so as to make sure no one not strictly entitled to a new tractor part gets one. If every farmer in the country legitimately in need of a part for his tractor has to go through endless red tape, no matter. The minds of our legal men concentrate on making sure the occasional chiseler does not get away with anything.

It is open to question whether or not such super-legal procedure pays out in the long run. To prevent the occasional chiseler from snaffling an extra gallon of gasoline or pound of beefsteak, the rest of us have to go through much time- and energy-wasting red tape.

The lawyers who make and administer our laws ought to take a more practical and realistic view. It ought to be possible to strike a happy medium, where regulations are simple and at the same time tightly enough drawn to catch all but the super-smart violators. The chances are ten to one these fellows won't be caught anyhow, no matter how chisel-proof the regulations are. Don't they always have lawyers of their own?

Paul Hunter

Liberty
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